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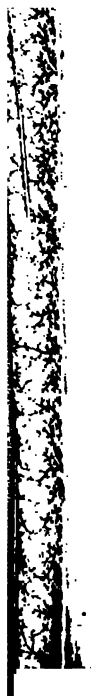


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Daykin Collection
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A
S E L E C T
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
E N G L I S H S O N G S.

V O L. III.



A
S E L E C T
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
E N G L I S H S O N G S.
I N T H R E E V O L U M E S.
V O L U M E T H E T H I R D.



— APIS MATINÆ
MORE MODOQUE
GRATA CARPENTIS THYMA PER LABOREM
PLURIMUM.

HOR.

L O N D O N :
Printed for J. JOHNSON in St. Pauls Church-yard.
MDCCLXXXIII.



A I R S

TO THE

S O N G S

IN

VOLUME I

WY WY
WY
WY

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

THE following Music was originally designed to be bound up with the Volume to which it belongs. But it being thought that the appearance, convenience and utility of the Work would be more favoured by the present arrangement, the Reader is desired to excuse such little inaccuracys of reference as have been necessarily produced by the alteration.



A I R S.

C L A S S I.

SONG I. Ah Chloris, could I now but fit.

SONG II. When first upon your tender cheek. Miss Aikin.

No air to the first of these songs has been met with, and the other is not supposed to have been set, or to have any tune.

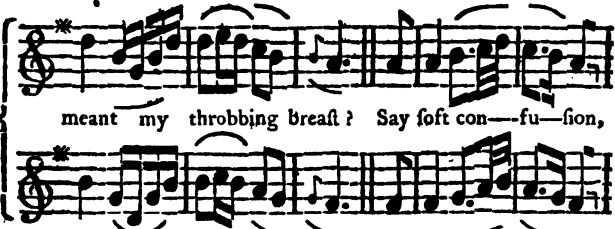
SONG III. When first I saw thee graceful move.

Set by signor Pasquali.



When first I saw thee graceful move, Ah me! what

When first I saw Ah me! what



meant my throbbing breast? Say soft con—fu—sion,

meant my throbbing breast? Say soft con—fu—sion,



art thou love? If love thou art, then farewell rest.

art thou love? If love thou art, then farewell rest.

Vp. I.

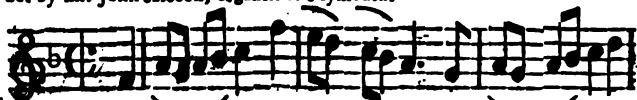
A 2

SONG IV.

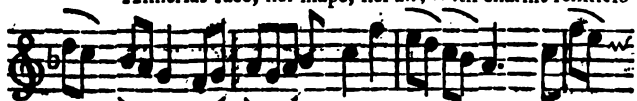
SONG IV. I did but look and love a while. Otway.

Air unknown. *

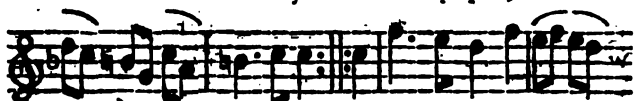
SONO V. Almerias face, her shape, her air. Visc. Molesworth.
Set by mr. John Alcock, organist of Plymouth.



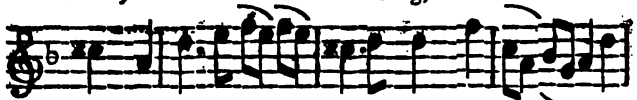
Almerias face, her shape, her air, With charms resistless



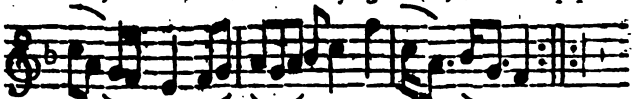
wound the heart: In vain you for defence prepare; When from



her eyes love shoots his dart. So strong, so swift the arrow



flies, Such sure destruction flying makes, The bold op-poser



quickly dies, The fu-gitive it o-ver-takes.

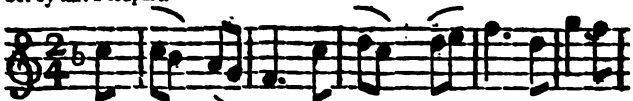
SONO VI. Ah gaze not on those eyes! forbear. Mrs. Cockburn.

SONO VII. Oh forbear to bid me slight her. Hill.

No airs known.

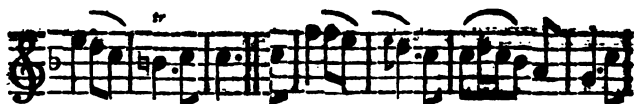
SONO VIII. While from my looks fair nymph you guess.

Set by mr. Dieupart.



While from my looks, fair nymph, you guess The secret
passions

* This and such like expressions (used for the sake of brevity) generally mean no more than that the tune has not come to the Editors' knowledge. In some places they imply certainty. The different instances are not worth pointing out.



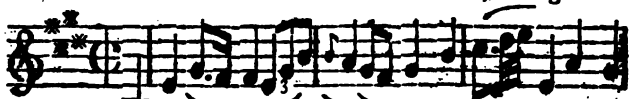
passions of my mind, My heavy eyes, you say confess A



heart to love and grief in—clin'd.

SONG IX. White as her hand fair Julia threw, Jenny's.
Was poorly set by a Mr. Hawkins; and no other air is known.

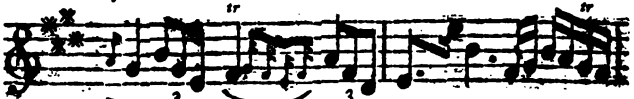
SONG X. I smile at Love and all his arts. Vanbrugh.



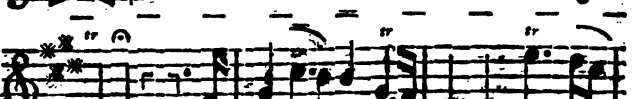
I smile at Love and all his arts, The charming Cynthia



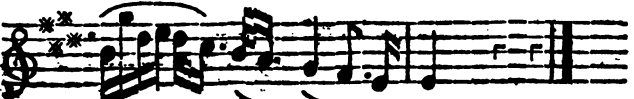
cry'd. Take heed, for Love has piercing darts, A



wounded swain re—ply—



—'d. Take heed, for Love has piercing darts, A



wounded swain reply—'d,

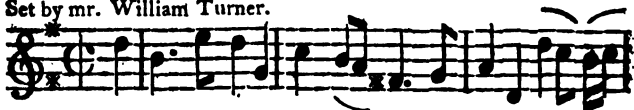
A 3

SONG X.

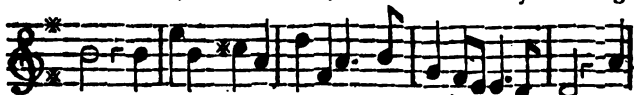
SONG X. Whilst on those lovely looks I gaze. E. of Rochester.
Air unknown.

SONG XI. I lik'd, but never lov'd, before.

Set by Mr. William Turner.



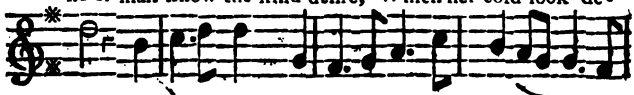
I lik'd, but never lov'd, be—fore I saw thy charming



face; Now ev'ry feature I adore, And dote on ev'ry grace. She



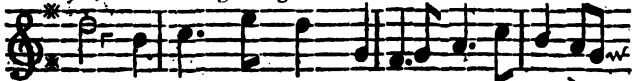
ne'er shall know the kind desire, Which her cold look de-



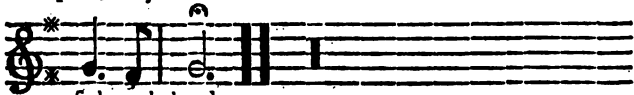
nies, Unless my heart that's all on fire Should sparkle thro' my



eyes, Then if no gentle glance return A si-lent leave to



speak, My heart which would for ever burn, Alas! must



fight and break.

SONG XIII. My love was fickle once and changing. Addison.
Air not known.

SONG XIV. I never saw a face till now;

Is set by Capt. Pack, but the tune was not thought worth inserting.

SONG XV. With women I have pass'd my days.

Air not known.

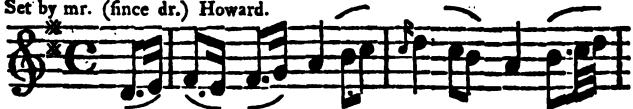
SONG XVI.

SONG XVI. Why will Florella when I gaze.

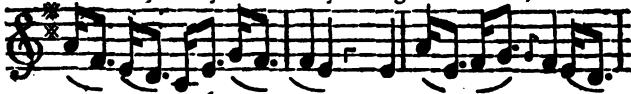
Was originally set by Mr. Berencloew, whose composition has not been met with. There are notes to it in Bickham's Musical Entertainer, but they did not appear worth copying.

SONG XVII. Say Myra why is gentle love. Lord Lyttelton.

Set by Mr. (since Dr.) Howard.



Say My—ra why is gen—tle love, A



fran—ger to that mind Which pi—ty and ef—



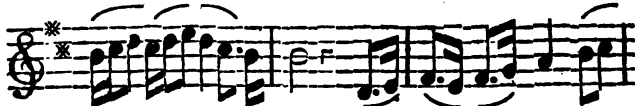
teem can move, Which can be just and kind?



Is it because you fear to know The ills which love mo—



left? The ten—der care, the anx—ious fear, Which



racks the am'rous breast? A—las! by some de—



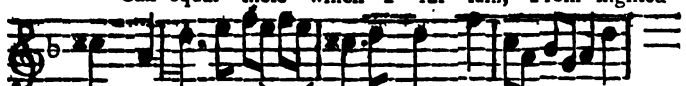
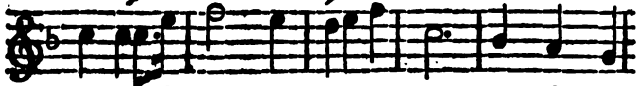
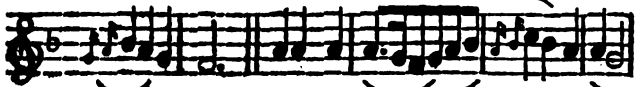
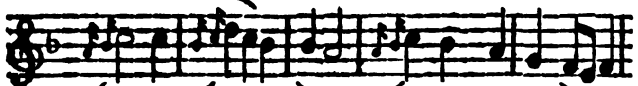
gree of woe, We ev'—ry bliss ob—tain. The



SONG XVIII. In vain you tell your parting lover. Prior.
Has been set by Mr. Jackson, and others. The following is a minuet by
Geminiani, to which it is very happily adapted.



You wish fair winds may waft him o—ver. Alas! what



SONG XIX. Fain would you ease my troubled heart.
Air unknown.

SONG XX.

SONG XX. Why Delia ever when I gaze.

Larghetto.

Why De—lia ev—er when I gaze, Ap—

pears in frowns that lovely face: Why are those smiles to

me deny'd, That glad—den ev'—ry heart beside:

In vain your eyes my flame reprove, I may

de—spair, but still must love. In vain your eyes my

flame re—prove, I may de—spair, but still must love.

SONG XXI. Ah blame me not if no despair. Wolfeley.

SONG XXII. Wrong not sweet mistress of my heart. Raleigh.

SONG XXIII. You may cease to complain.

No airs known.

SONG XXIV. Saw you the nymph whom I adore. Carey.

Set by the author.

Larghetto.

Saw you the nymph whom I a—dore? Saw you

you the goddess of my heart? And can you bid me
love no more? Or can you think I feel no
smart? And can you bid me love no more?
Or can you think I feel no smart?

SONG XXV. Tell me no more how fair she is. Bp. King.
No air known.

SONG XXVI. The nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind.
Set by dr. Green.

The nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind; No
less than a wonder by nature design'd; She's the grief of my
heart, the joy of my eye, And the cause of a flame that
never can die; The cause of a flame that never can die.

SONG XXVII.

SONG XXVII. Take, oh take those lips away.

Set by mr. Galliard. (It has been likewise set by mr. Jackson of Essex and others)

Slow



Take, oh! take those lips away, That so sweetly
were forsworn; And those eyes the break of day, Lights that



do mislead the morn. But my kisses bring again,



Seals of love, though seal'd in vain. But my kiss—es bring again,



Seals of love though seal'd in vain.

SONG XXVIII. Go lovely rose, Waller.

Originally set by Henry Lawes, and since by others, but with little success.

SONG XXIX. Go rose, my Chloes bosom grace. Gay.

Set by dr. Green.

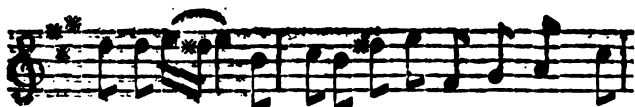
Moderately slow.



Go rose, my Chloes bosom grace, My Chlo—es



bosom grace, How happy should I prove, How happy
should



should I prove, Might I supply that envied place With



never fading love, With nev—er fading love.



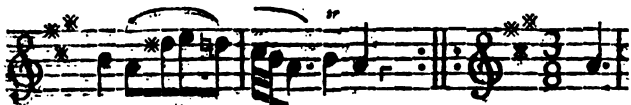
There Phenix like, be—neath her eye, In—volv'd in



fra—grance burn and di— — — — c.



Be—neath her eye, Involved in fra—grance burn

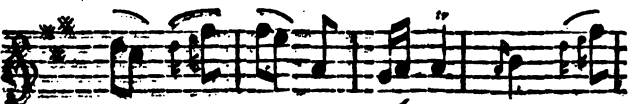


and di— — — — Burn and die.

Know

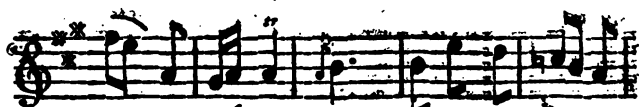


hapless flower, hapless flower, That thou shalt find, shalt



and More fra—grant ro—ses there, More

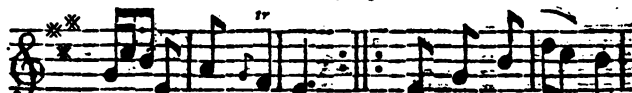
fragrant



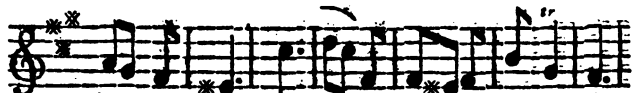
fra-gant ro-ses there. I see thy with'ring



head reclin'd, With en-vy and de-spair, with



en-vy and de-spair. One common fate we



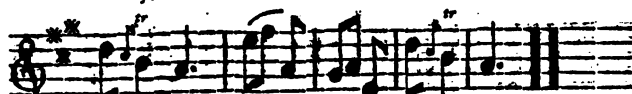
both must prove : You die with en-vy, I with love.



One common fate we both must prove, You die with



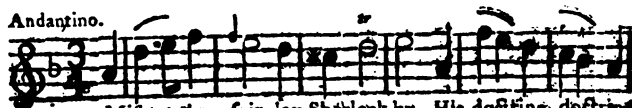
envy, I die with love. You die with envy,



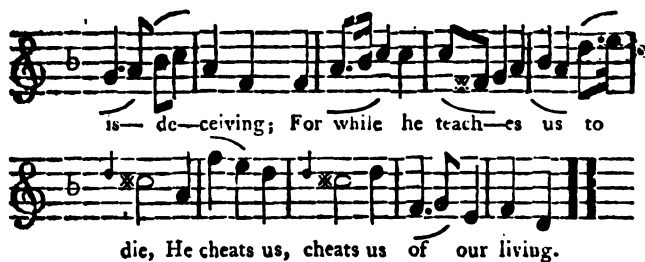
I with love. You with envy, I with love.

Song XXX. Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by. E. of Chesterfield.

Andantino.



Mis-ta-ken fair, lay Sher-lock by, His doct-rine, doct-rine



SONG XXXI. When first I fair Celinda knew. •



SONG XXXII. When fair Serrena first I knew.

SONG XXXIII. Fairest of thy sex and best.

No airs known.

SONG XXXIV.

SONG XXXIV. Could you gueſs, for I ill can repeat. Wod-
(hull.

SONG XXXV. If in that breſt ſo good ſo pure. Moore.
Neither of theſe two pieces it is preſumed ever had any air.

SONG XXXVI. The ſilver rain, the pearly dew.

The editor has not been able to obtain a ſight of the muſic to the enter-
tainment from which this ſong is taken.

SONG XXXVII. Whiſt I am ſcorch'd with hot deſire. Prior.

SONG XXXVIII. 'Tis not your ſaying that you love. Mrs.
No airs known. (Behn.

SONG XXXIX. Go tell Aminta, gentle ſwain. Dryden.

Set by mr. Robert King.



Go tell Aminta gentle ſwain, I would not die nor



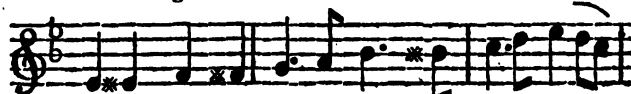
dare complain; Thy tuneful voice with numbers join, Thy



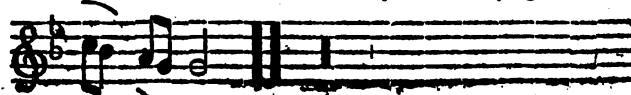
voice will more pre-vail than mine; For ſouls op—preſs'd and



dumb with grief. The Gods ordain'd this kind relief: That



muſic ſhould in ſounds convey, What dying lovers



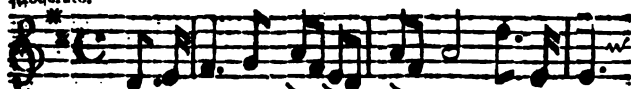
dare not ſay.

SONG XL.

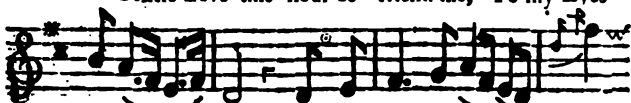
SONG XL. Gentle love this hour befriend me. Hill.

Set by count St. Germain.

Moderato.



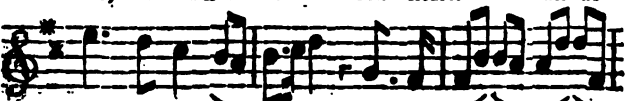
Gentle Love this hour be—friend me, To my Eyes



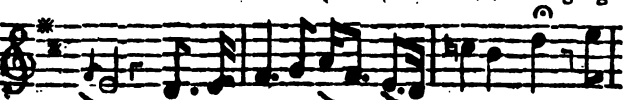
re—sign thy dart, Notes of melting mu—sic lend



me, To dissolve a fro—zen heart. Chill as



mountain saw her bo—som, Tho' I ten—der language



use; 'Tis by cold in—diff—rence frozen, To my



arms, and to my muse.

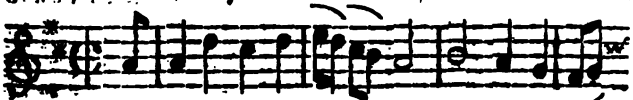
SONG XLI. I cannot change as others do. E. of Rochester.

Airs not known.

SONG XLII. To melancholy thoughts a prey. Mrs. Pilkington.

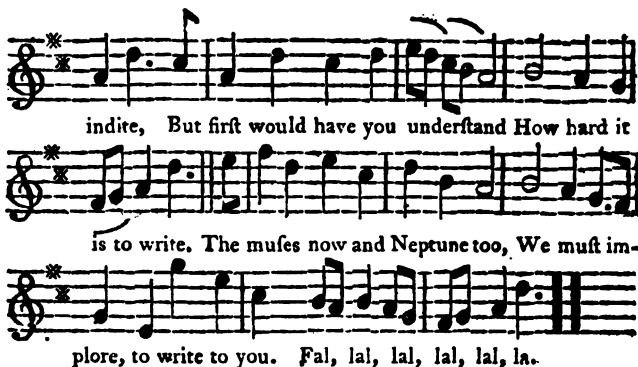
See the music to the additional songs.

SONG XLIII. To all you ladies now at land. E. of Dorset.



To all you ladies now at land, We men at sea

indite



indite, But first would have you understand How hard it
is to write. The muses now and Neptune too, We must im-
plore, to write to you. Fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, la.

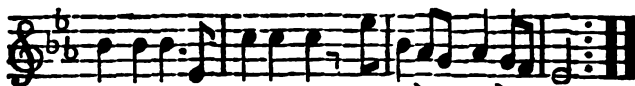
SONG XLIV. The heavy hours are almost past. L. Lyttelton.

Set by Mr. Jackson of Exeter.

Moderately slow.



The heavy hours are almost past, That part my love and
me; My longing eyes may hope at last Their
on-ly wish to see. But how my Delia will you meet The
man you've lost so long; Will love in all your
pull—ca beat And tremble on your tongue? Will



love in all your pulses beat And tremble on your tongue.

SONG XLV. Of all the torments, all the cares. Walth.

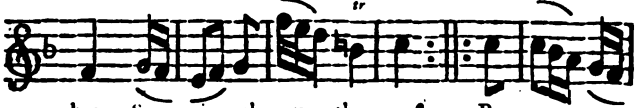
Set by dr. Boyce.



Of all the torments, all the cares, By which our



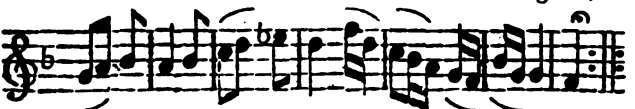
lives, are curst : Of all the plagues a lov—er



bears Sure ri—vals are the worst. By part—ners



in each o—ther kind, Af—flictions ca—si—er grow ; In

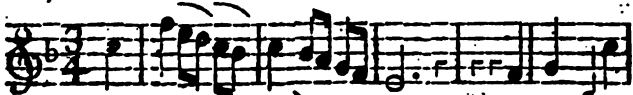


love alone we hate to find Com—pani—ons of our woe.

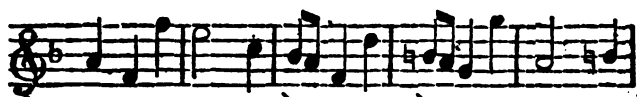
SONG XLVI. Yes, fairest proof of beautys power. Prior,
No air known.

SONG XLVII. Though cruel you seem to my pain. Carey.

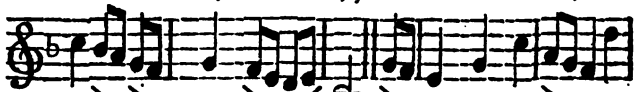
Set by the author.



Though cruel you seem to my pain, And hate me be—
cause



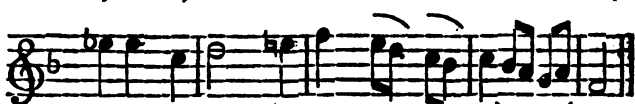
cause I am true; Yet Phillis, you love a false swain, Who



has o—ther nymphs in his view. En-joyment's a tri-^{le} to



him, To me, what a heav'n would it be! To him but a



woman you seem; But, ah! you're an an-gel to me.

SONG XLVIII. What fury does disturb my rest.

No air known.

SONG XLIX. What state of life can be so blest. Dryden.

Was "sung by mrs. Hudson, and set by mr. John Eccles." *Dursey*.
The notes have not been met with, but they are supposed to be like the
rest of that gentlemen's pantomimical performances, good for nothing.

SONG L. Say lovely dream, where could'st thou find. Waller.

The original music is unknown, and that of Anthony Neale is scarce
worth preserving.

SONG LI. I'll range around the shady bow'rs. Carey.

Set by the author.

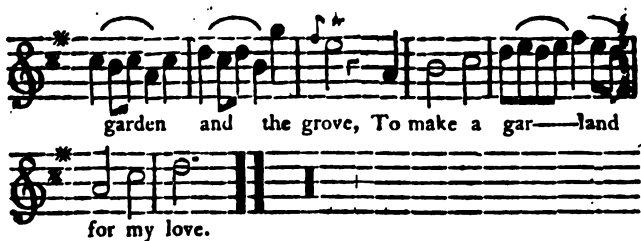


I'll range a—round the sha—dy bow—'rs, And



ga—ther all the sweetest flow'rs: I'll strip the

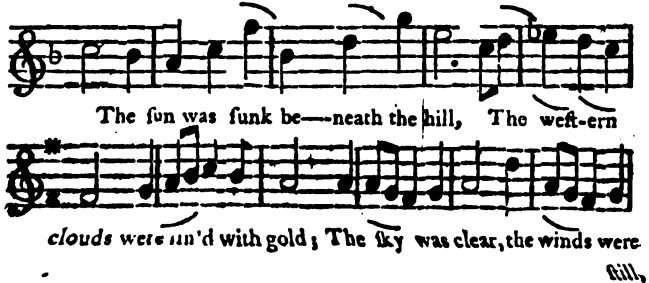
garden

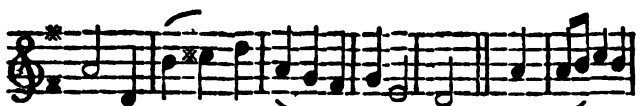


SONG LII. Why cruel creature why so bent. L. Lansdowne.
Set by mr. Flacton.



SONG LIII. The sun 'was funk beneath the hill.

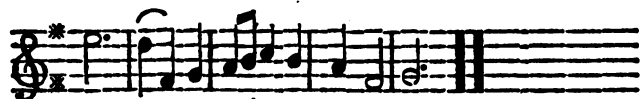




still, The flocks were pent within the fold ; When from the



si-lence of the grove, Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.



Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

SONG LIV. I love, I dote, I rave with pain. Otway.

The Tune alluded to is not known. But the song has been set by dr. Boyce, though not in his happiest manner.

SONG LV. My time, o ye Muses! was happily spent. Byron.



My time, o ye mu-ses ! was hap-pi-ly spent, When
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast, Sure



Phebe went with me where ev-er I went ; But
never fond Shep-herd like Col-in was blest :



now she is gone and has left me be-hind, What a



mar-vel-ous change on a sud-den I find ; When

B ;

things

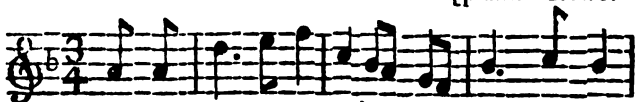


things were as fine as could poss--i--bly be, I thought 'twas the



spring, but a—las! it was she.

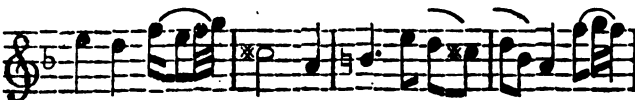
SONG LVI. To the brook and the willow that heard him com-
[plain. Rowe.



To the brook and the willow, that heard him com-



plain, Ah, willow! willow! Poor Collin went weeping, and



told them his pain; Ah, willow, wil—low; ah,



willow, wil—low.

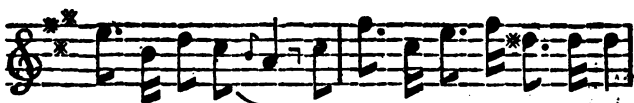
SONG LVII. How gentle was my Damons air. Dalton.

Set by dr. Arne.



How gentle was my Damons air, Like funny

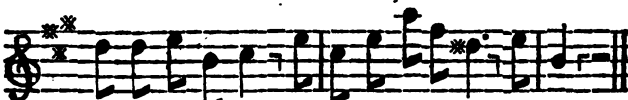
beams



beams his golden hair; His voice was like the nightingales:



More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales. How hard such

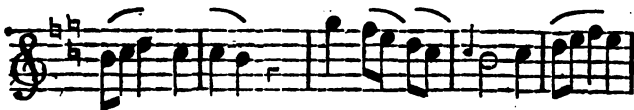


beauties to resign! And yet that cruel task is mine.

Amoroso.



On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove, Along the mar-gin



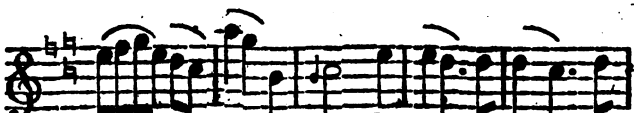
of each stream, Dear conscious scenes of former



love: I mourn and Damon is my theme. The



hills, the groves the streams re-main, But Da—mon



there I seek in vain. The hills, the groves, the



streams re—main, But Damon there I seek in vain.



From hill, from dale each charm is fled, Groves, flocks and



fountains please no more: Each flow'r in pi—ty



droops its head, All nature does my loss de-plore.



All, all re—proach the faithless swain, Yet Damon



still I seek in vain. All, all reproach the faith-less



swain, Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

SONG LVIII.

SONG LVIII. The pastoral by Shenstone.

Set by dr. A. ne.

Part I.

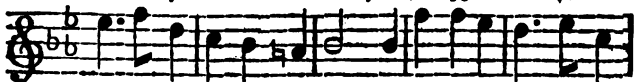
Moderately brisk.



Ye shepherds so chearful and gay, Whose flocks never



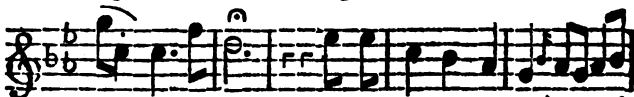
carelessly roam; Should Corydons happen to stray, Oh!



call the dear wanderers home. Allow me to muse and to



sigh, Nor talk of the change that I find; None once was so

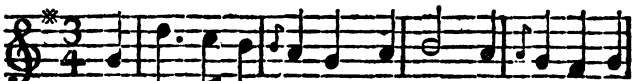


watchful as I, I have left my dear Phillis be-

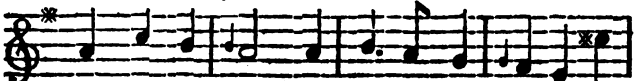


hind, I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Part II.



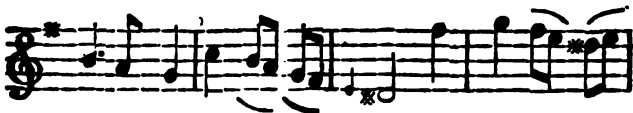
My banks they are furnish'd with bees, Whose murmur in-



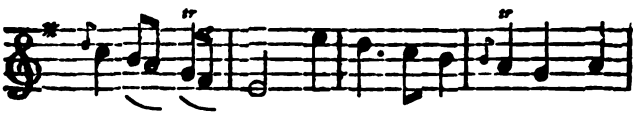
vites one to sleep; My grottos are sha-ded with
trees,



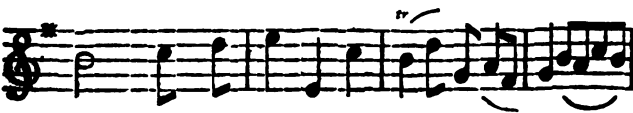
trees, And my hills are white over with sheep. I



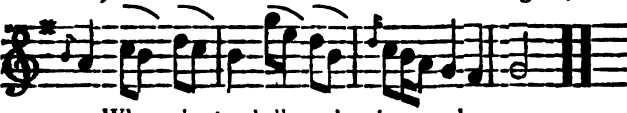
seldom have met with a loss, Such health do my



foun-tains be-flow: My fountains all border'd with



moss, Where the harebells and vio-lets grow, —



— Where the harebells and vi-o-lets grow.

Part III.

Tenderly.



Why will you my passion re-prove? Why



term it a fol-ly to grieve? Ere I

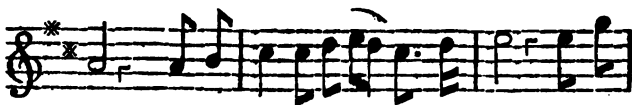
tell



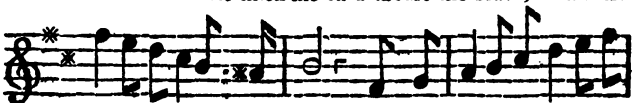
tell you the charms of my love, She is



fairer than you can believe, She is fair—er than you can be-



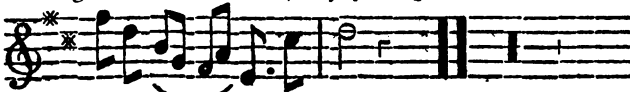
lieve. With her mien she en-a-mours the brave, With her



wit she engages the free, With her modesty pleases the

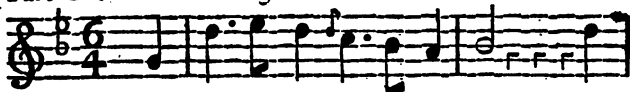


grave, She is ev'ry way pleasing to me, She is



ev'ry way pleasing to me.

Part IV.

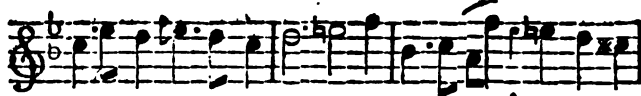


Ye shepherds give ear to my lay, And



take no more heed of my sheep; They have

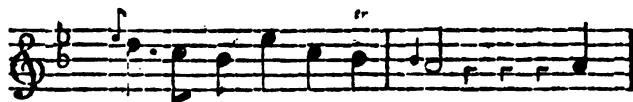
nothing



nothing to do but to pray, I have nothing to do but to



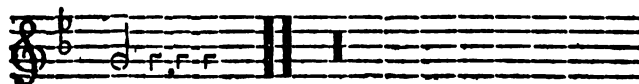
weep. Yet do not my folly reprove, She was



fair, and my passion begun; She



smil'd and I could not but love; She was faithless and I am un-



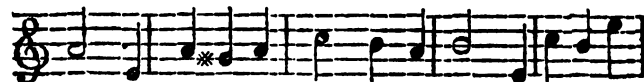
done.

SONG LIX. Despairing beside a clear stream. Rowe.

Grim king of the ghosts make haste.



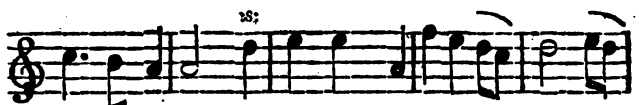
Despairing beside a clear stream, A shepherd forsaken was



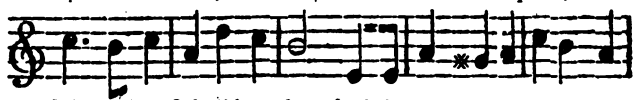
laid; And while a false nymph was his theme, A willow sup-

ported

28;



ported his head; The wind that blew over the plain, To his



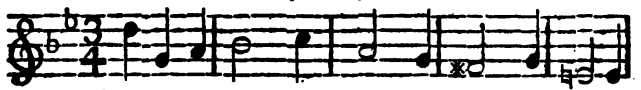
figh with a figh did re-ply : And the brook in return to his



pain, Ran mournfully murmuring by.

SONG LX. Come all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled. Otway.

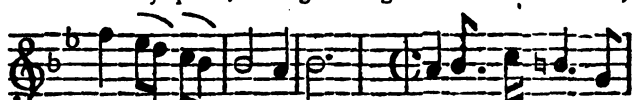
The following are supposed to be the original notes. There is a later, but not much superiour air by dr. Boyce.



Come all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled, By cruel



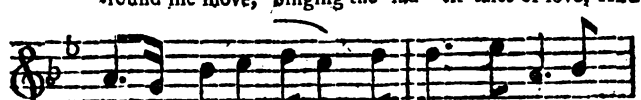
Beautys pride; Bring each a garland on his head,



Let none his sorrows hide : But hand in hand a—



round me move, Singing the sad—est tales of love, And



fee when your complaints you join, If all your

wrongs



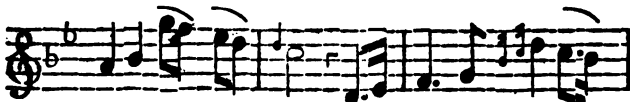
wrongs can e—qual mine.

SONG LXI. Grim king of the ghosts make haste.
See air LIX.

SONG LXII. One night when all the village slept. Scroope.
Set by Mr. Ofwald.



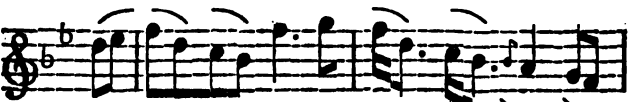
One night when all the vil—lage slept, Myr—



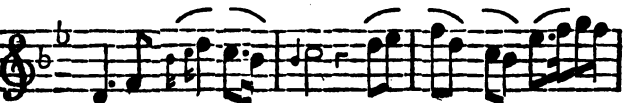
tillos sad de—spair, The wretched shep—herd



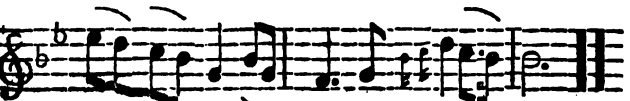
waking kept: To tell the woods his care.



Be—gone, (said he) fond thoughts be—gone, Eyes



give your sor—rows o'er, Why should you waste your

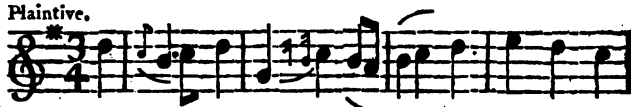


love for one Who thinks on you no more.

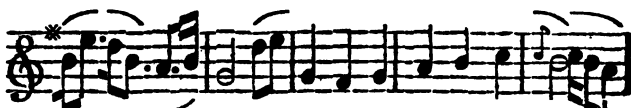
SONG LXIII.

SONG LXIII. Ah! Damon, dear shepherd, adieu.

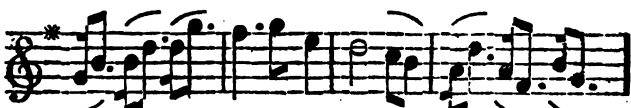
Plaintive.



Ah! Damon, dear shep-herd a—dieu! By love and first



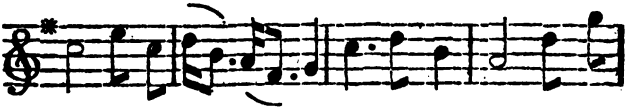
na—ture al-ly'd! To-gether in fondness we grew, Ah!



would we to—gether had dy'd, Ah! would we to—



gether had dy'd! For thy faith, which re-sembled my



own, For thy love which was spot-less and true, For the



joys we to—ge—ther have known, Ah! Damon, dear

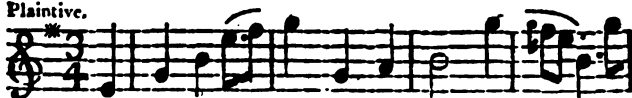


shep-herd a—dieu, Ah! Damon, dear shepherd, a—dieu.

SONG LXIV.

SONG LXIV. Hark, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb! Moore;
Set by Mr. Worgan.

Plaintive.



Hark, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb! Come, Lucy, it



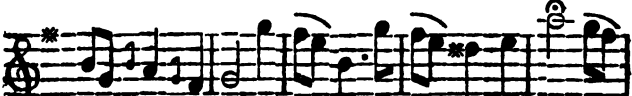
cries, come a—way, The grave of thy Col—in has



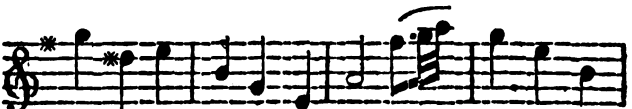
room To rest thee be—side his cold clay. I



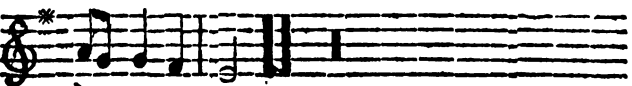
come, my dear shepherd, I come; Ye friends and com-



pa-nions, a—dieu! I haste to my Colins dark home, To



die on his bosom so true, To die on his



bo-som so true.

SONG LXV.

SONO LXV. 'Twas when the seas were roaring. Gay.

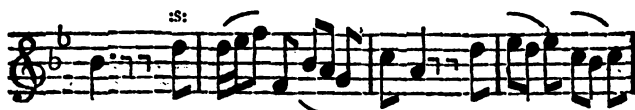
Set by mr. Handel.



'Twas when the seas were roaring, With hollow blasts of



wind, A damsel lay deploring, All on a rock re-



clin'd: Wide o'er the foaming billows, She cast a wistful



look; Her head was crown'd with wil—lows, That



trembled o'er the brook.

THE SAME SONG; Set by mr. Jackson of Exeter, under the title of *Susanna*.

The extreme sweetness of the air of this cantata, and the masterly stile of the whole composition, must be the editors apology for inserting it contrary to his professed design, and immediately after so capital a piece as mr. Handels original music.

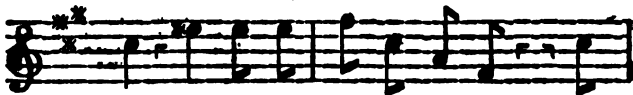
Recitative.



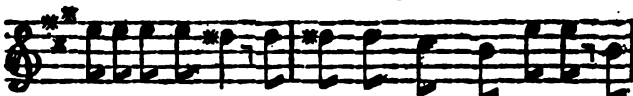
Largo andante. 'Twas when the seas were roaring, With hollow blasts of



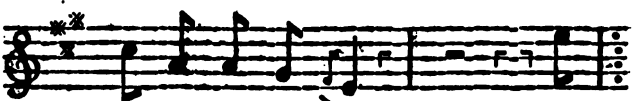
wind, A damsel lay deploring, All on a rock re-



clin'd. Wide o'er the foaming billows She



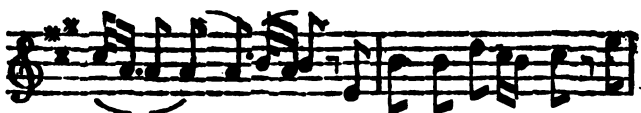
cast a wistful look, Her head was crown'd with willows That



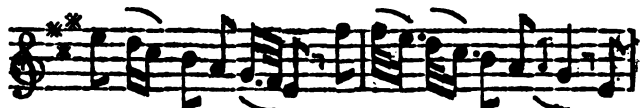
trembled' o'er the brook. Twelve



months are gone and o-ver, And nine long tedious days, Why



didst thou, vent'—rous lover, Why didst thou trust the seas? Cease



cease thou cru-el o-ccean, And let my lover rest. Ah!



what's thy trou—bled mo-tion To

that



that with—in my breast? Ah!

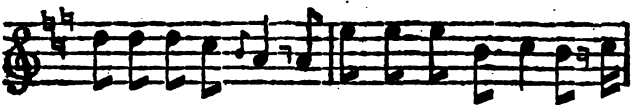


what's thy troubled motion To that with-in my breast?

Recitative.



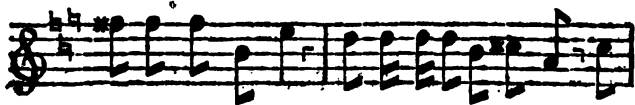
All me-lan-cho-ly lying, Thus



wail'd she for her dear, Repaid each blast with fighting, Each

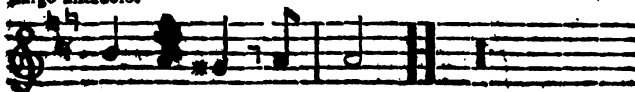


billow with a tear. When o'er the wide waves stooping, His



floating corpse she spy'd, Then like a lil-y drooping, She

Largo affettuoso.



bow'd her head and dy'd.

SONG LXVI. Alexis thunn'd his fellow swains. Prior.

Set by Mr. Gouge.



A—lex—is thunn'd his fel—low swains, Their ru—ral
sports and jocund strains. (Heav'n guard us all from
Cu—pids bow!) He lost his crook, he left his
flocks, And wand'ring thro' the lone—ly rocks, He
nou—rish'd end—less woe.

SONG LXVII. Hard by the hall, our masters house.

No air known.

SONG LXVIII. Of Leinster fam'd for maidens fair. Tickell.

May be sung, with great propriety, to the fine old tune of The Children in the Wood. See the music in Class III. Song XLI. There is another air for it in the Musical Miscellany, Vol. I. p. 4. And one or two more it is believed may be found elsewhere. But as none of these compositions is either distinguishable for its merit or appears to be peculiarly connected with the words, the editor took the liberty to omit them.

SONG LXIX. Come listen to my tender tale. Shenstone.

No air known.

CLASS II.

SONG I. Fairest isle, all isles excelling. Dryden.

Set by mr. Henry Purcell.



Fairest isle, all isles ex-celling, Seat of



plea-sure and of love, Venus here will choose her



dwelling, And for-sake her Cy-prian grove. Cu-pid



from his fav'rite nation, Care and en-vy will re-



move; Jealou-sy, that poi-sons passion; And de-



spair that dies for love.

Song II. Come thou rosy dimpled boy. Parrot.

Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy, Source of ev'ry
 Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy, Source of ev'ry
 Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy, Source of ev'ry
 heart-felt joy, Leave the blisful bow'rs a-while,
 heart-felt joy, Leave the blisful bow'rs a-while,
 heart-felt joy, Leave the blisful bow'rs awhile,
 Paphos and the Cyprian isle; Vi fit Britain's
 Paphos and the Cyprian isle; Vi-fit Britain's
 Paphos and the Cyprian isle; Vi fit Britain's
 rocky

rocky shore, Britons too thy pow'r adore;

rocky shore, Britons too thy pow'r adore;

rocky shore, Britons too thy pow'r adore;

Britons hardy, bold, and free, Own thy laws and

Britons hardy, bold, and free, Own thy laws and

Britons hardy, bold, and free, Own thy laws and

yield to thee. Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,

yield to thee. Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,

yield to thee. Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,



Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy.

Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy.

Come thou ro-sy dimpled boy.

SONG III. Ask me not how calmly I.



Ask me not how calm-ly I All the cares of

life de-fy? How I baffle hu-man woes?

Woman, wo-man, wo-man knows. You may live and

laugh as I, You like me may care de-fy;

All the pangs the heart en-dures,

Woman,



SONG IV. Ah! how sweet it is to love. Dryden.

Set by mr. Henry Purcell.



all,

all, all, all, all, other pleasures are. Pains of love are

sweet—er far, Than all, all, all, all,

other plea — — — — — fures

1st :s: 2^d

are. are.

SONG V. Love's no irregular desire.

Air unknown.

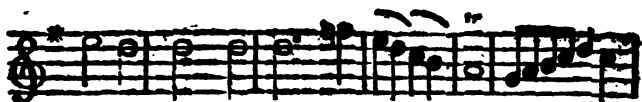
SONG VI. Love's a gentle gen'rous passion. Carey.

Set by the author.

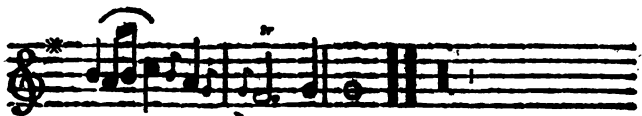
Love's a gentle gen'—rous pas-sion, Source of

all sub—lime delight, When with mu—tual in—clin—

ation.



tion, Two fond hearts in one u-nite, Two fond



hearts in one u-nite.

SONG VII. O how vain is every blessing.

The music of this song has not been met with.

SONG VIII. Honest lover whatsoever. Suckling.

SONG IX. Tell me Damon, dost thou languish?

No airs known.

SONG X. Come here fond youth, whoe'er thou be. Miss Aikin

Is supposed never to have been set, nor to have any tune.

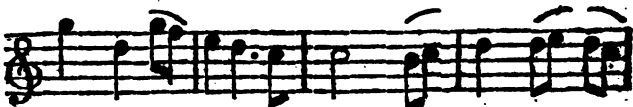
SONG XI. A maxim this, amongst the wise.

No air known.

SONG XII. Over the mountains and over the waves:

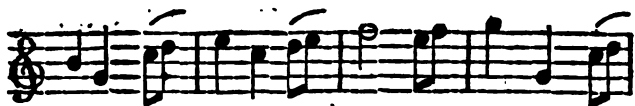


Over the mountains and over the waves, Un-der the



fountains and under the graves, Under floods that are

deepest



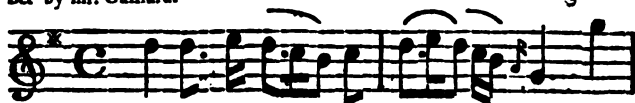
deepest, Which Neptune o—bey : Over rocks that are



steepest, Love will find out the way.

SONG XIII. Oft on the troubled oceans face. Theobald.

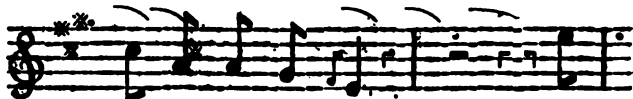
Set by Mr. Galliard.



Oft on the trou—bled o—ceans face, Loud



stormy winds a—rise; The mur-m'ring fur—ges



swell apace, And clouds ob—scure the skies.



But, when the tempests rage is o'er, Soft breezes smooth the



main; The billows cease to lash the shore, And

all



all is calm again. Not so in fond and am'rous souls. If



ty-rant Love once reigns, There one e-ter-nal



tempest rolls, And yields unceasing pains. Ah, cruel



god! our peace re-store, Or wound us with thy shafts no



more; Ah, cruel god! ah, cruel god! our peace re-



store, Or wound us with thy shafts no more.

SONG XIV. The flame of love asswages. Carey.

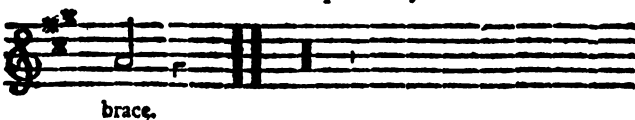
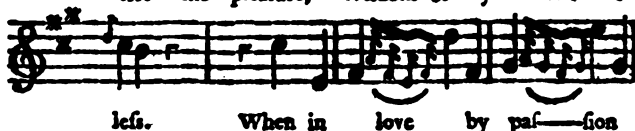
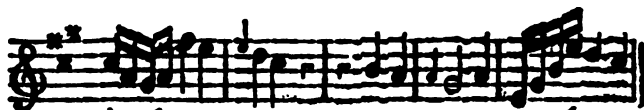
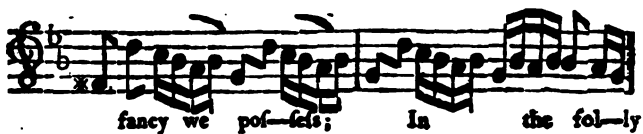
Air unknown.

SONG XV. Love's a dream of mighty treasure.

Set by dr. Arne.

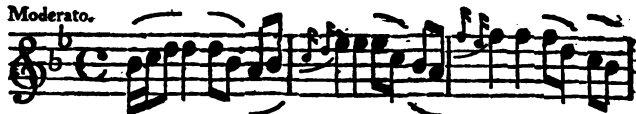


Love's a dream of might-y treasure, Which in
fancy



SONG XVI. Freedom is a real treasure. Wolfely.

Moderato.



Freedom is a real treasure, Love a dream, all



false and vain; Love a dream, all false and vain;



Short, uncer-tain is the pleasure, Sure and last-ing



is the pain, Sure - - - and last——ing



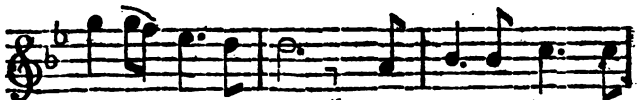
is the pain.

SONG XVII. Ye happy swains whose hearts are free. Etherege

Set by mr. Damasene.



Ye hap-py swains whose hearts are free, From



loves im-pe-rial chain: Hence forth be warn'd and taught

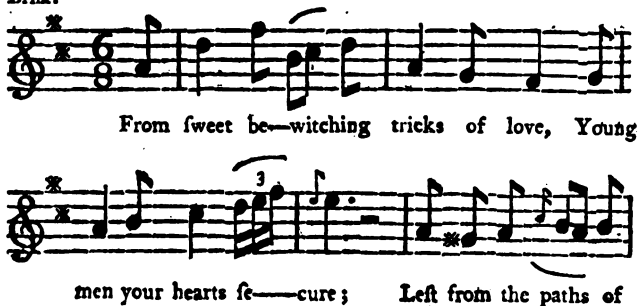


taught by me, And taught by me, T' a—
 void th'enchanted pain. Fa-tal the wolves to
 trembling flocks, Sharp winds to blossoms prove; To
 careless seamen hidden rocks, To human quiet
 love.

SONG XVIII. From sweet bewitching tricks of love.

Set by dr. Arne.

Brisk.

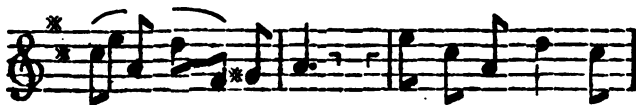


From sweet bewitching tricks of love, Young
 men your hearts secure; Left from the paths of

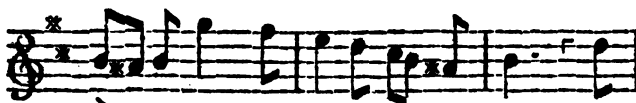
sense



sense you rove, In dot-age pre-ma-ture. In



dot-age pre-ma-ture. Look at each-lafs through



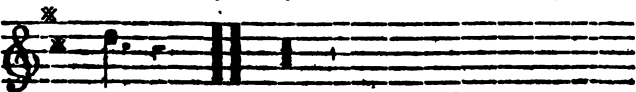
wisdoms glafs, Nor trust the na-ked eye; Gal-



lants beware, look sharp, take care! The



blind eat many a fly, The blind eat many a



fly.

SONG XIX. Old Chaucer once to this re-echoing grove.

[Smart.]

Set by dr. Arne.

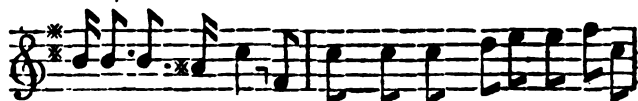
Recitative.



Old Chaucer once to this re-echoing grove, Sung of "The



sweet bewitching tricks of love;" But soon he found he'd



fullied his renown, And arm'd each charming hearer with a



frown : Then self-condemn'd, self-condemn'd, anew his lyre he



strung, And in repentant strains, in repentant



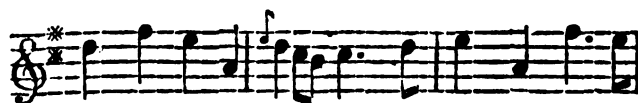
strains, This re-can-tation sung :



Long since unto her native sky, Fled



heav'n—descend-ed con—stan-cy ; Nought



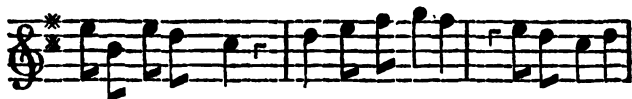
now that's stable's to be had, The world's grown mu-ta-
ble



ble and mad: Save women, they, we must confess, Are



miracles of stedfastness; And ev'ry witty, pretty,



witty, pretty, dame Bears for her motto, for her motto,



Bears for her motto STILL THE SAME.



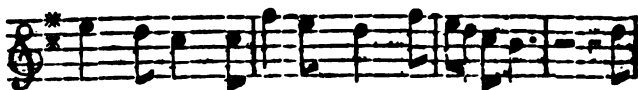
The flow'rs that in the vale are seen, The white, the yellow,



blue and green. In brief complexion id—ly gay Still



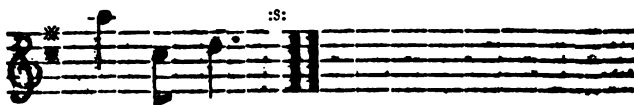
set with ev'ry fett-ing day; Dispers'd by wind, or



chill'd by frost, Their odour's gone, their colour lost : But



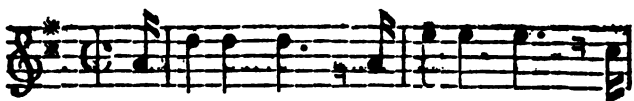
what is true, though passing strange, The women never



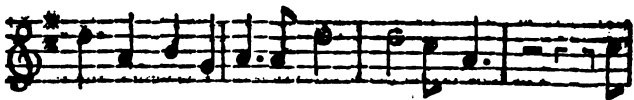
fade or change.

V. 3. To the common time movement.

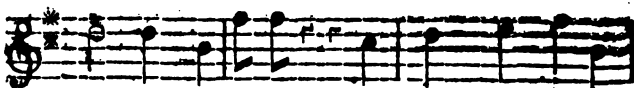
V. 4. To the jig movement.



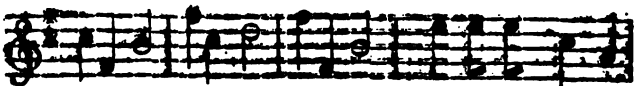
An hundred mouths, an hundred tongues, An



hundred pair of i-ron longs; Five heralds, and

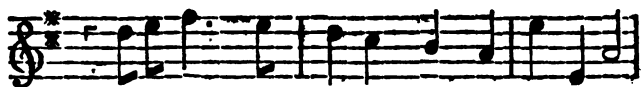


five thousand cryers, With throats whose ac-cent

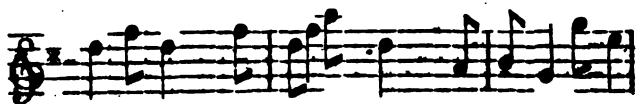


never tires, never tires, never tires; Ten speaking-trumpets,

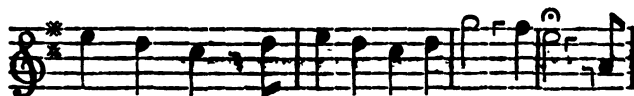
of



of a size, Would deafness with their din surprise,



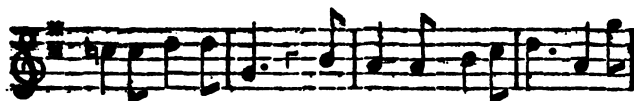
Your praise, sweet nymphs, shall sing and say, Your



praise sweet nymphs shall sing and say, shall sing and say; And



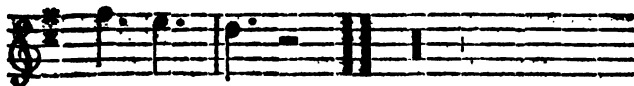
those that will believe it, may, may, Those that



will believe it, may. And those that will believe it, that



will believe it, may, and those that will believe it, be-



lieve it, may.

C L A S S I I I.

SONG I. He that loves a rosy cheek. Carew.

Was set by Henry Lawes, whose compositions, however admirable they might be in his own age, will command very little respect in the present.

SONG II. Vain are the charms of white and red. Pulteney.

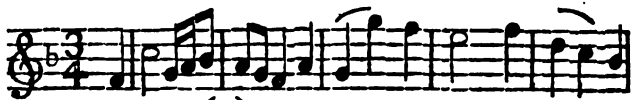
SONG III. Though, Flavia, to my warm desire.

SONG IV. Belinda, see from yonder flow'rs.

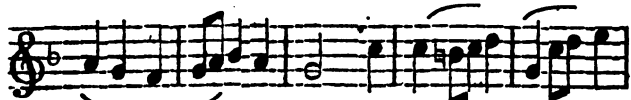
No airs known.

SONG V. It is not that I love you less. Waller.

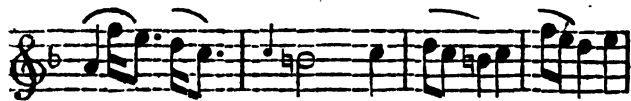
Appears to have been originally set by Henry Lawes. There are likewise notes to it by Mr. Oswald; but the following tune is the composition of Count St. Germain.



It is not that I love you less, Than when be-



fore your feet I lay: But, to pre—vent the



sad in—crease Of hope—less love, I



keep a—way. In vain, a — — las! for

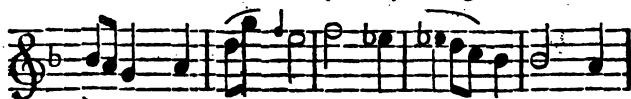
every



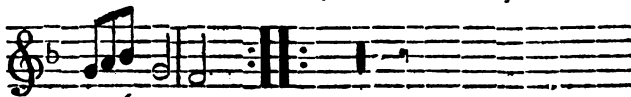
every thing, Which I have known be-long to



you, Your form does to my fancy bring, And makes my



old wounds bleed anew, And makes my old wounds



bleed a-new.

SONG VI. Yes, Daphne, in your face I find.

No air known.

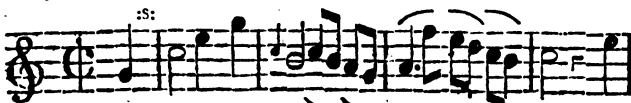
SONG VII. In Chloris all soft charms agree. How.

Set by mr. Henry Purcell; but the music was not judged worth inserting.

SONG VIII. You say, at your feet I have wept in despair.

[Mendez.

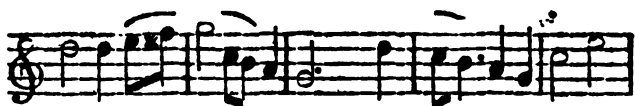
Set by dr. Boyce.



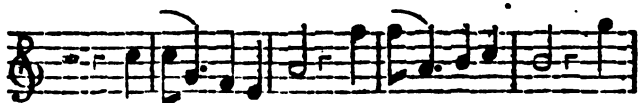
You say, at your feet I have wept in de-spair, And



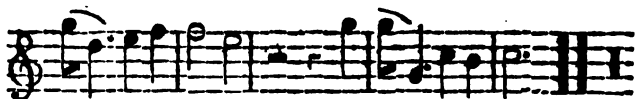
vow'd that no angel was ev- - er so fair: How could you be-



lieve all the nonsense I spoke? What know we of angels?—



I meant it in joke, I meant it in joke. What



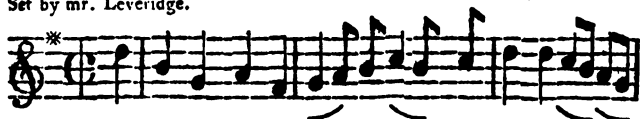
know we of angels?— I meant it in joke.

SONG IX. Know Celia, (since thou art so proud.) Carew.

No air known.

SONG X. Why d'ye with such disdain refuse. Vanbrook,

Set by mr. Leveridge.



Why d'ye with such dis-dain refuse, An humble lovers



plea? Since heav'n denies you pow'r to chuse, You



ought to value me. Ungrateful mistress of a heart Which

I so



I so free—ly gave, Though weak your bow, though



blunt your dart, I soon resign'd your slave.

SONG XI. Once more Loves mighty charms are broke. Sedley.
Not known.

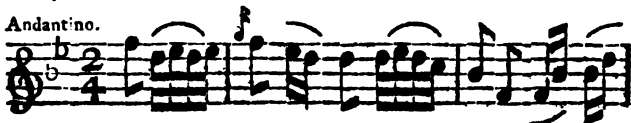
SONG XII. Come, let us now resolve at last. D. of Buckingham.
No airs known.

SONG XIII. False though she be to me and love. Congreve,
Was set by a Mr. Gunn, but his music is not worth preserving, and no
other air has been met with.

SONG XIV. If 'tis joy to wound a lover. Addison.

Set by Dr. Arnold.

Andantino.



If 'tis joy to wound a lover, How much

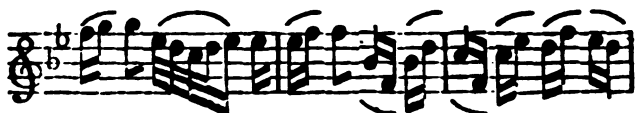


more to give him ease, When his passion you dis-



cover, Ah! how pleasing 'tis to please. If 'tis

joy



joy to wound a lo-ver, How much more to give him



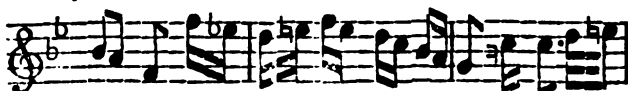
ease, When his passion you dis—cover? Ah! how



pleas-ing 'tis to please, Ah! how pleas-ing 'tis to



please. The bliss re—turns, and we re-



ceive trans-ports great--er than we give. The bliss re-



turns, and we re—ceive transports great--er than we



give. If 'tis joy to wound a lover, How much



more to give him ease, When his

passion



pas-sion you dis—cover? Ah! how pleas—ing 'tis to



please. The blifs re—turns and we re--ceive transports



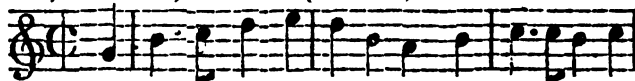
greater than we give. The blifs re—turns and we re-



ceive transports great—er than we give. — — D. C.

SONG XV. Away with these self-loving lads. Lord Brooke.

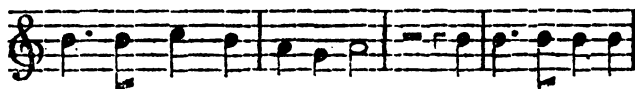
Set by mr. Dowland, the lutanist. (about 1600).



A-way with these self-loving lads, Whom Cupids arrow



never glads! A—way poor souls, that sigh and weep, For



love of those that lye asleep! For Cupid is a



mer-ry god, And forceth none to kifs the rod.

XVI. Chloris

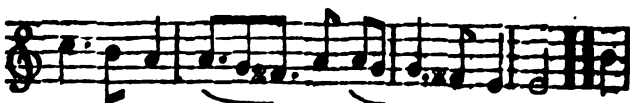
SONG XVI. Cloris, 'twill be for eithers rest. Bulteel.

No air known.

SONG XVII. Fair Iris I love, and hourly I die. Dryden.



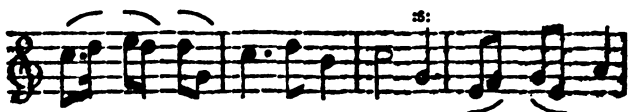
Fair I-*ris* I love and hourly I die, But



not for a lip nor a languishing eye; She's



fickle and false, and there we agree, For I am as



false and as fic—kle as she; We nei—ther be-



lieve what ei—ther can say, and nei—ther be-



liev—ing we neither be—tray.

SONG XVIII.

SONG XVIII. I love thee, by heavens, I cannot say more. ~
[Concannen.]



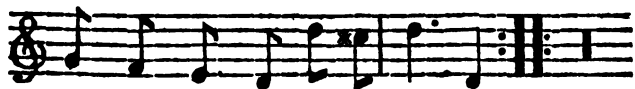
I love thee, by heavens, I can-not say more; Then



set not my passion a cool-ing; If thou



yield'st not at once I must e'en give thee o'er, For



I'm but a nov—ice at fool—ing.

SONG XIX. I'm not one of your fops, who to please a coy
[last. Budgell.
Air unknown.

SONG XX. Let not Love on me bestow. Steel.

Was set, in a most laboured mechanical manner, by Daniel Purcell, for
mrs. Harris; but his music was not thought worthy of insertion. It
is preserved in the 6th volume of Duryeys Pills to purge melancholy.

SONG XXI. Give me more love, or more disdain. Carew.

Was originally set by Henry Lawes. (See his *Ayres and Dialogues*, book
2d. fol. 1669.

SONG XXII. If love be life, I long to die. Davison.

No air known.

SONG XXIII.

SONG XXIII. Shall I, waiving in despair. Wither.

The original music is not known; and of the later airs none appeared worth copying.

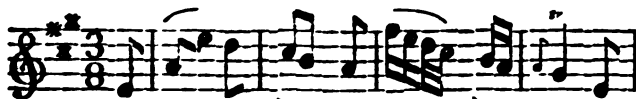
SONG XXIV. Shall I, like an hermit, dwell. Raleigh.

Not known.

SONG XXV. Why so pale and wan, fond lover? Suckling.

Sung by Mrs. Crofts in the Mock Astrologer: Set by Mr. Ramonden. It was likewise set by Dr. Arne, but the work of neither composer appeared to be worthy of insertion.

SONG XXVI. Ye little Loves, that round her wait.



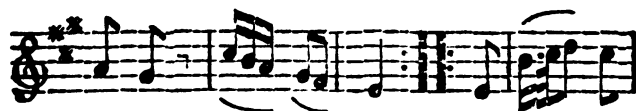
Ye lit—tle loves that round her wait, To



bring me tid—ings of my fate, As Ce—lia



on her pil—low lies, Ah! gent-ly



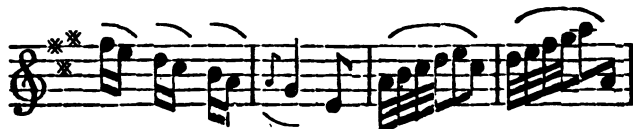
whisper Stre—phon dies. If this will



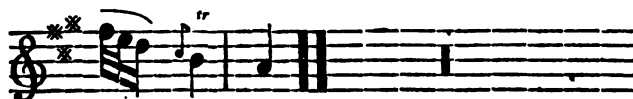
not her pi—ty move, And the proud fair dif-



dains to love, Smile and fay



'tis all a lie, And haugh—ty Stre—phon



fcorns to die.

SONG XXVII. 'Tis now since I sat down before. Suckling.

Air unknown.

SONG XXVIII. The merchant to secure his treasure. Prior.

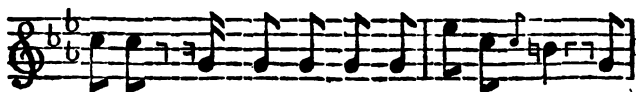
Was poorly set by dr. Green. The following music is by mr. Jackson, of Exeter.

Recitative.



Andant. Allegro.

The merchant to se—cure his

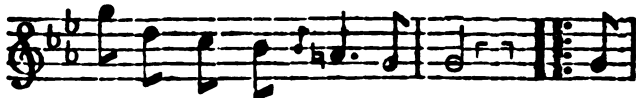


treasure Con—veys it in a borrow'd name; Eu-

phelia



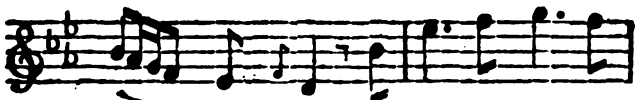
phe—lia serves to grace my measure, But



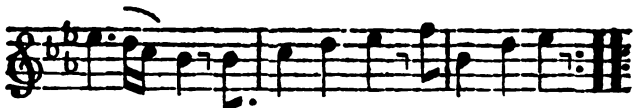
Chloe is my re—al flame. My



soft-est verse, my darling lyre, Up—on Eu-phe-lia



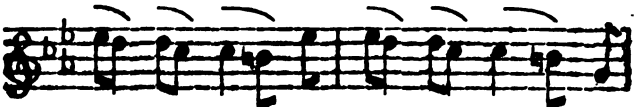
toi—let lay, When Chlo-e not—ed



her desire. That I should sing, that I should play.



My lyre I tune, my voice I raise, But



with my num—bers, mix my sighs; And

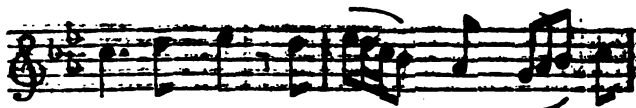


whilst I sing Eu-phe-lia praise, I fix my soul on

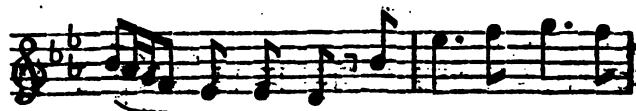
Chloes



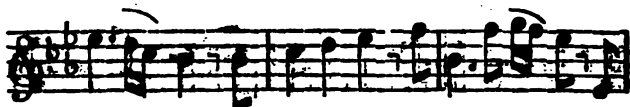
Chloes eyes. Fair Chlo—e blush'd, Eu-



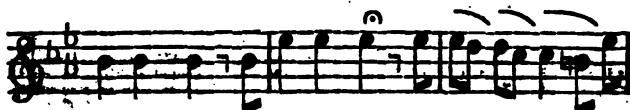
phe—lia frown'd; I fung, and gaz'd, I



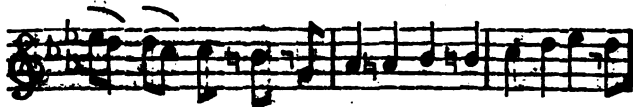
play'd and trembled; And Ve—nus to the



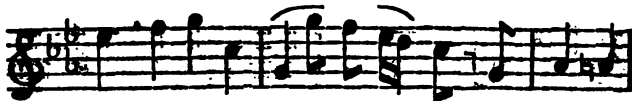
Lovè's a-round, Remark'd how ill we all dissembled. Fair



Chloè blush'd, Euphe-lia frown'd, I fung, I gaz'd, I



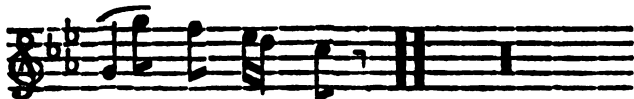
play'd, I trembled, And Venus to the Lovè's a-round re-



mark'd, how ill we all dis-sem-bled. And Venus



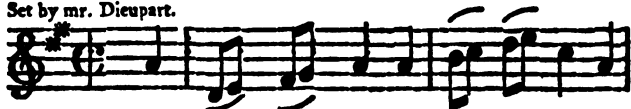
to the Loves a-round, Remark'd how ill we



all dis—sem—bled.

SONG XXIX. In vain, dear Chloe, you suggest. Yonge.

Set by mr. Dieupart.



In vain, dear Chlo—e, you suggest, That



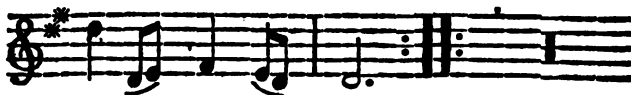
I in-con-stant have pos-s-ess'd, Or lov'd a fair—er



she; Would you, with ease, at once be cur'd Of



all the ills you've long en—dur'd, Con-



sult your glass and me.

SONG XXX.

SONG XXX. Should some perverse malignant star,

No air known.

SONG XXXI. Dear Chloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
[Prior.]

This has been set, but no air of merit has occurred.

SONG XXXII. When gentle Celia first I knew. Miss Aikin.

Never set.

SONG XXXIII. I grant, a thousand oaths I swore. Bulteel.

SONG XXXIV. Margarita first possess'd. Cowley.

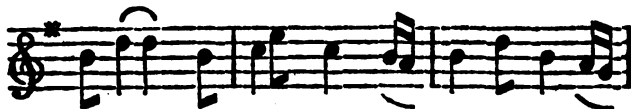
SONG XXXV. Why we love, and why we hate. Philips.

No airs known.

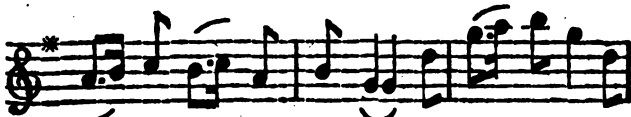
SONG XXXVI. Tom loves Mary passing well.



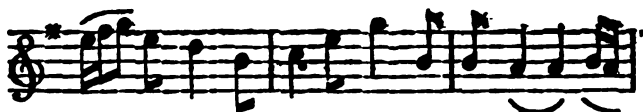
Tom loves Mary passing well, And Mary she loves



Har—ry, But Harry sighs for bon—ny Bell, And



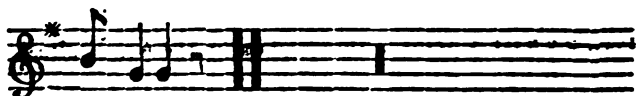
finds his love mis—car—ry; For bon—ny Bell for



Tho-mas burns, Whilst Mary flights his pas-sion : So

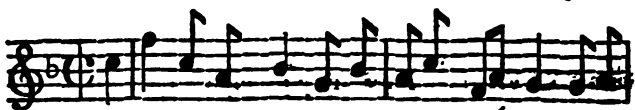


strangely-freakish are the turps Of human in-cli-

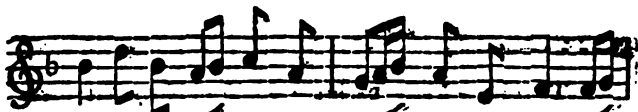


na-tion.

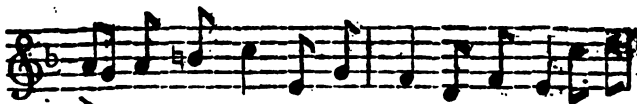
SONG XXXVII. Well met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young
[swain.



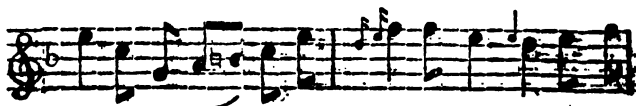
Well met; pretty nymph, says a jolly young swain, To a



beautiful shepherd-ess cross-ing the plain ; Why



so much in haste? (now the month it was May) Shall I

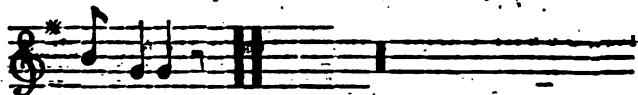


venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way? Shall I

venture



venture to ask you fair maid—en, which way? Then



straight to this question the nymph did re-ply, With a



smile on her look and a tear in her eye, I am



come from the village, and homeward I go; And

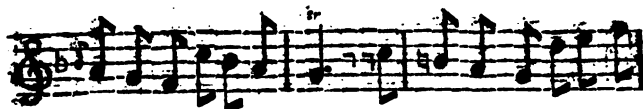


now gentle shepherd, pray why would you know?

SONG XXXVIII. A courting I went to my love.



A court-ing I went to my love, Who is



sweeter than roses in May; And when I came to her, by



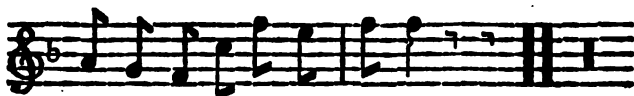
Jove, The de-vil a word could I say. I



walk'd with her in-to the gar-den, There fully intending to



woo her; But may I be ne'er worth a farthing, If of



love I said a--ny thing to her.

SONG XXXIX. Distracted with care. Walfh.

Air unknown.

SONG XL. My name is honest Harry.

The tune is *Robin Rowfer*, which has not been met with.

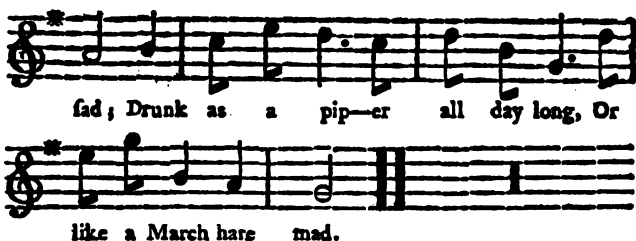
SONG XLI. My passion is as mustard strong. Gay?

Tune, *Babe in the wood*.



My pas-sion is as mustard strong, I sit all sober

sad,



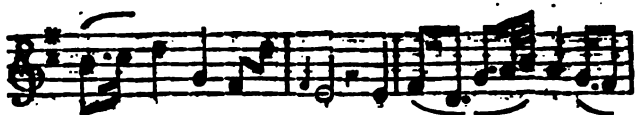
SONG XLII. A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall.
See the tune in Part III. Song. LXI.

C L A S S IV.

SONG I. As Amoret with Phillis sat. Sedley.

Vivace.

: As A—mo—ret with Phil—lis fat, One
evening on the plain, And saw the charming
Stre—phon wait, To tell the Nymph his pain.
The threat'ning dan—ger to re—move, She
whisper'd



whisper'd in her ear; Ah! Phil—Na, if you



would not love, This shepherd do not hear, This shep-

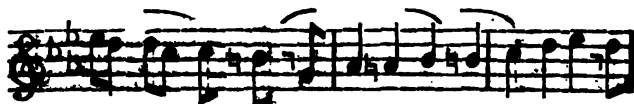


herd do not hear.

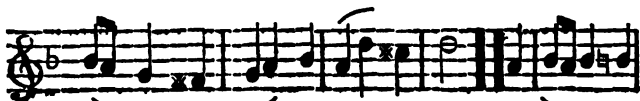
SONG II. When Phillis watch'd her harmless sheep. Etherege.

Air unknown.

SONG III. From place to place forlorn I go. Steel.



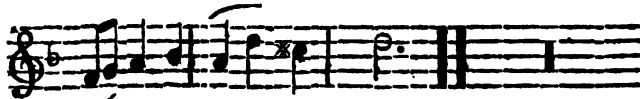
From place to place for—lorn I go, With



down—cast eyes, a si—lent shade; For—bidden



to de—clare my woe; To speak, 'till



spok—en to, a—fraid.

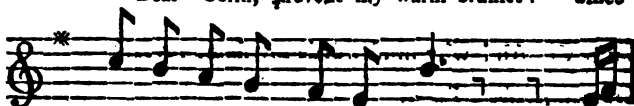
SONG IV.

SONG IV. Dear Colin prevent my warm blushes. L. M. W.
Montague.

Set by Mr. Lampe.



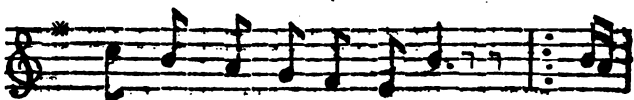
Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes! Since



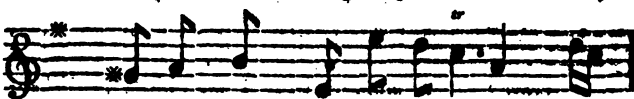
how can I speak without pain? My



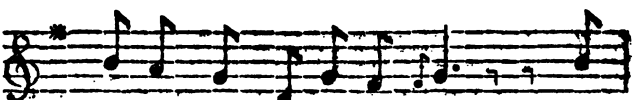
eyes have oft told you my wishes, Oh



can't you their meaning explain? My



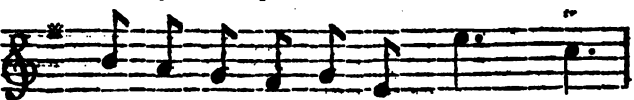
pas-sion would lose by expression, And



you too might cruelly blame; Then

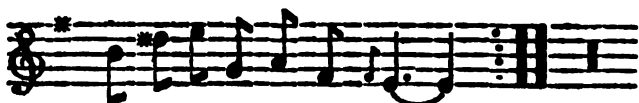


don't you expect a confession Of



what is too tender to name, Of

what



what is too ten-der . to name.

SONG V. If love and reason ne'er agree.

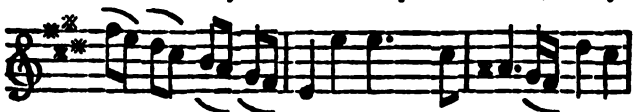
Not known.

SONO VI. Ah ! why must words my flame reveal?

Set by mr. Jackson of Exeter.



Ah why must words my flame reveal, Why



needs my Damon bid me tell, What all my actions



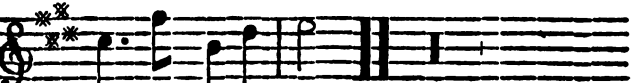
prove? A blush whene'er I meet his eye, When-



e'er I hear his name, a sigh Betrays my secret



love. When-e'er I hear his name, a sigh Be-



trays my secret love.

SONG VII.

SONG VII. If Cupid once the mind possess.

Air not met with.

SONG VIII. How hardly I conceal'd my tears. Mrs. Wharton.

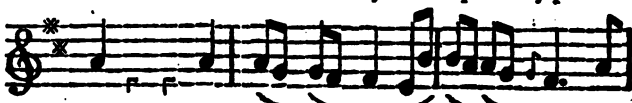
No air known.

SONG IX. Boast not mistaken swain thy art.

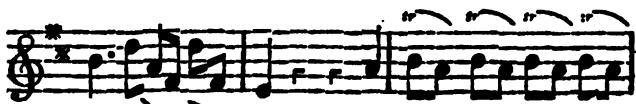
Moderato. 3/4:



Boast not mistaken swain thy art To please my partial



Eyes ; The charms that have subdued my heart An-



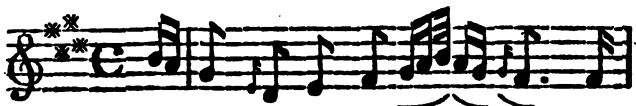
other may despise. The charms that have sub-



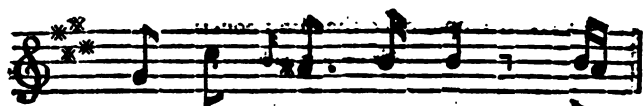
dued my heart An—o—ther may despise.

SONG X. Too plain, dear youth, those tell-tale eyes. Jenyns.

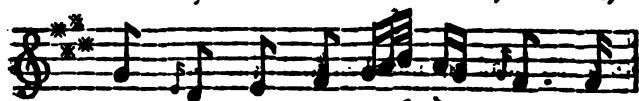
Set by Mr. Howard.



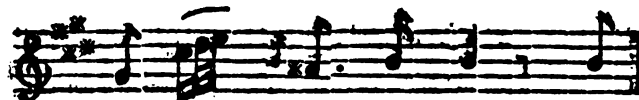
Too plain, dear youth, these tell tale eyes My
heart



heart your own de—clare; But,



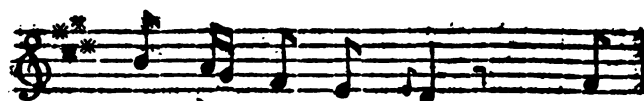
for heav'n's sake, let it suf—fice, you



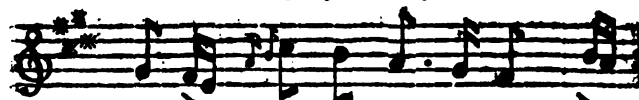
reign tri—um—phant there. For—



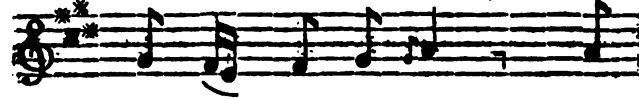
bear your ut—most pow'r to try, Nor



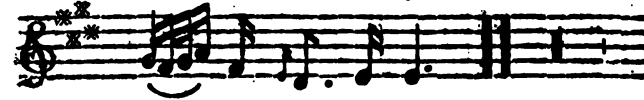
far—ther urge your sway; Prese



not for what I must deny, For



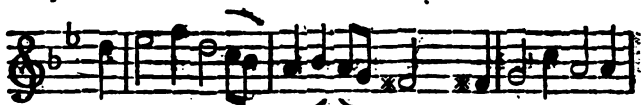
fear I should obey, For



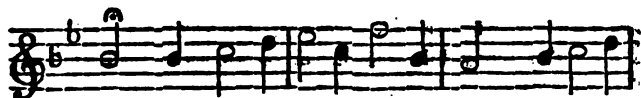
fear I should obey.

SONG XI. Ah, false Amyntas! can that hour. Mrs. Behn.

Set by Mr. Robert Smith.



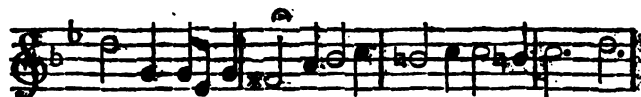
Ah, false Amyntas! can that hour So soon forgotten



be, When first I yielded up my power, To be be-



tray'd by thee? Heav'n knows with how much innocence, I



did my heart re-sign, Unto thy faithless co-quence, And



gave thee what was mine.

SONG XII. When Damon languish'd at my feet. Moore.

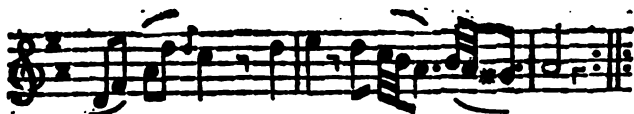
Set. by Mr. Oswald.



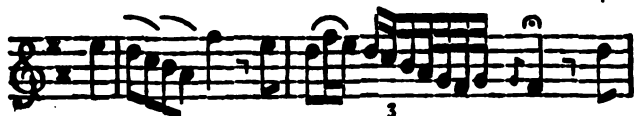
When Damon languish'd at my feet, And



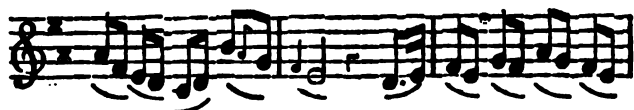
I be-liev'd him true, The moments of de-
light



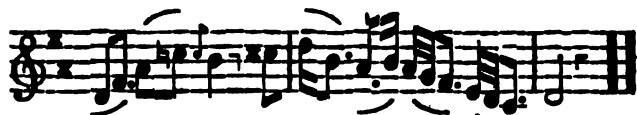
light how sweet, But ah! how swift they flew!



The sunny hill, the flower — — — y vale, The



garden and the grove, Have ech—o'd to his



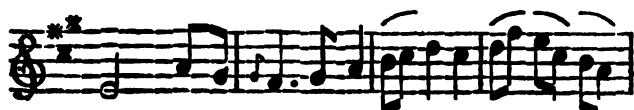
ar—dent tale, And vows of end - - less love.

SONG XIII. On the brow of a hill a young shepherdess dwelt.
[Miss M. Jones.]

Was originally set by Mr. Lampe. But the following is the more favourite music, composed by Mr. Howard.



On the brow of a hill a young shepherdess

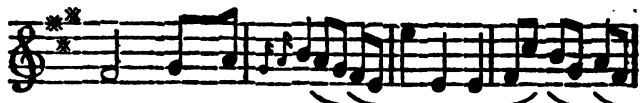


dwelt, Who no pangs of am—bition or love had e'er

felt



felt: For a few so—ber maxims still ran in her



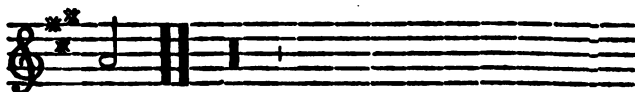
head, That 'twas better to earn, ere she eat her brown



bread: That to rise with the lark was con—ducive to



health; And to folks in a cottage con—tent—ment was



wealth.

SONG XIV. When lovely woman stoops to folly. Goldsmith.

No air.

CLASS V.

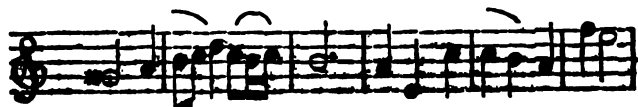
CLASS V.

SONG I. Sweet are the charms of her I love. Booth.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.



Sweet are the charms of her I love, More fragrant



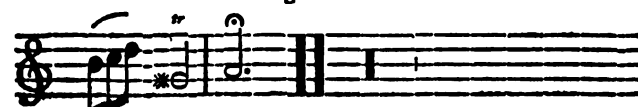
than the da-mask rose, Soft as the down of turtle-



dove, Gentle as wind when Zephyr blows; Re-fresh-ing



as de-scend-ing rains To sun-burnt climes and



thirsty plains.

SONG II. My days have been so wond'rous free. Parnell.

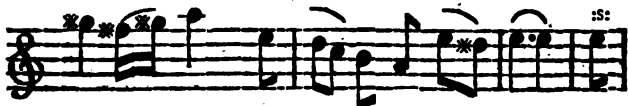
This song has been set by Mr. Jackson of Exeter, whose music will be found among the airs to the additional pieces, (*Ab cruel maid bow fast thou chang'd*) The following seem to be the original notes.



My days have been so won-d'rous free, The
little



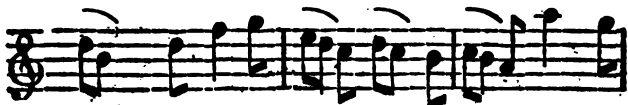
little birds that fly With careless ease from



tree to tree, Were but as blest'd as I. Ask



gliding waters, if a tear Of mine increas'd their



stream, Or ask the flying gales, if e'er I lent, I



lent a sigh to them.

SONG III. Stella, darling of the muses. Mrs. Pilkington.

"To a celebrated air in Demetrius."



Stella, darling of the Muses, Fairer than the



blooming spring; Sweetest theme the poet chooses,

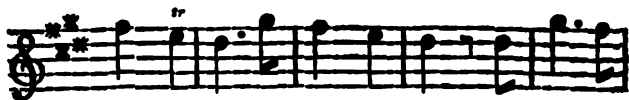
Var. I.

9

When



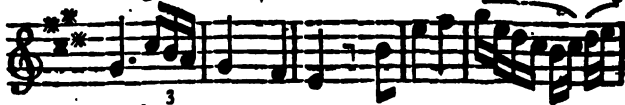
fields were small, my flocks were few; While



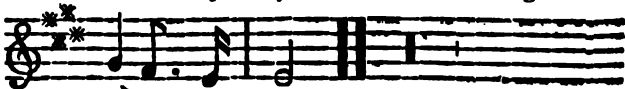
fault'ring accents spoke my fear, That Flavia



might not prove sin—cere, While fault'ring



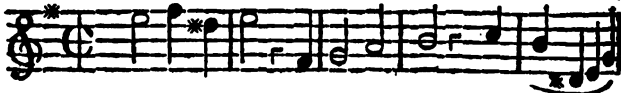
accents spoke my fear, That Flavia might not



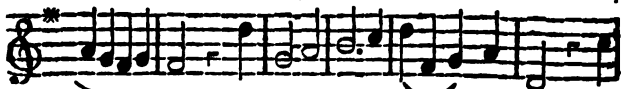
prove sin—cere.

SONG X. O had I been by fate decreed. Baker.

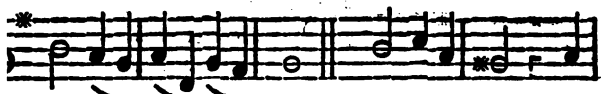
Set by Mr. Abiel Whichello. (It may be also sung to Dr. Howards tune in Love in a Village.)



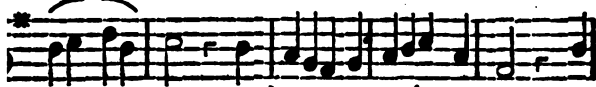
O had I been by fate decreed Some humble



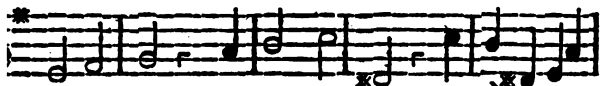
cottage swain, In Rosa—lindas fight to feed My
sheep



sheep up—on the plain; How happy would those



days have pass'd, Which now are fill'd with woe! You



envious pow'rs! why have you plac'd My fair ones



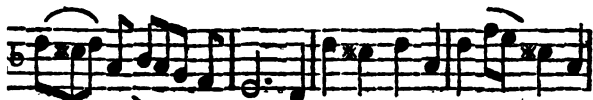
lot so low?

to XI. We all to conquering beauty bow.

by dr. John Blow.



We all to conqu'ring beauty bow, Its



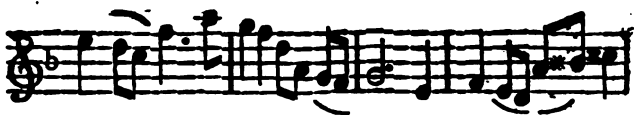
pleasing pow'r admire; But I ne'er knew a face till now That



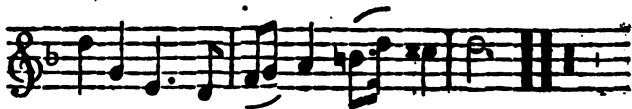
could like yours in—spire: Now I may say, I've

F 3

met



met with one Amazes all mankind; And, like men gaz—ing



on the fun, With too much light am blind.

SONG XII. Tell me not I my time mispend. Eaton.

Was set by Henry Lawes. No other air is known.

SONG XIII. Sweet are the banks when spring perfumes, Woty,

Allegretto



Sweet are the banks when spring perfumes The



verdant plants and laughing flow'rs; Fragrant the vi—o—let

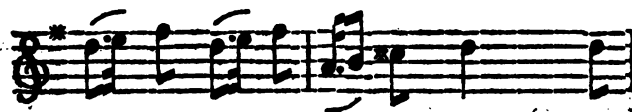


as it blooms, And sweet the bloss—oms after show'rs,

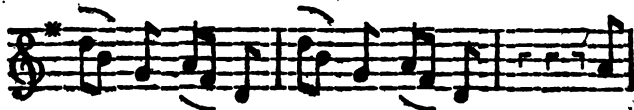
Fragrant



Fragrant the vi--o--let as it blooms, And



sweet the blossoms af—ter show'rs, And



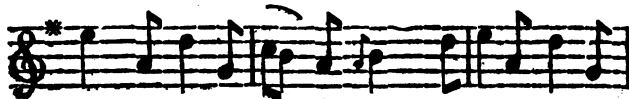
sweet the blossoms, sweet the blossoms, And



sweet the blossoms af—ter show'rs: Sweet is the soft the



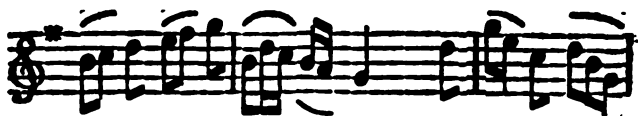
funny breeze, That fans the golden orange grove; But



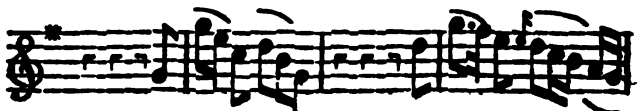
oh! how sweeter far than these, The kisses are of



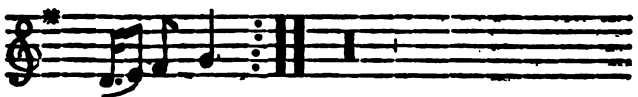
her I love, But oh! how sweeter far than these The



kisses are of her I love, The kisses are



of her I love, The kisses are of

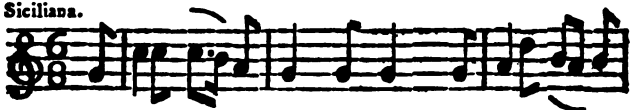


her I love.

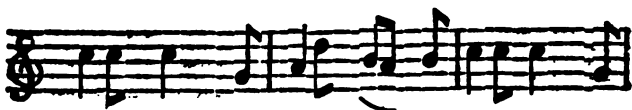
SONG XIV. For me my fair a wreath has wove. Garrick.

Set by mr. Giardini.

Siciliana.



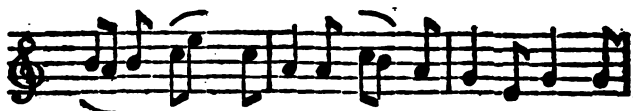
For me my fair a wreath has wove, Where rival flow'rs in



union meet, Where rival flow'rs in union meet; As



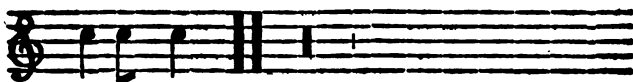
oft she kiss'd this gift of love, Her breath gave sweetness



to the sweet, As oft she kiss'd this gift of love, Her



breath gave sweetness to the sweet, Her breath gave sweetness



to the sweet.

SONG XV. Cease to blame my melancholy. Moore.

No air.

SONG XVI. That which her slender waist confin'd. Waller,

Air unknown.

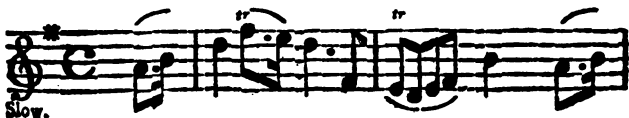
SONG XVII. Let the ambitious ever find. E. of Dorset.

The only notes to this song which have been discovered possess too little merit to intitle them to a place in this collection.

SONG XVIII. Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he. Philips.

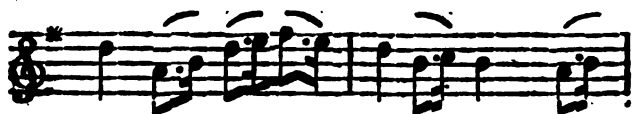
Was set by a Mr. Stubbley, and (doubtless in a masterly stile) by Mr. Jackson of Exeter. It is however more usually sung to the following very beautiful Scotch

Tune ; *I wish my love were in a mire.*



Bless'd as th' immortal gods is he, The

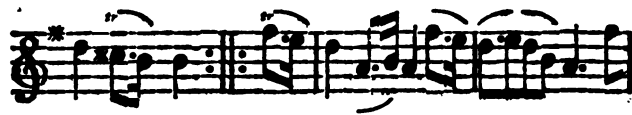
youth



youth who fondly sits by thee, And



hears and sees thee, all the while, Softly speak, and



sweetly smile. 'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest, And

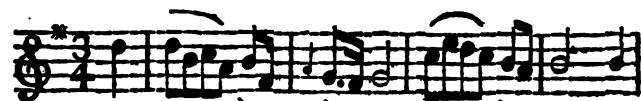


rais'd such tumults in my breast; For while I gaz'd, in

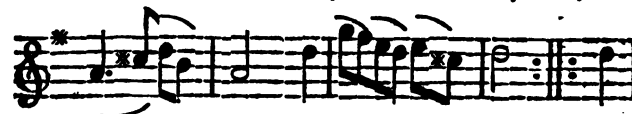


transport tofs'd, My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

SONG XIX. My goddess Lydia, heav'nly fair. E. of Rochester.

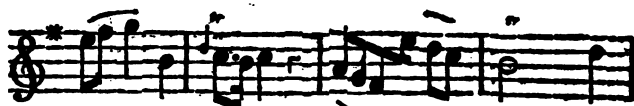


My god—ess Lydia, heav'n—ly fair, As

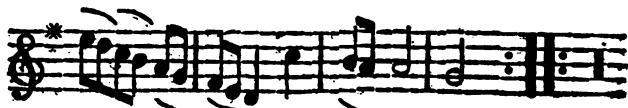


lilies sweet, as soft as air; Let

loose



loose thy tresses, spread thy charms, And



to my love give fresh alarms.

SONG XX. On Belvidera's bosom lying.

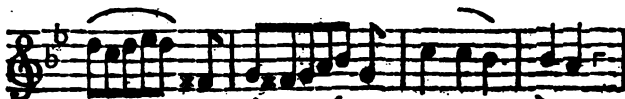
Air unknown.

SONG XXI. To be gazing on those charms. Carey.

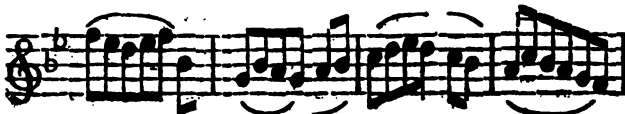
Set by the author.



To be gaz—ing on those charms,



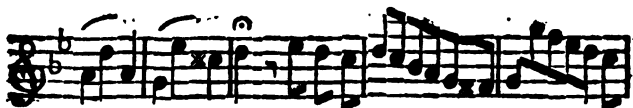
To be fold—ed in those arms,



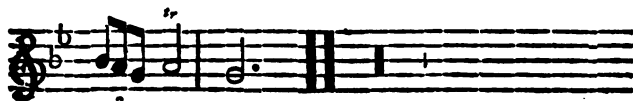
To u—nite my lips with those



Whence e—tern—al sweetness flows; To be
lov'd



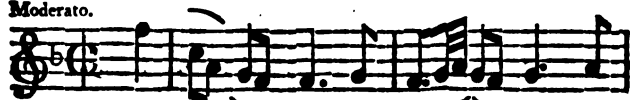
lov'd by one so fair, Is to be blest' — — — d be-



yond com-pare;

SONG XXII. The bird that hears her nestlings cry.

Moderato.



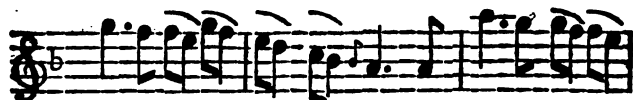
The bird that hears her nestlings cry, And



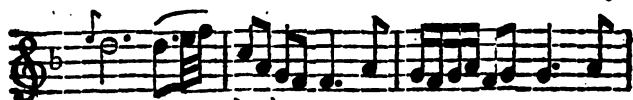
flies abroad for food, Re- turns im- pa- tient



through the sky, To nurse the callow brood. The



tender mother knows no joy, But bodes a thousand



harms, And sucks for the darling boy, While
absent



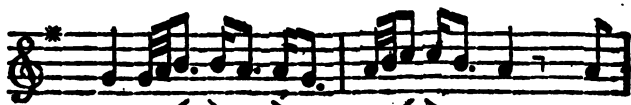
ab— — — sent from her arms.

SONG XXIII. From all uneasy passions free. D. of Buckingham.
No air known.

SONG XXIV. Once more I'll tune the vocal shell. Garrick.



Once more I'll tune the vo—cal shell, To



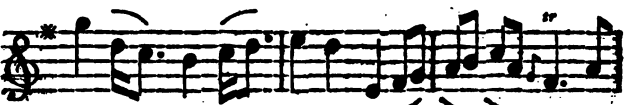
hills and dales my pas—sion tell; A



flame which time can nev - - er quell, That



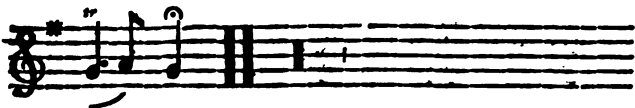
burns for love—ly Pegg—y. Yet greater bards the



lyre should hit; For say what subject is more fit, Than



to record the sa—cred wit, And bloom of lovely



Pegg—y ?

SONG XXV. The silver moons enamour'd beam. Cunningham.

Set by Mr. Battisill.



The silver moons en—amour'd beam Steals



soft—ly through the night, To

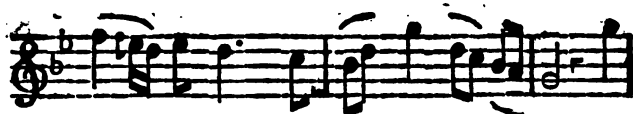


wanton with the wind—ing stream, And



kiss re—flect—ed light To beds of down go

balmy



balm—y sleep, ('Tis where you've seldom been) Mays



vi—gil while the shep—herds keep, With



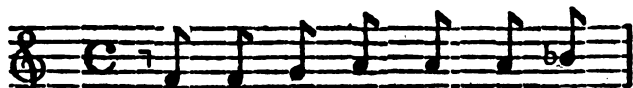
Kate of Ab—er—deen, With Kate of Ab—er—



deen, With Kate of Ab—er—deen.

SONG XXVI. The western sky was purpled o'er. Shenstone.

Set by Mr. Dibdin.



Recitative.

The west—ern sky was purpled



o'er, With ev'ry pleasing ray; And flocks re-

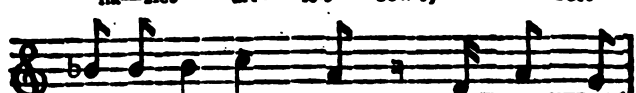


viving felt no more, The sultry heats of day: When from an

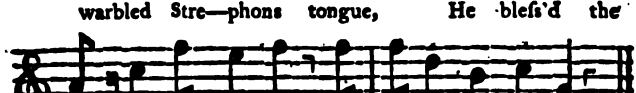
hazies



ha—zles art—leſe bow'r, Soft



warbled Stre—phons tongue, He bleſ'd the



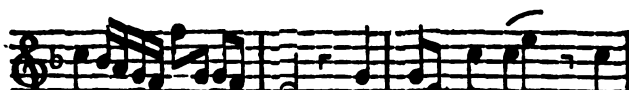
ſcene, he bleſ'd the hour, While Nancys praiſe he fung,

Allegro.

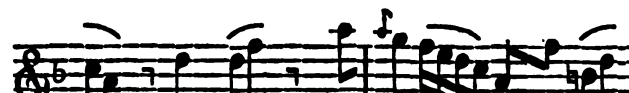


Moderato.

Let fops with fickle falſehood range The



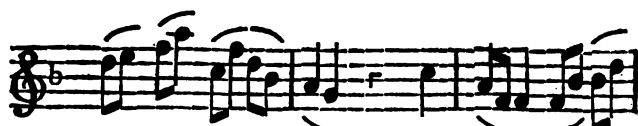
paths of wanton love, While weeping maids la—



ment the change, And ſad—en ev'—ry



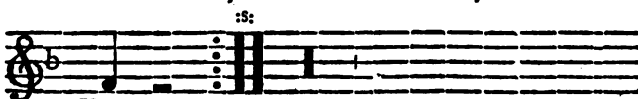
grove: But endleſs bleſſings crown the day. I



saw fair Eshams dale And ev'ry 'blessing



find its way, To Nan—cy of the



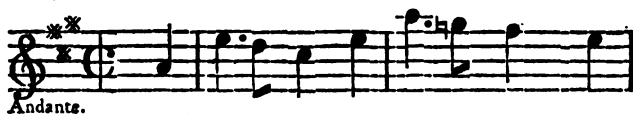
Vale.

SONG XXVII. Not, Celia, that I juster am. Sedley.

SONG XXVIII. Not the soft sighs of vernal gales. Johnson.
No airs known.

SONG XXIX. The gentle swan with graceful pride. Cun—
ningham.

Set by dr. Arne.



The gentle swan, with graceful pride, Her



glossy plumage laves, And sailing down the



sil—ver tide, Divides the whisp'ring

G

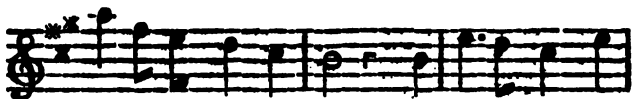
waves,



waves — — — — Divides the whisp'ring



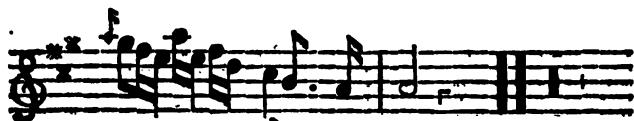
waves. The silver tide — —, that wand'ring flows, Sweet,



sweet to the bird must be! But not so sweet, blithe



Cupid knows, As Delia is to me, As



De — — — lia is to me.

SONG XXX. If wine and music have the pow'r. Prior.

Air unknown.

SONG XXXI. Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses. Hanbury
[Williams?]

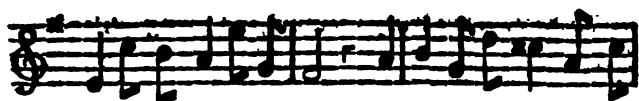
Brisk.



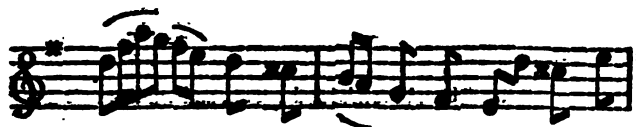
Moderato.

Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses, For

sweeter



sweeter sure girl ever gave; But why, in the midst of my



bliss, Do you ask me how many I'd



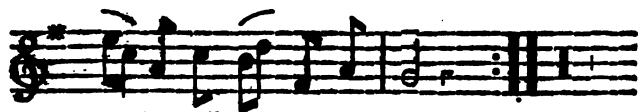
have? I'm not to be flinted in



pleasure, Then prithee, my charmer, be kind, For,



whilst I love thee beyond measure, To



numbers I'll ne'er be con-fin'd.

SONG XXXII. When charming Teraminta sings.

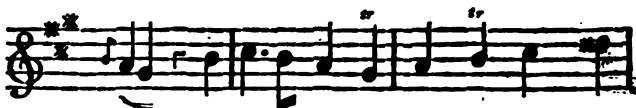
Air unknown.

Song XXXIII. Thus Kitty beautiful and young. Prior?

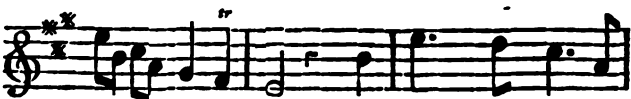
Set by dr. Arne.



Thus Kitty, beautiful and young, and wild as colt un-



tam'd; Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung, With



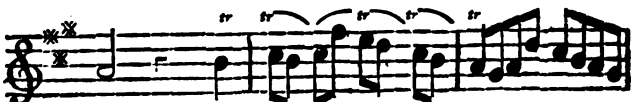
little rage inflam'd: In-flam'd with rage at



fad restraint, • Which wise mama ordain'd, And

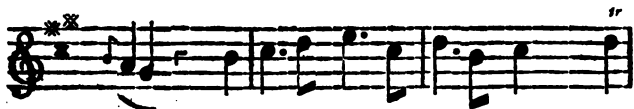


forely vex'd to play the faint, Whilst wit and beauty

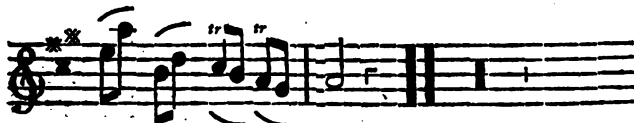


reign'd, Whilst wit and beauty reign — —



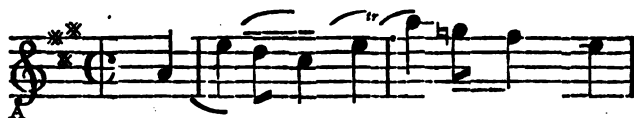


—'d And forely vex'd to play the saint,, Whilst

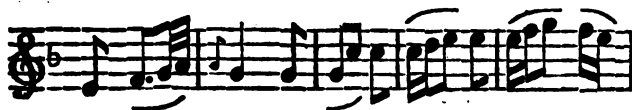


wit and beauty reign'd.

SONG XXXVI. Stella and Flavia, ev'ry hour. Mrs. Pilkington.



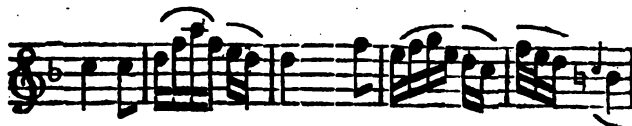
Stella and Flavia, ev'—ry hour, Do various



hearts sur—prize; In Stellas soul lies all her



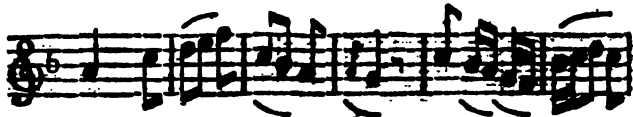
pow'r, And Flavias in her eyes. In Stellas



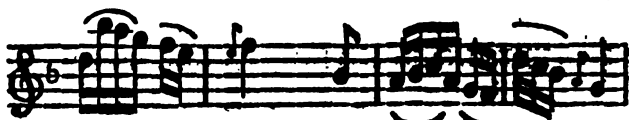
soul lies all her pow'r, And Flavias in her



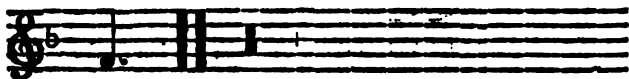
eyes. More bound—left Flavius conquers



are, And Stellas more con—fin'd; All can dis—cern a



face that's fair, But few a lovely

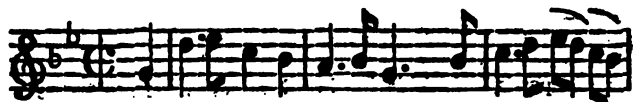


mind.

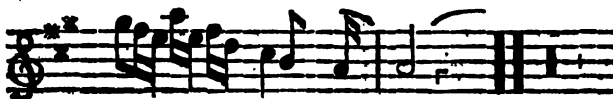
SONG XXXV. The shape alone let others prize. Akenfide.

No air known.

SONG XXXVI. When innocence and beauty meet.



When innocence and beauty meet, To add to lovely



female grace. Ah, how beyond ex—pression sweet Is



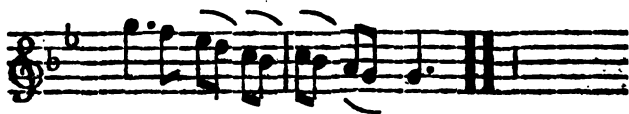
ev'—ry fea—ture of the face. By



virtue, ripen'd from the bud, The flow'r an—ge—lic



odours breeds, The fragrant charms of being good, Makes



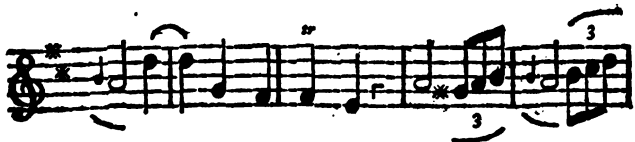
gawdy vice to smell like weeds.

SONG XXXVII. My dear mistress has a heart. E. of Rochester.

Set by dr. Arne.



My dear mistress has a heart, Soft as



those kind looks she gave me, When with loves re-



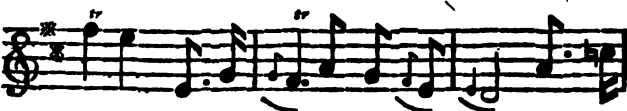
lift—lefs art, And her eyes she



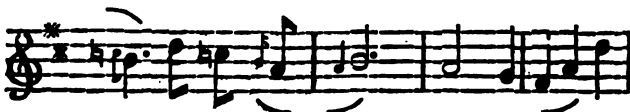
did en—slave me. But her con—stan—



cy's so weak, She is so wild and apt to



wander, That my jealous heart would break, That my



jealous heart would break, Should we live one



day a—sun—der.

SONG XXXVIII.

SONG XXXVIII. No more of my Harriot, of Polly no more.
[Smart.]

Set by dr. Arne.



No more of my Harriot, of Polly no more, No



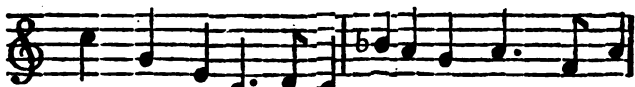
all the bright beauties that charm'd me before; My-



self for a slave to gay Venus I've sold, And



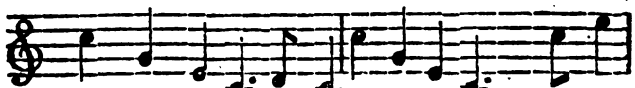
barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold: I'll



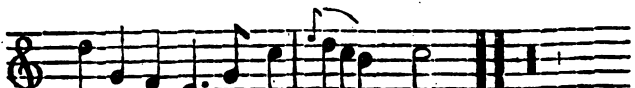
throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks, And will



sing to my lads with the golden locks. I'll



throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks, And will

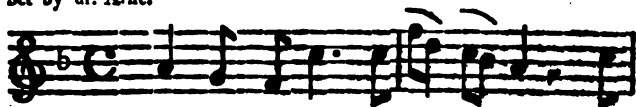


sing to my lads with the golden locks.

SONG XXXIX.

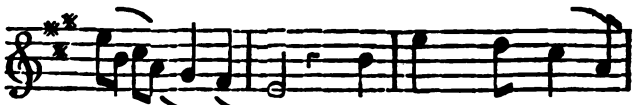
SONG XXXIX. Yes I'm in love, I feel it now. Whitehead.

Set by dr. Arne.



Gently.

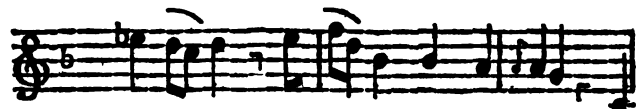
Yes I'm in love, I feel it now, And



Ce-lia has un—done me, And



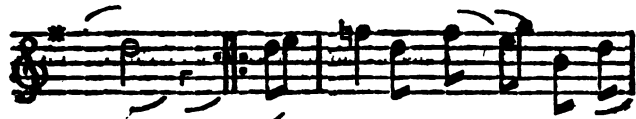
Ce-lia has un—done me; And yet I'll swear, I



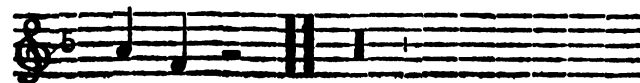
can't tell how, The pleasing plague stole on me : And



yet I'll swear I can't tell how The



pleasing plague stole on me, The pleasing plague stole

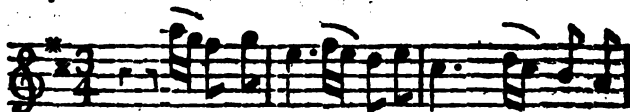


on me.

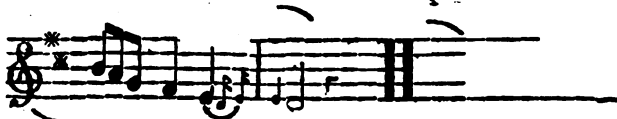
SONG XL.

SONG XL. Of all the girls that are so smart. Carey.

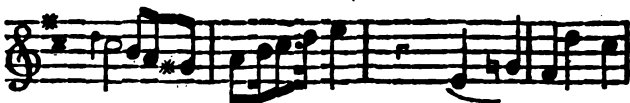
Set by the author.



Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like



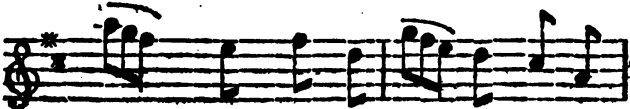
pretty Sally; She is the darling of my



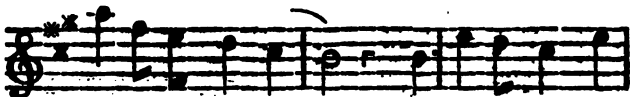
heart, And she lives in our alley.



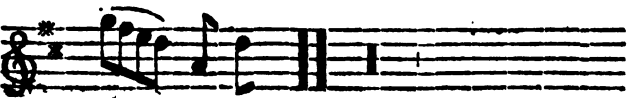
There's ne'er a la—dy in the



land, Is half so sweet as Sally;



She is the darling of my heart, And she lives in

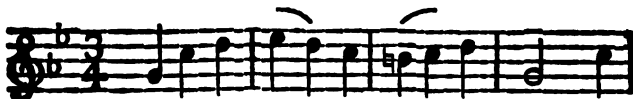


our alley.

SONG XLI.

SONG XLI. All in the downs the fleet was moor'd. Gay.

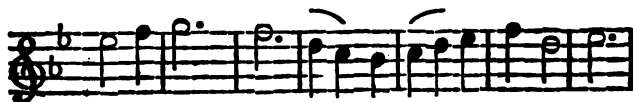
Set by Mr. Leveridge.



All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The



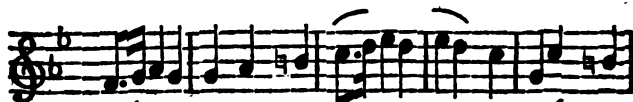
streamers waving in the wind, When black-ey'd Susan



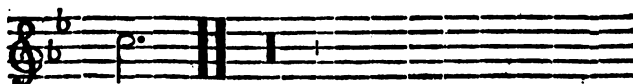
came onboard. Oh! where shall I my true love find?



Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true, If my sweet



William, If my sweet William fails a-mong the

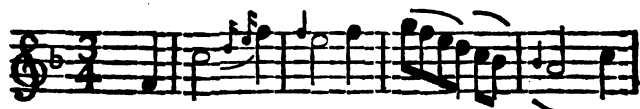


crew!

SONG XLII.

SONG XLII. Thou rising sun, whose gladfome ray. Steel?

Set by dr. Arne.



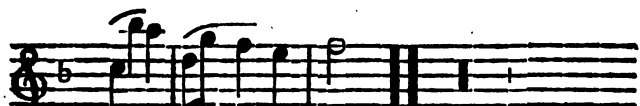
Thou ris—ing sun whose glad—some ray, In—



vites my fair to ru—ral play;



Dispell the mists and clear the skies, And bring my



Orra to my eyes.

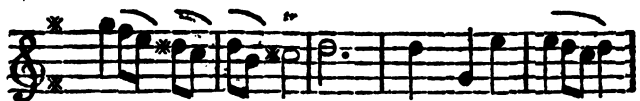
SONG XLIII. Waft me some soft and cooling breeze.
[Crochal.

Set by Harry Carey.

Not too fast.



Waft me some soft and cooling breeze, To Windsors

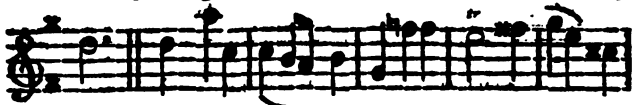


shad—y kind retreat, Where sylvan scenes

wide



wide spreading trees, Re—pell the dog-stars rag—ing



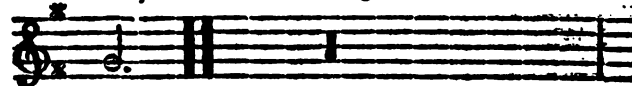
heat. Where tufted grafs and mofsy beds Af—ford a



rural calm re—pose. Where woodbines hang their



dewy heads, And fragrant sweets a—round dis—



close.

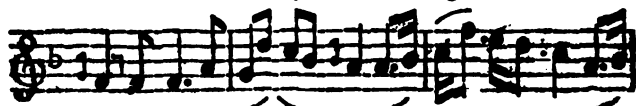
Song XLIV. O Nancy, wilt thou go with me. Percy.

Set by Mr. Carter.

Largo andante espressivo.

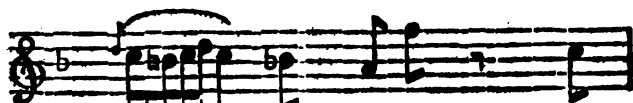
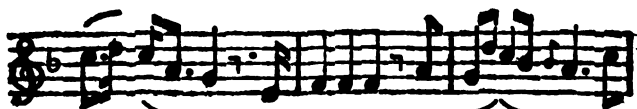


O Nan—cy wilt thou go with me, Nor



figh to leave the flaunting town, Can si—lent glens have

charms



then



SONG XLV. Come, dear Pastora, come away. Miss Whateley.
No air known.

SONG XLVI. Hail to the myrtle shade. Lee.

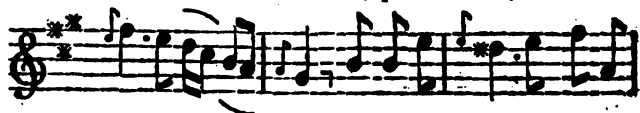


SONG XLVII.

SONG XLVII. Come, dear Amanda, quit the town.



Come, dear A—man—da, quit the town, And to the



ru—ral hamlets fly; Behold, the wint'ry storms are



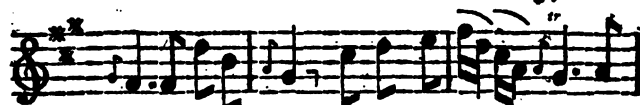
gone, A gentle radiance glads the sky.



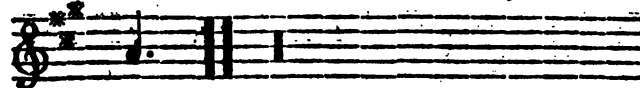
The birds a—wake, the flow'rs appear, Earth spreads a



ver—dant couch for thee; 'Tis joy and



muffle all we hear, 'Tis love and beauty all we



see.

SONG XLVIII. Haste, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go.
[Steel?

No air known.

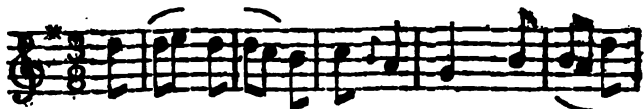
VOL. I.

H

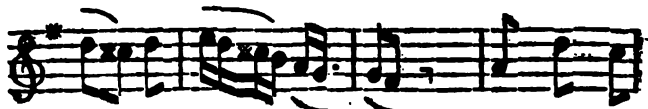
SONG XLIX.

SONG XLIX. When here, Lucinda, first we came. E. of
[Middlesex.

Set by mr. Holcombe.



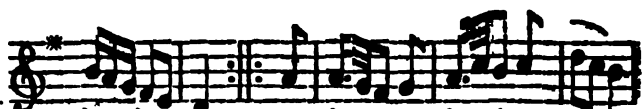
When here, Lu—cinda, first we came, Where Arno



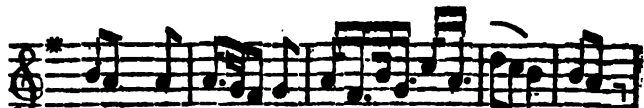
rolls his fil — — ver stream, How blithe the



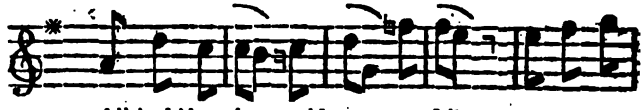
nymphs, the swains how gay, Content in—spir'd each



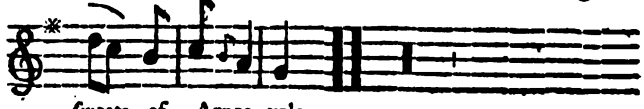
rural lay. The birds in livelier concert



fung, The grapes in thick — — er clusters hung;



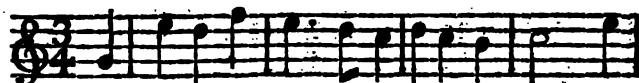
All look'd as joy could ne—ver fail, Among the



sweets of Arnos vale.

Song I. Be still, o ye winds, and attentive ye swains. Moore.

Set by Dr. Arne.

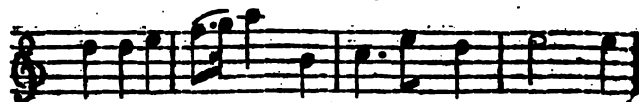


Gently.

Be still, o ye winds, and attentive ye swains, 'Tis



Phebe invites, and replies to my strains; The



sun never rose on, search all the world through, A



shepherd so blest'd, or a fair one so true, A



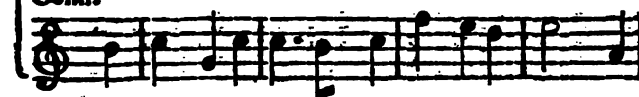
shepherd so blest'd, or a fair one so true.

Phebe.

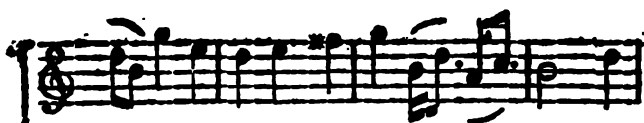


'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year, The

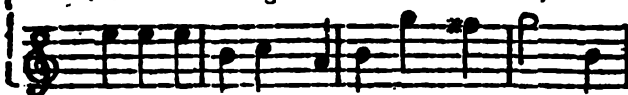
Colin.



'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year, The



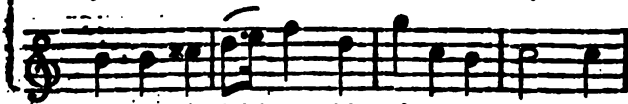
sweetest of blessings that life can en-dear, Our



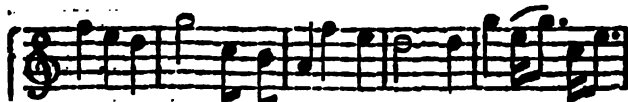
sweetest of blessings that life can en-dear, Our



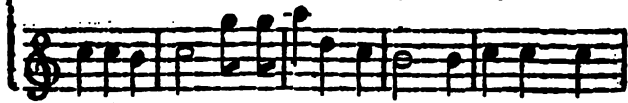
pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow a-way, Gives



pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow a-way, Gives



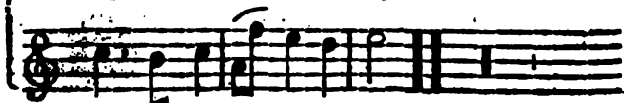
joy to the night, and enlivens the day, Gives joy to the



joy to the night, and enlivens the day, Gives joy to the



night, and en--livens the day.



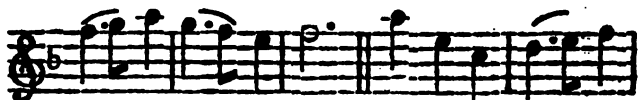
night, and en--li-vens the day.

SONG LI. Come live with me and be my love. Marlow.

The original music.



Come live with me, and be my love, And we will



all the pleasures prove That vallies, groves, or



hills and fields, And all the steepy mountains yields.

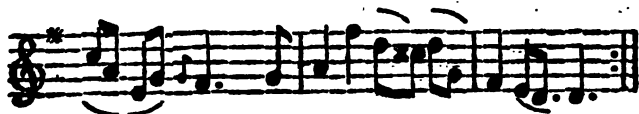
A LATER AIR. The editor is in doubt whether there be not a third (exclusive of dr. Arnes scotch air) better than either. It is likewise prettily set as a glee by mr. Webbe.



Come live with me, and be my love, And



we will all the pleasures prove That vallies, groves, or



hills, and fields, And all the steepy mountain yields.



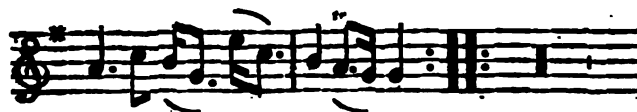
There will we sit up-on the rocks, And



see the shepherds feed their flocks, By shallow rivers,



to whose falls, Me-lodious birds sing madrigals; Me-



lodian birds sing madrigals.

* * To accommodate this tune to the words, a verse must be omitted in the singing.

SONG LII. If all the world and love were young. Raleigh.

May be sung to the same notes.

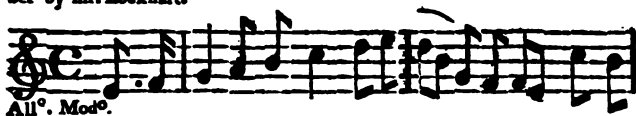
SONG LIII. Where the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall
[trees, Breerewood.

May be sung to the following air.

SONG LIV.

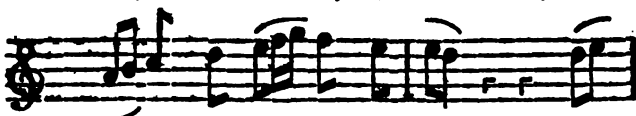
SONG LIV. When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be
[Scene, Brerewood.]

Set by MR. LOCKHART.

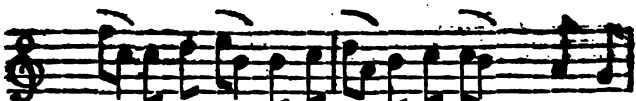


All^o. Mod^o.

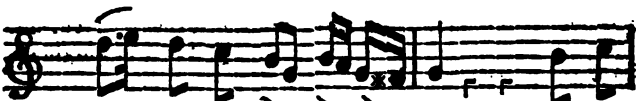
When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen, And the



meadows their beauty have lost; When



nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green, And the



streams are fast bound by the frost: While the



peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with cold, As

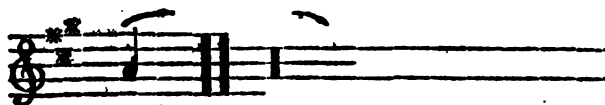


bleak the winds northerly blow; And the



innocent flocks run for ease to the fold, With their

fleece



fleeces besprinkled with snow : And the



innocent flocks run for ease to the fold, With their



fleeces besprinkled with snow.

Song LV. O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and
[bare. Cunningham.]

Set by Mr. W. Goodwin.

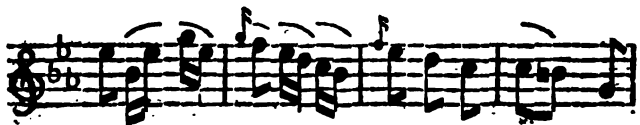


Adagio.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and

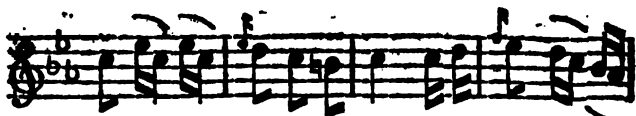


bare, As wilder'd and weary'd I roam; A

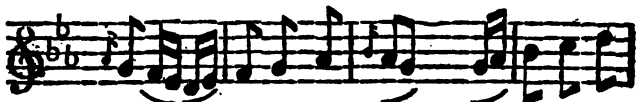


gentle young shepherds sees my de—spair, And

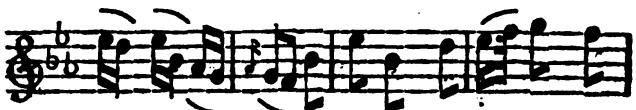
leads



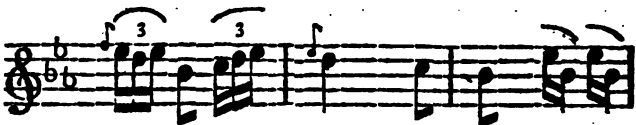
leads me, o'er lawns, to her home : Yellow sheaves from rich



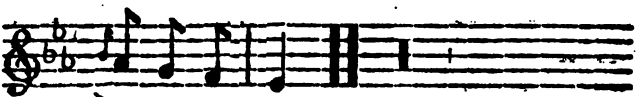
Ce—res her cottage had crown'd, Green rushes were



strew'd on the floor, Her casement sweet woodbines crept



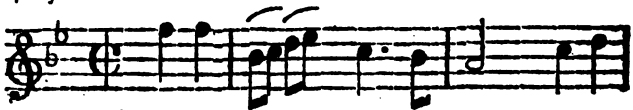
wan—ton—ly round, And deck'd the sod



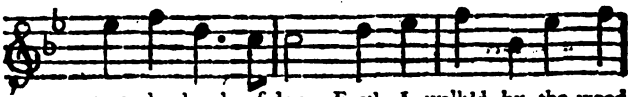
seats at her door,

SONG LVI. In the merry month of May. Breton.

Set by dr. Wilson.

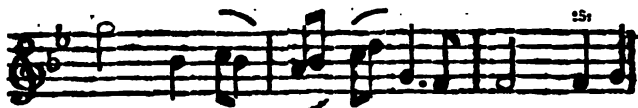


In the merry month of May, In a

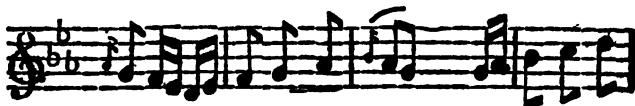


smorn by break of day, Forth I walk'd by the wood

side,



side, When as May was in his pride, There I



spy'd all alone, all a-lone, Phil-li-da and Co-ry-don.

SONG LVII. All my pass'd life is mine no more. E. of Ro-
[chester.
Set by dr. John Blow.



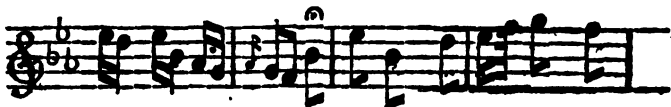
All my pass'd life is mine no more, The



fly - - ing hours are gone; Like tran-si-to-ry



dreams giv'n o'er, Whose i-ma-ges are kept in store, By



me-mo-ry a-lone.

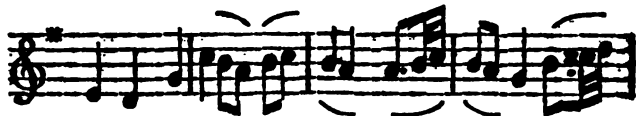
SONG LVIII.

SONG LVIII, Can love be controul'd by advice. Berkeley?

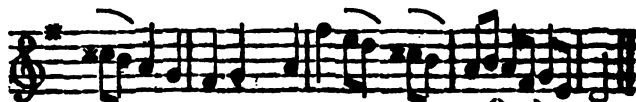
Set by Mr. Ruffel.



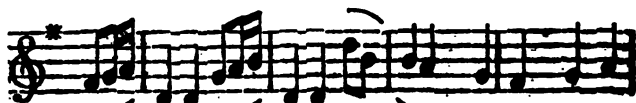
Can love be con—troul'd by ad—vice? Can



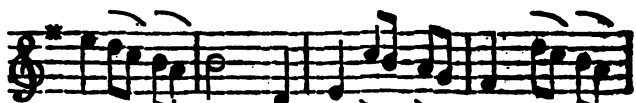
madness and reason a—gree? O Molly! who'd



e—ver be wise, If madness is lov-ing of thee?



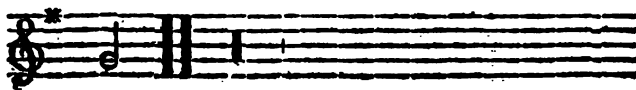
Let sages pre—tend to de—spise The joys they want



spirits to taste; Let me seize old Time as he



fly — — —, And the blessings of life while they



last.

SONG LIX.

Song LIX. Though winter its desolate train. Lloyd.

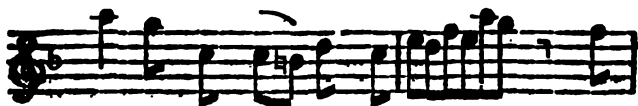
Set by Mr. Michael Arac.



Though winter its de-so-late train Of



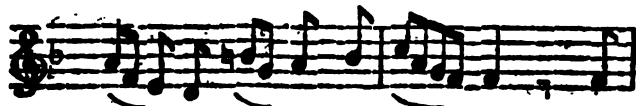
frost and of tempest may bring, Yet



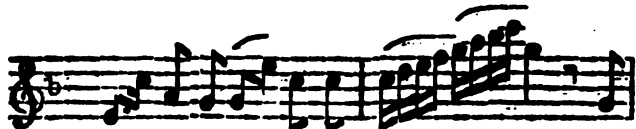
Flo-ra steps for-ward a-gain, And



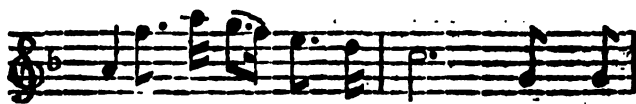
nature revives in the spring, re-vives - - Yet



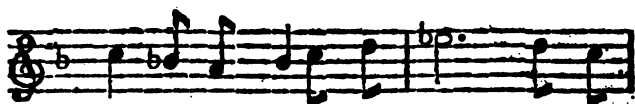
Flora steps for-ward a-gain, And



na-ture revives in the spring; And



nature revives in the spring. Though the
fun



fun in his glories de-creas'd, Of his



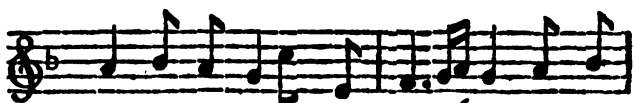
beams in the ev'ning is shorn, Yet he



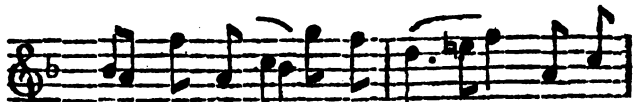
ris—cs with joy in the east, And re-



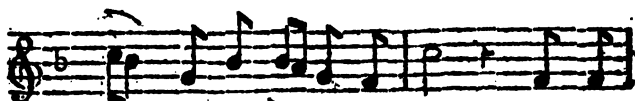
pairs them a—gain in the morn. Though the



-fun in his glories de—creas'd, Of his



beams in the ev'ning is shorn, Of his



beams. in the ev'ning is shorn: Yet he



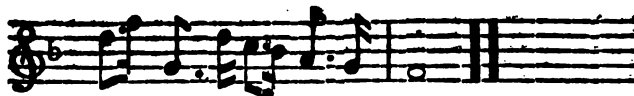
rises with joy in the east, — — And re-



pairs them again in the morn: Yet he



rises with joy in the east, — — And re-



pairs them a—gain in the morn.

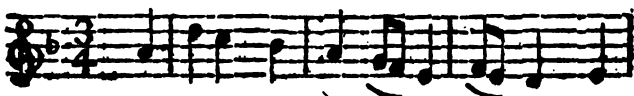
SONO LX. When youth, my Celia, 's in the prime. Churchill.

SONO LXI. Behold my fair, where e'er we rove. Johnson.

SONO LXII. It is not, Celia, in our pow'r.

No airs known.

SONO LXIII. Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure.



Dear Chloe, while thus, beyond measure, You

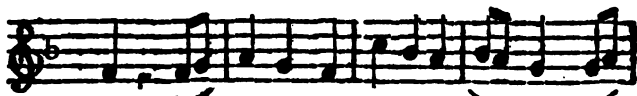
treat



treat me with doubts and dif-dain; You rob all your



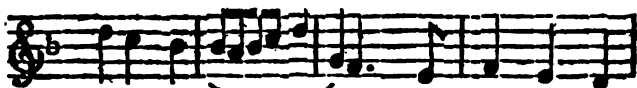
youth of its pleasure, And hoard up an old age of



pain: Your maxim that love is still founded On



charms that will quickly de — cay, 'You'll find to be

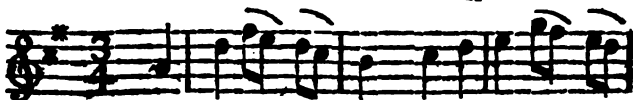


very ill ground — ed, When once you its



dictates o—bey.

SONG LXIV. That Jenny's my friend, my delight and my
[pride. Moore.



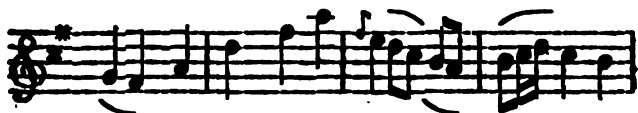
Lively.

That Jenny's my friend, my delight and my

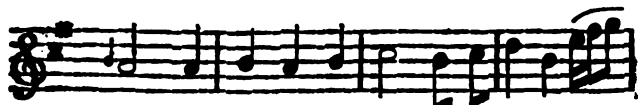
pride,



pride, I always have boasted, and seek not to



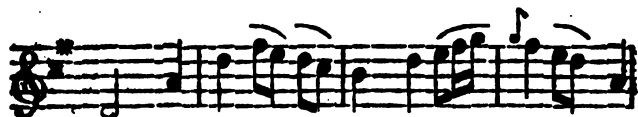
hide; I dwell on her praises where - ever I



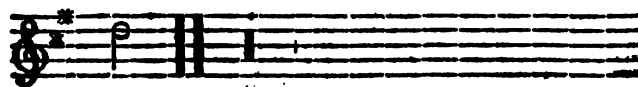
go, They say I'm in love, but I answer, no,



no - - no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

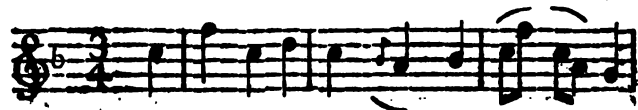


no; They say, I'm in love, but I answer, no,



no.

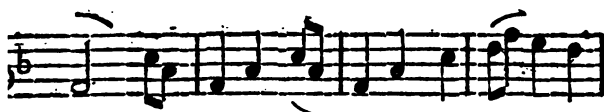
SONG LXV. How blest'd has my time been, what days have
[I known. Moore.



Lively.

How blest'd has my time been, what days have I

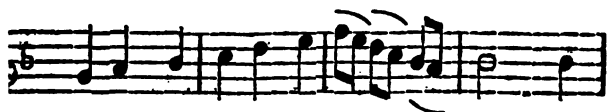
known,



known, Since wedlocks soft bondage made Jeffy my



own! So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain, That



freedom is tasteless and roving a pain; That



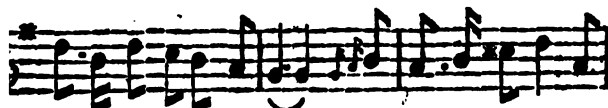
freedom is tasteless and roving a pain.

NO. LXVI. In love should there meet a fond pair.
Bickerstaff.

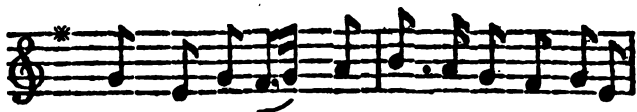
by Mr. Bernard.



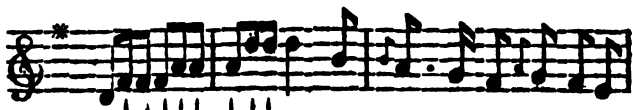
In love should there meet a fond pair, Un-



tutor'd by fashion or art, Whose wishes are warm, are



warm and sincere, Whose words are th'excess of the



hea — — — rt Whose words are th'excess of the



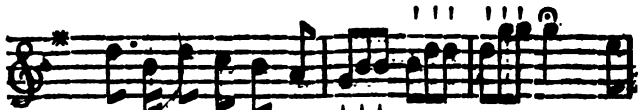
heart : If ought of substantial de-



light On this side the stars can be found, 'Tis



' sure when that couple u—ni—te, And



Cupid by Hymen is cro — — — wn'd, And



Cupid by Hymen is. crown'd,

NO LXVII. Away, let nought to love displeasing;

ne, Evailles vous belle endormie.



Away, let nought to love displeasing, My Wini-



freda, move your care; Let nought de-lay the heav'nly



blessing, Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

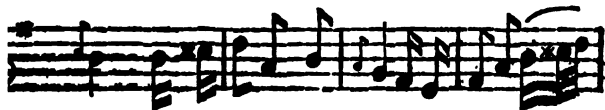
NO LXVIII. Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore.

[Garrick.]

by dr. Arne.



Ye fair married dames, who so often de-



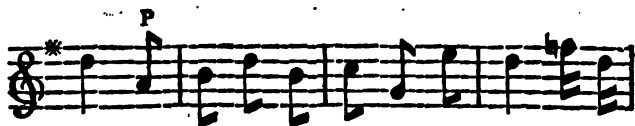
plore, That a lover once blest'd is a lover no



more, no more, no more, is a lover no

I a

more,



more, At—tend to my counfel, nor blush to be



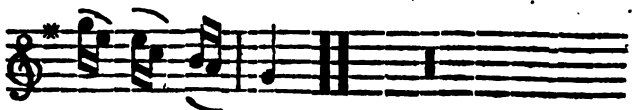
taught, That prudence must cherish what beauty has



caught: At—tend to my counfel nor blush to be



taught, That pru—dence must che—rish what

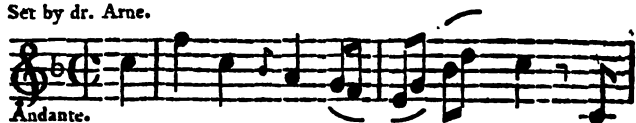


beau—ty has caught.

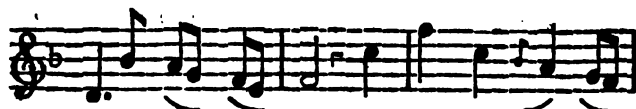
SONG LXIX,

SONG LXIX. Ye fair possess'd of ev'ry charm.

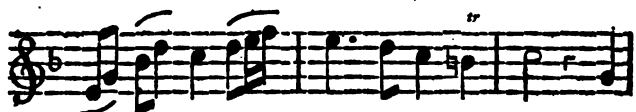
Set by dr. Arne.



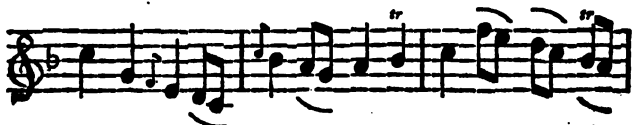
Ye fair pos-sess'd of ev'-ry charm, To



cap--ti--vate the will; Whose smiles can rage it-



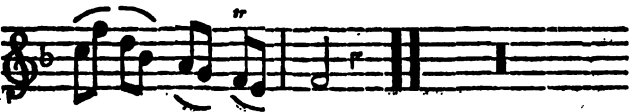
self disarm, Whose frowns at once can kill: Say,



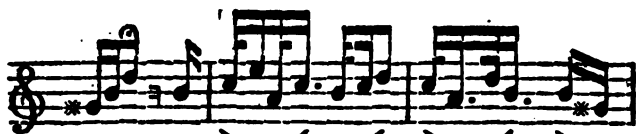
will you deign the verse to hear, Where flatt'ry bears no



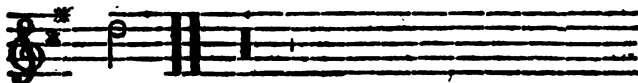
part? An ho--nest verse that flows sin--cere, And



can-did from the heart,

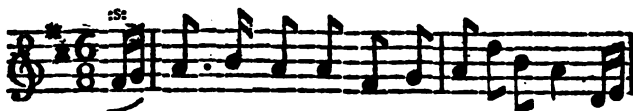


cares, To soft—en all their



cares.

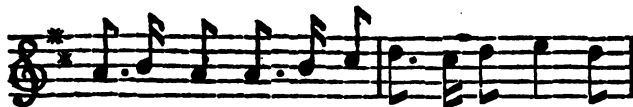
SONG LXXI. Ye Belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things.
Whitehead.



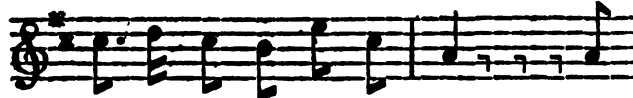
Ye belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things, Who



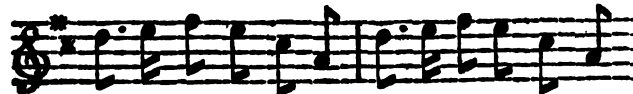
trip in this fro—lic—some round! Pray



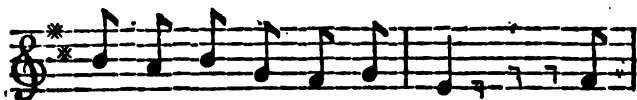
tell me from whence this in—de—cen—cy springs, The



sex—es at once to con—found. What



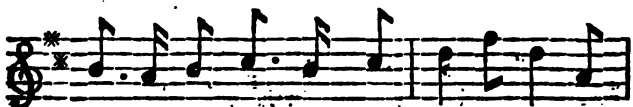
means the cock'd hat, and the maf—culine air, With each
motion



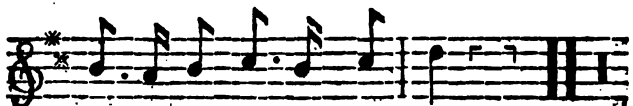
mo--tion de--sign'd to per--plex? Bright



eyes were in--tend--ed to languish, not stare, And



soft--ness the test of your sex, dear girls; And



soft--ness the test of your sex.

SONG LXXII. Child of summer, lovely rose,

No air known.

A I R S

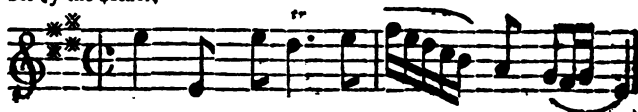
TO THE SONGS OMITTED.

Ah! stay; ah! turn; ah! whither would you fly? Congreve.

Was originally set by Mr. Eccles, and sung by Mrs. Hudson. No other air has been discovered.

She, whom above myself I prize. Carey,

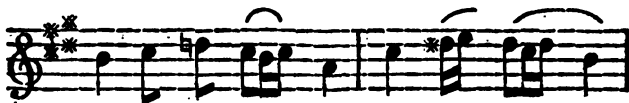
Set by the author,



She whom above my—self I prize,



Does me a— — bove all men de—spise;



My faithful pas—sion is so great,



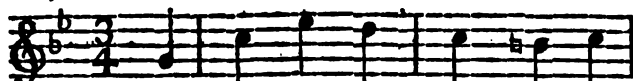
Nothing ex—ceeds it but her hate.



No—thing ex—ceeds it but her hate.

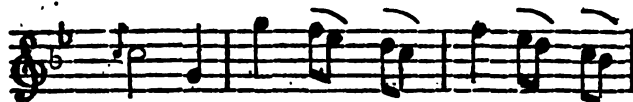
If all that I love is her face.

Set by dr. Arne.



Amoroso.

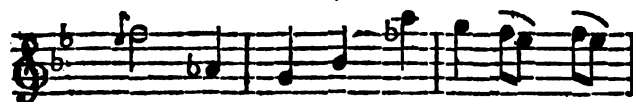
If all that I love is her



face, From look—ing I sure can re-



frain; In o—thers her like—ness may



trace, Or ab-sence may cure all my



pain. This said, from her charms I re-



tir'd, Nor knew I till then how I

lov'd;



lov'd; What pre-sent my pas-sion ad-mi-



r'd, In ab-sence my rea-son ap-prov'd,

Think not, my love, when secret grief.

Set by mr. Linley.



Think not, my love, when se-cret



grief Preys on my sad-en'd heart;



Think not I with a mea- - - n re-



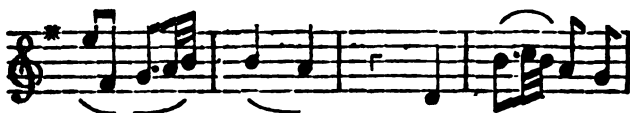
lief, Or would from sor-row part;



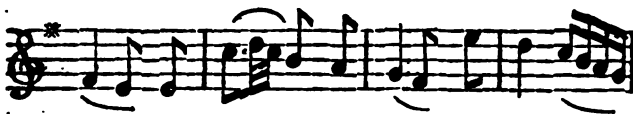
Or would from for—row part. Dearly I



prize the sighs fin—cert, That my true



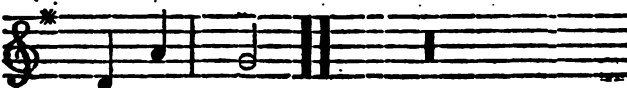
fond—ness prove; Nor could I



bear to check the tear That flows from



hap—less love; That flows from



hap—less love.

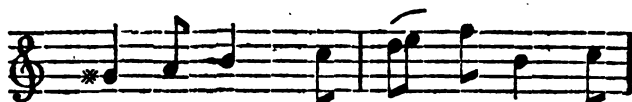
Send back my long stray'd eyes to me.



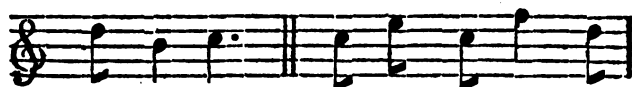
Send back my long stray'd eyes to me, Which



oh! too long have dwelt on thee; Send back my long stray'd



eyes to me, Which oh! too long have



dwelt on thee; But if from you they've



learn'd such ill, To sweet—ly smile, and



then beguile, Keep the de—ceiv—ers,

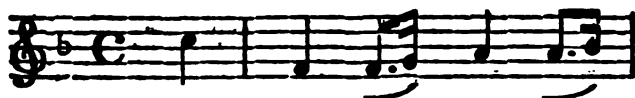


keep them still.

Ah!

Ah! cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd. Sheridan.

The music by Mr. Jackson, for Song II. Class V.



Ah! cru — — el maid, how



hast thou chang'd The tem — per of my



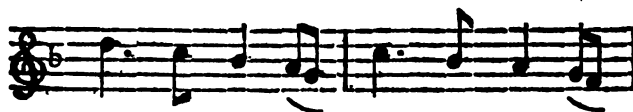
mind! My heart, by thee from



mirth e — strang'd, Becomes like thee un —

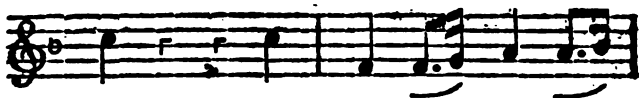


kind. By For — tune fa — vour'd,



clear in fame, I once am — bi — tious

was



was; And friends I had that



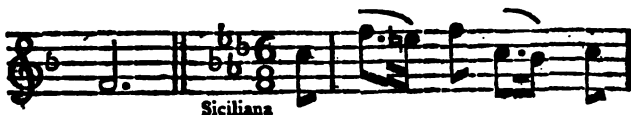
fann'd the flame, And gave my youth ap-



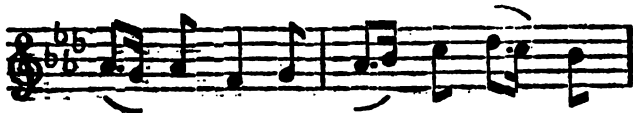
plause; And friends I had that



fann'd the flame, And gave my youth ap-



plause. But now my weak-ness

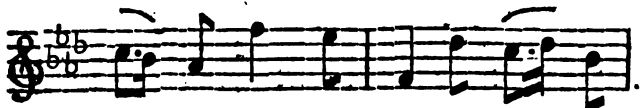


all a-buse, Yet vain their taunts on

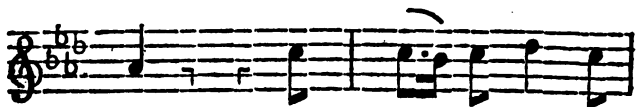
me;



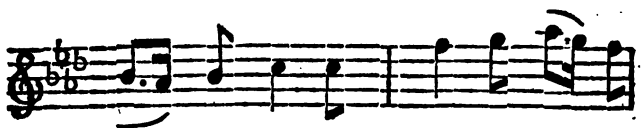
me; Friends, for—tune, fame it-



self, I'd lose, To gain one smile from



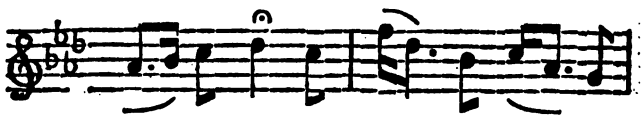
thee. Yet on—ly thou should'st



not de—spise, My fol—ly or my



woe; If I am mad in



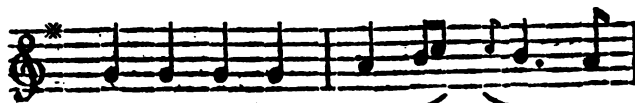
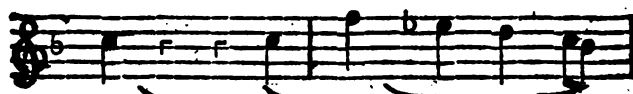
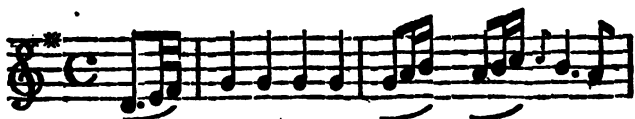
others eyes, 'Tis thou hast made me



* * In adapting dr. Parnells song to the above tune, the following lines (added, it should seem, by the composer,) are to be sung as the concluding verse.

But if she treats me with disdain,
And flights my well-meant love;
Or looks with pleasure on my pain,
A pain she won't remove;
Farewell ye birds and lonely pines,
Adieu to groans and sighs;
I'll leave my passion to the winds,
Love unreturn'd soon dies.

To melancholy thoughts a prey. Mrs. Pilkington.

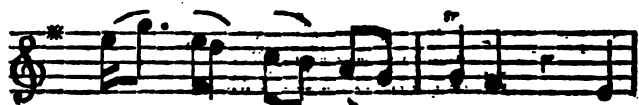




all the night to rest: For



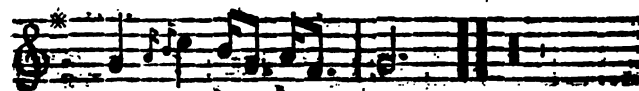
thee, dis-dain-ful fair, I pine, And



wake the ten-der fight; By



that ob-du-rate heart of thine, My



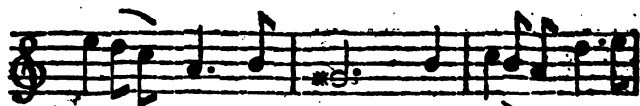
batm-y blest-ings fly.

Ye virgin pow'ers defend my heart.

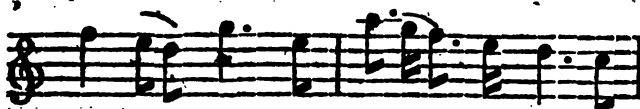
Set by Tho. Farmer, B. M.



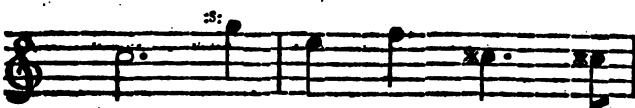
Ye vir-gin pow'rs de-fend my heart From
am'rous



am'rous looks and smiles, From faucy love or



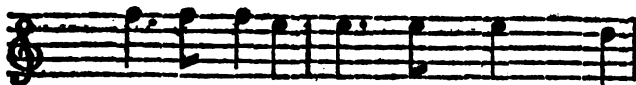
nor—er art Which most our sex de-



guiles: From sighs and vows, from



aweful fears That do to pi—ty — move. From



speaking silence and from tears, Those



springe that wa—ter love.

By my sighs you may discover.

Set by signor Bach.



By my sighs you may dis—



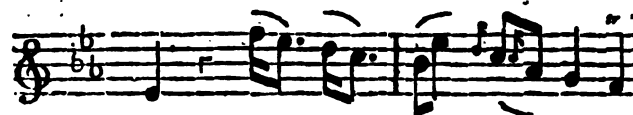
cover, What soft wishes touch my



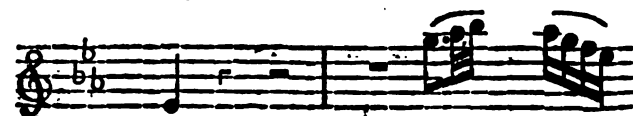
heart; Eyes can speak and tell the



lov—er What the tongue must not im—



part; What the tongue must not im—



part;

What the

tongue



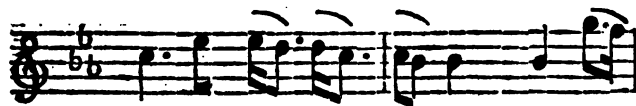
tongue must not im—part. Blush—ing



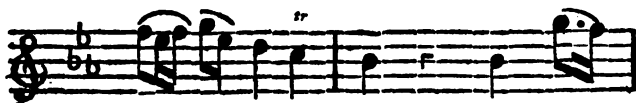
shame for—bids re—veal—ing Thoughts your



breast may dis—ap—prove; But 'tis



hard and fast con—ceal—ing When we



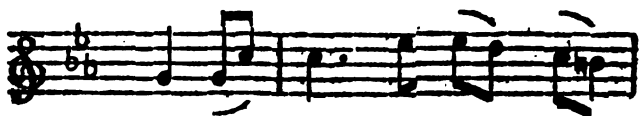
true—ly fondly love; When we



true—ly fond—ly love; When we



true—ly fond—ly love. By my



Blushing, shame for—bids re—



veal—ing, Blushing shame forbids re—



veal—ing Thoughts your breast may dis—ap—



prove; But 'tis hard and past con—



veal—ing, When we true—ly fond—ly

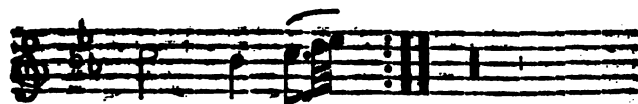
love;



love; When we true—ly fond—ly



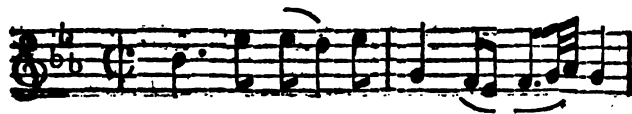
love, When we true—ly fond—ly



love. By my D. C.

Vain is ev'ry fond endeavour.

Set by dr. Boyce.



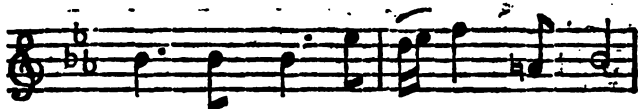
Vain is ev'—ry fond en—dea—vour



To re—fit the ten—der dart;



For ex—am—ples, move us ne—ver,



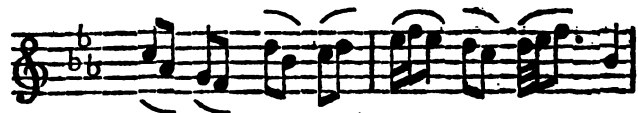
We must feel to know the smart.



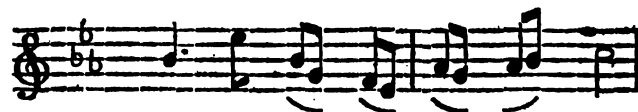
When the shepherd swears he's dying,



And our beauties sets to view,



Va—ni—ty, her aid sup—ply—ing,



Bids us think it all our due;



Bids us think it all our due.

Sigh no more ladies, figh-no more. ~~Shak~~peare.

Set by dr. Arne.

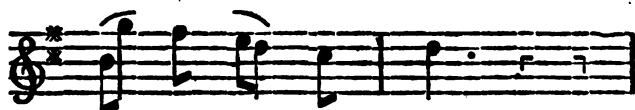
Moderately quick.



Sigh no more, la—dies;



la—dies, figh no more;



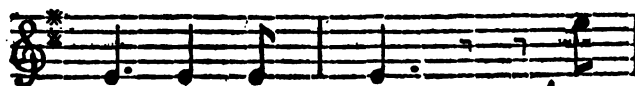
la—dies, figh no more;



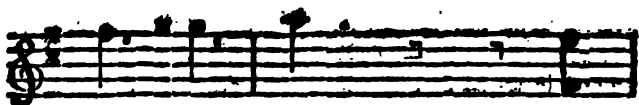
Men were de—ceiv—ers e—ver; Men - -



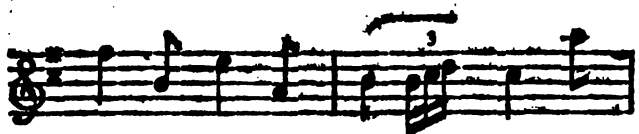
- - were de—ceiv—ers e—ver,



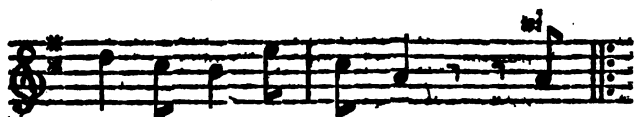
One foot at fea, and



one on shore, To



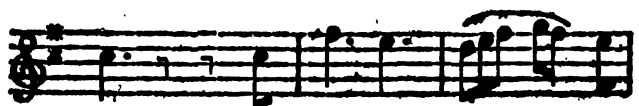
one thing con-stant ne-ver, to



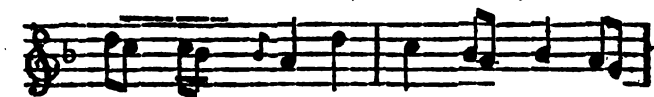
one thing constant ne-ver. Then



gh not so, but let them

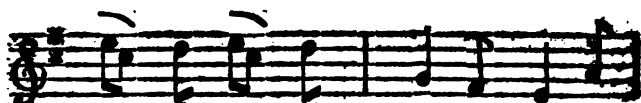


go, and be you blithe, be



blithe, be blithe and 'mer-ry,' con-

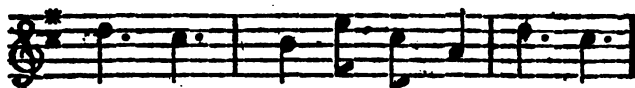
vert.



vert—ing all your foun^ds of woe, come



vert—ing all your foun^ds of woe in—to,



Hey 'down, hey down der—ry, hey down,



hey down der—ry, hey down der—ry,

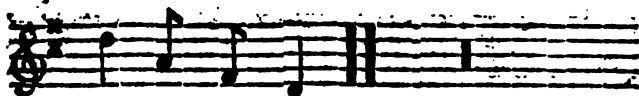


hey down der—ry, hey down, hey down der—ry,



Hey down der—ry, hey down derry, hey down,

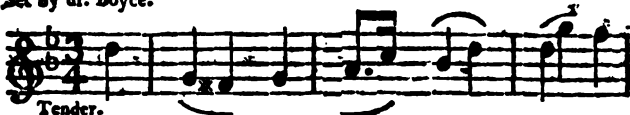
hey



hey down der-ry.

In vain, Philander, at my feet.

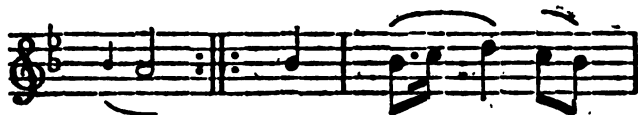
Set by dr. Boyce.



In vain, Phi—lan—der, at my



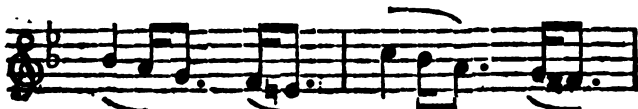
feet, You urge your guilt—



flame; With well dis-

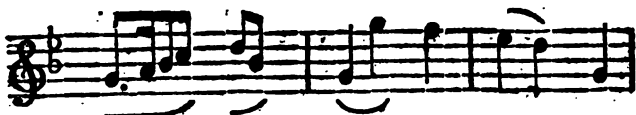


sem—bled tears in — — — treat, New



oaths and im — — — pious

VOWS



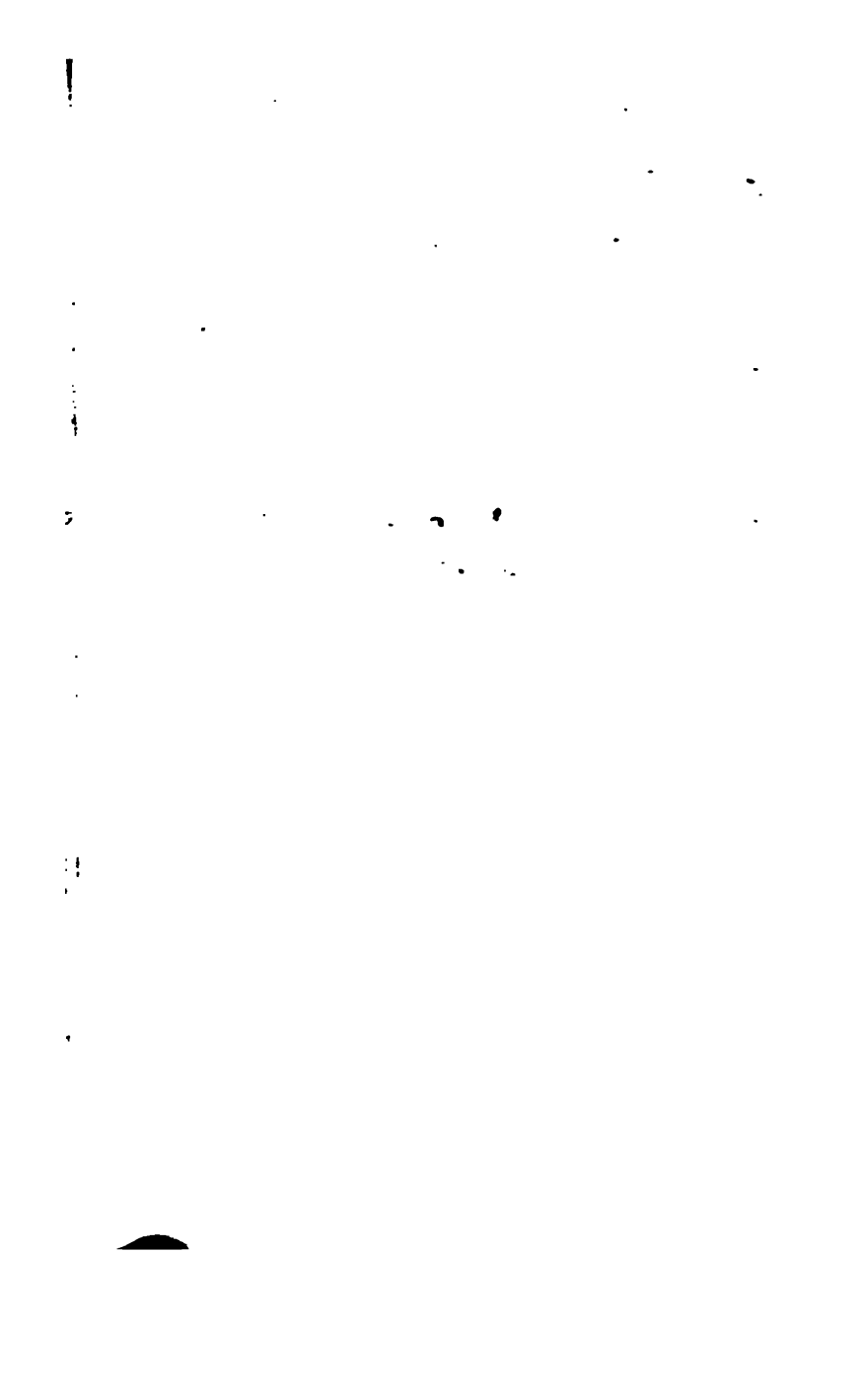
vows re — — — peat, And wrong Loves



fa — cred name.

The charms which blooming beauty shows. Fitzgerald.

No air known.







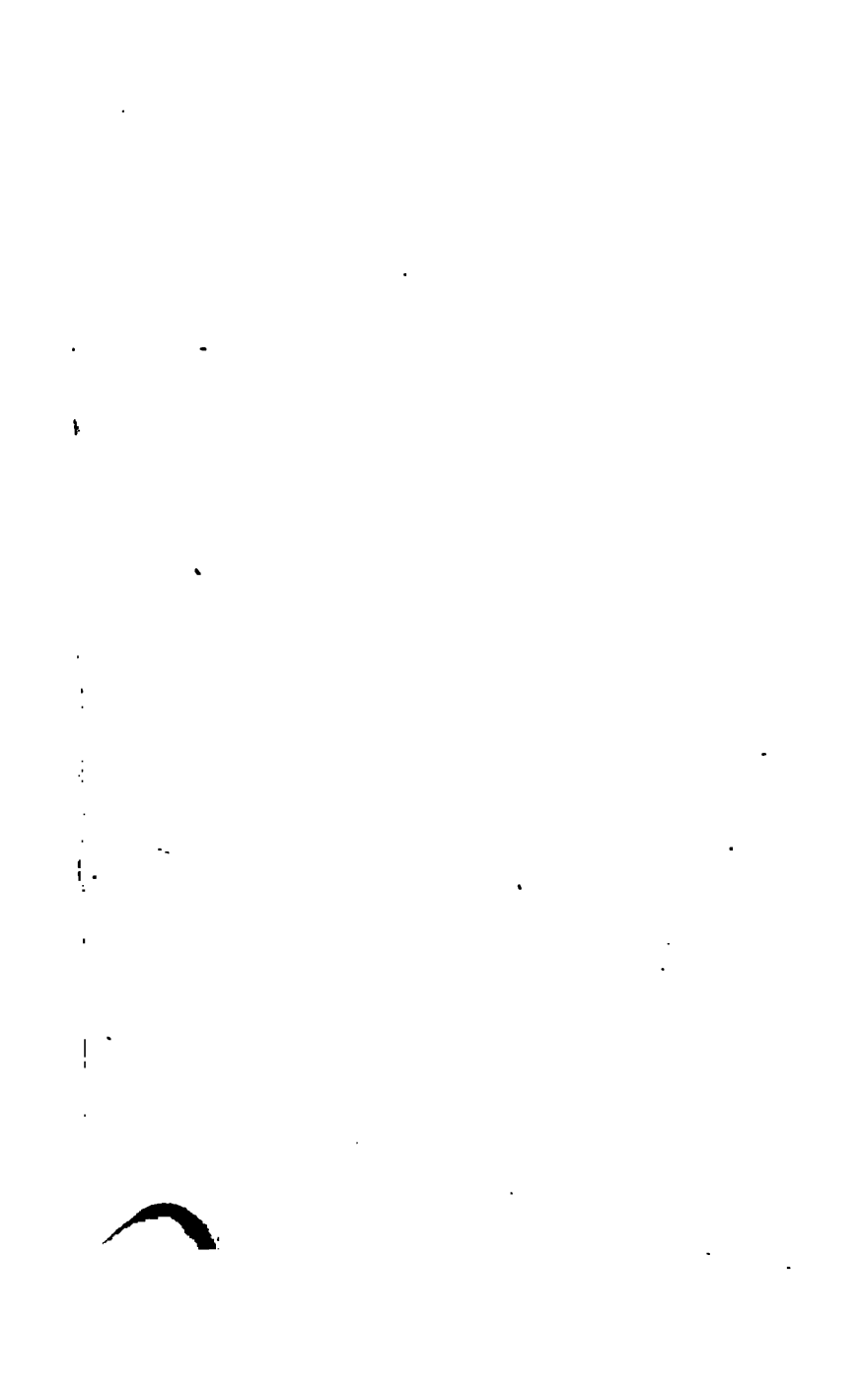
A I R S

TO THE

S O N G S

I N

VOLUME II.



A I R S.

P A R T II.

SONG I. Pho! pox of this nonsense, I prythee give o'er.

Moderato.

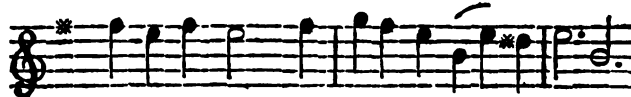
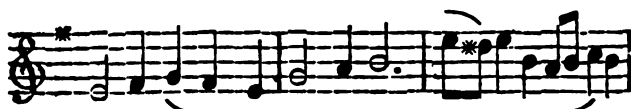
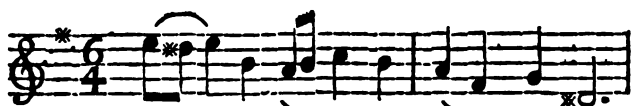


SONG II. Better our heads than hearts should ache.

Air unknown.

SONO III. Some say women are like the seas.

Set by mr. James Graves.



SONG IV.

SONG IV. The women all tell me, I'm false to my las;



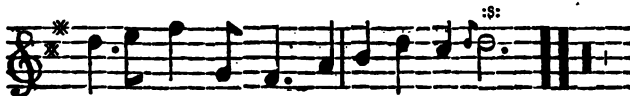
The women all tell me I'm false to my las, That I



quit my poor Chloe and stick to my glas:



But to you men of reason my reasons I'll own; And



if you don't like them why let them alone.

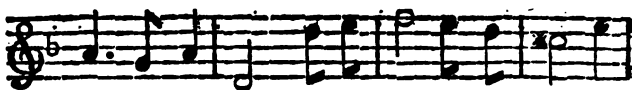
SONG V. She tells me with claret she cannot agree.
[D'Urfey?



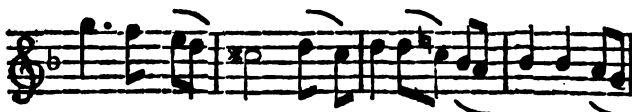
She tells me with claret she cannot a-



gree, And she thinks of a hogshad when



e'er she sees me. For I smell like a beast and



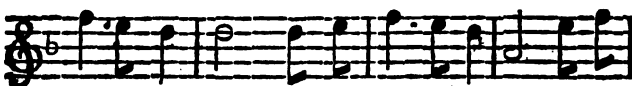
therefore must I Re—solve to for—sake her or



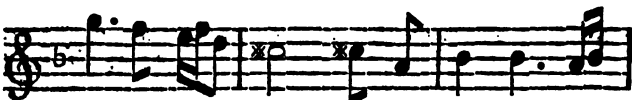
Claret de-ny; Must I leave my dear bottle that was



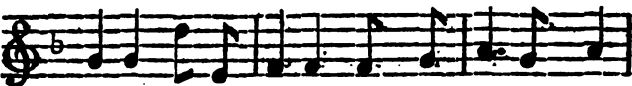
always my friend, And I hope will con—tinue so



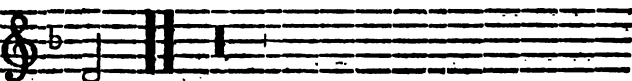
to my life's end; Must I leave it for her, 'tis a



ve—ry hard task, Let her go to the



devil, to the devil, bring the other whole

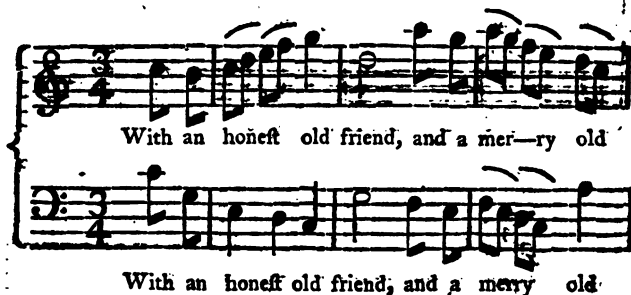


flask.

SONG VI.

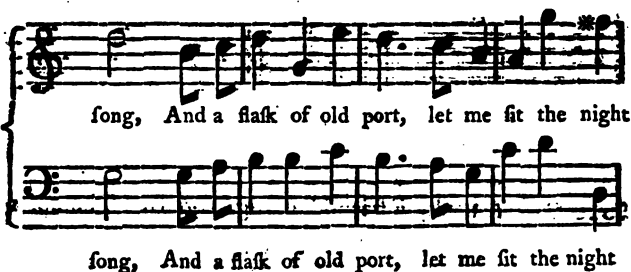
SONG VI. With an honest old friend, and a merry old
[song- Carey.

Set by the author.



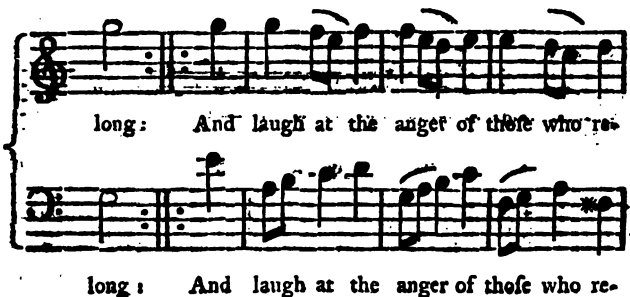
With an honest old friend, and a mer-ry old

With an honest old friend, and a merry old



song, And a flask of old port, let me sit the night

song, And a flask of old port, let me sit the night



long: And laugh at the anger of those who re-

long: And laugh at the anger of those who re-

pine That they must swig porter, while

pine That they must swig porter, while

I can drink wine.

I can drink wine.

SONG VII. A book, a friend, a song, a glass. Thompson.
No air known.

SONG VIII. Says Plato, why should man be vain. Pilkington.

Moderately.

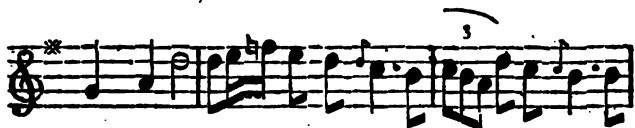
Says . . Plato, why should man be vain, Since

bounteous heav'n has made him great; Why

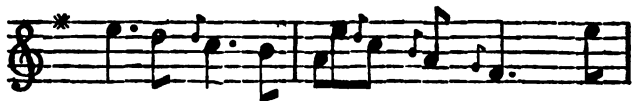
look



look with in-so-lent disdain, On those un-deck'd with



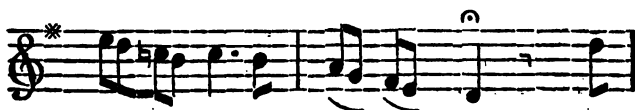
wealth or state? Can splendid robes, or beds of down, Or



costly gems that deck the fair, Can



all the glo— — — — —



— — — ries of a crown Give



health, or ease the brow of care?

SONG IX.

Song IX. Give me but a friend and a glass boys.

Set by Mr. Young.



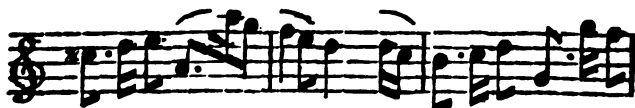
Give me but a friend and a glass boys, I'll



show you what 'tis to be gay; I'll not care a fig for a



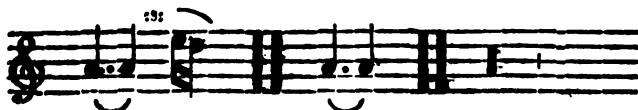
lass boys, Nor love my brisk youth a—way: Give-



me but an honest fellow, That's pleasantest when he is



mellow, We'll live twenty-four hours a

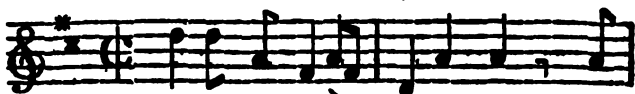


day. Give day.

Song X.

SONG X. Bid me when forty winters more. Dr. Hill.

Set by Dr. Boyce.



Piano.

Bid me when forty winters more, Have



furrow'd deep my pallid brow, When from my head, a



scant—y store, Lankly the wither'd



treffes flow; When the warm tide, that,

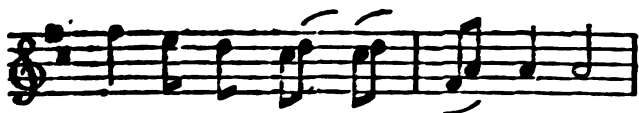


bold and strong, Now rolls im-petuous on, and free,

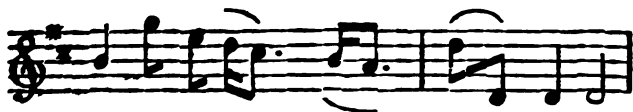


Languid and slow, scarce steals a - - long;

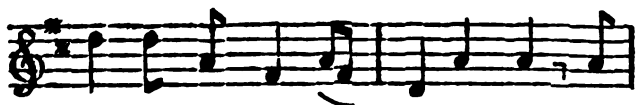
Then



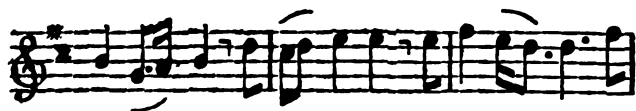
Then bid me court so—bri—e—ty.



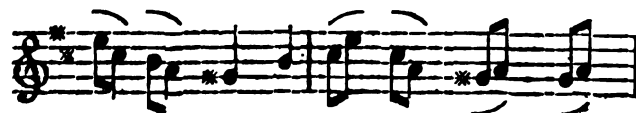
Then bid me court so—bri—e—ry.



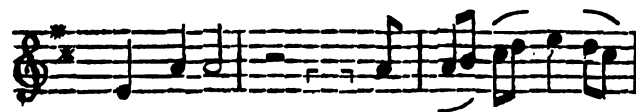
Nature who form'd the vary'd scene, Of



rage and calm, of frost and fire, Unerr—ing guide, could



on—ly mean That age should rea—son,



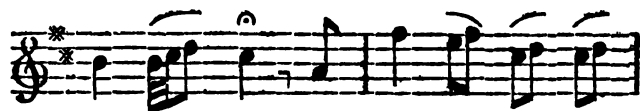
youth desire: Shall then that re—bel



man perfume (In—vert—ing Na—tures



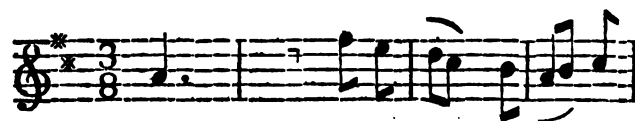
law) to seize The dues of age, in



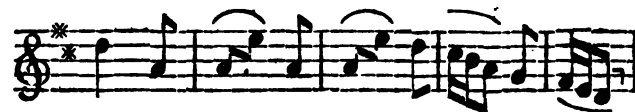
youths high bloom, And join im—pos—si—



bi—li—ties? Join im—pos—si— — bi—li—ties.



No let me waste the fro—lie



May, In wan—ton joys and wild ex—cess;



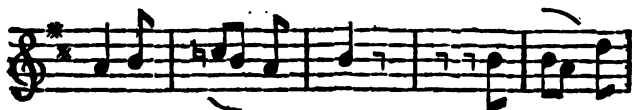
In re-vel sport, and laugh-ter gay, And



mirth, and rof--y cheer--ful--ness.



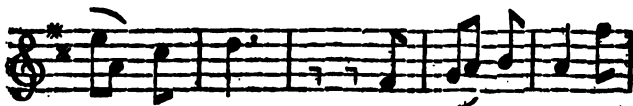
Woman, the soul of all delights, And wine, the



aid of love, be near: All charms me



that to joy in--cites, And ev'ry she that's



kind is fair; And ev'ry she that's

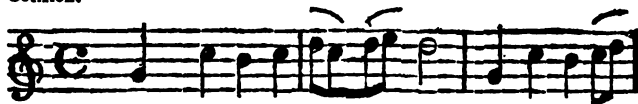


kind is fair.

SONG XI,

SONG XI. Youth's the season made for joys. Gay.

Cotillon.



Youth's the season made for joys, Love is then our
She a—lone who that employs, Well deserves her



du—ty, Let's be gay, While we may,
beauty.



Beauty's a flow'r de—spis'd in decay. D. C.

SONG XII. Preach not to me your musty rules. Dalton,

Set by dr. Arne.



Piano.

Preach not me your musty rules, Ye drones that



mould in i—dle cell; The heart is wiser



than the schools, The senses always reason

well.



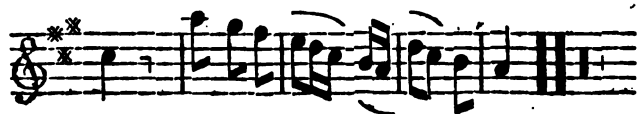
well. If short my span, I less can spare To



pass a single pleasure by; An hour is

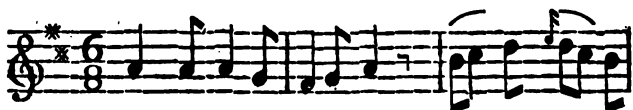


long if lost in care, They only live, they only

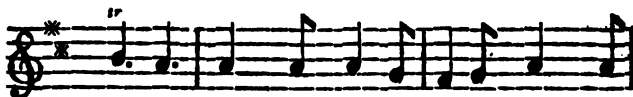


live, they only live who life enjoy.

SONG XIII. Come now, all ye social powers.



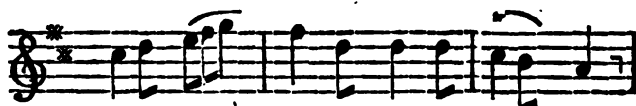
Come now, all ye social pow'rs, Shed your influence



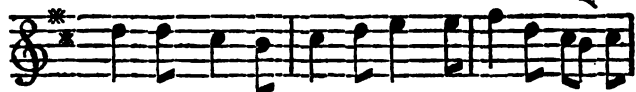
o'er us; Crown with joy the present hours, En-



live—en those be—fore us: Bring the flask, the
music



music bring, Joy shall quickly find us;



Drink and dance, and laugh and sing, And cast dull care be-

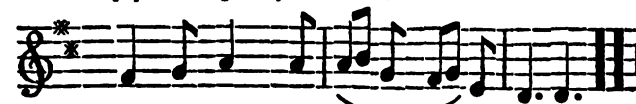
CHORUS.



hind us; Bring the flask, the music bring,



Joy shall quickly find us; Drink and dance and



laugh and sing, And cast dull care be-hind us.

SONG XIV. What Cato advises most certainly wife is. Carey.

Set by the author.



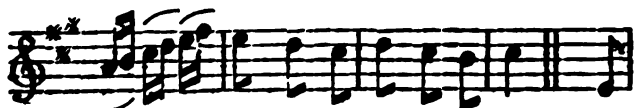
What Cato ad—vifes most certainly wife is, Not



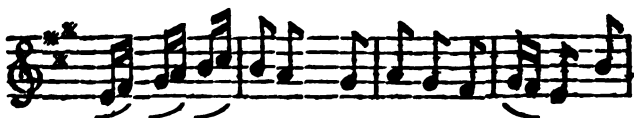
al-ways to labour but sometimes to play: To



mingle sweet pleasure, with search after treasure, In-



dulging at night for the toils of the day: And



while the dull miser esteems himself wi-fer, His



bags to in-crease, while his health does de-cay, Our



souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten, And

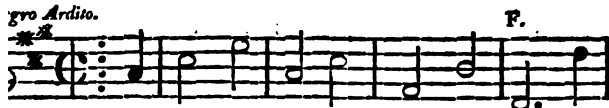


pass the long evenings in pleasure a-way.

to XV. If gold could lengthen life, I swear.

by dr. Worgan.

gro Ardito.



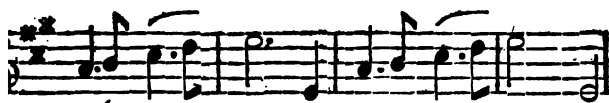
If gold could lengthen life, I swear, It



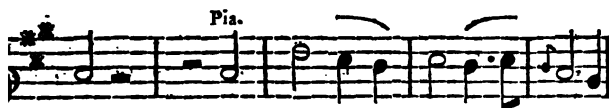
then should be my chief—est care



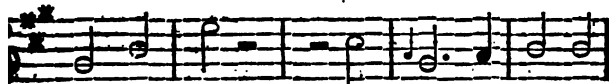
To get a heap that I might say, When



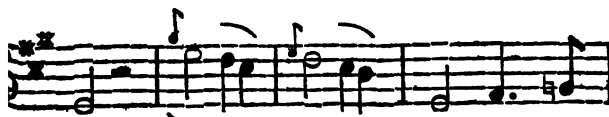
death came to de—mand his prey: Thou



slave, Thou slave take this and go thy



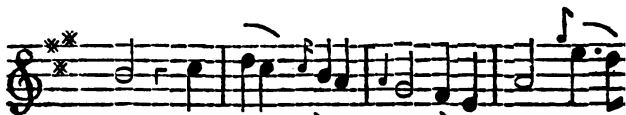
way, take this, thou slave, and go thy



way. But since life is not to be
bought,



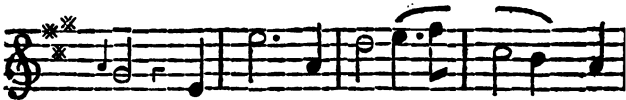
bought, Why should I plague my—self for



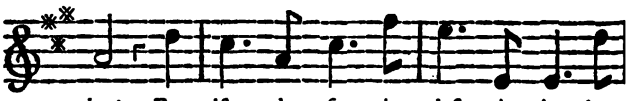
nought, And fool—ish—ly dis—turb the



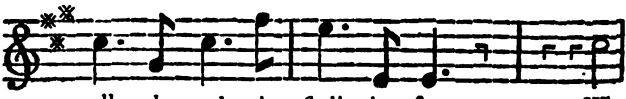
skies With vain com—plaints or fruit—less



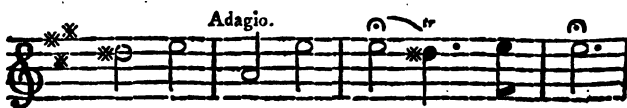
cries? With vain complaints or fruit—less



cries? For if the fa—tal def—ti—nies, have



all de—creed it shall be so, Who



good will gold or cry—ing do.

Give



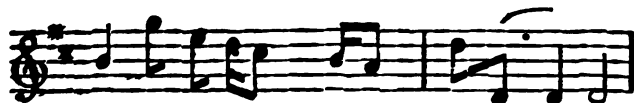
Give me, to ease my thirst—ty



soul, The joys and com—forts of the



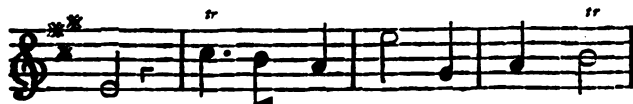
bowl; Freedom and health, and whilst I



live, Let me not want what love can



give; Freedom and health, and whilst I



live, Let me not want what love can



give, what love can give; Let me not



want what love can give; Let me not



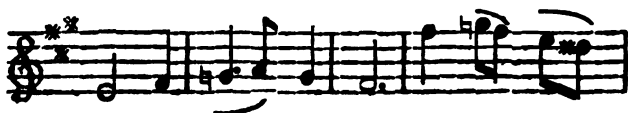
want what lo— — — —



— — — — ve; what love can



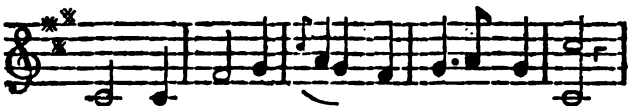
give let me not want. Then shall I



die in peace, and have This con—so—

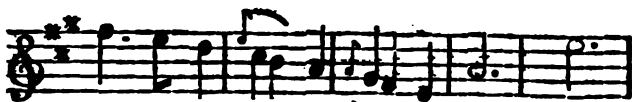


la—ti—on in the grave, in the

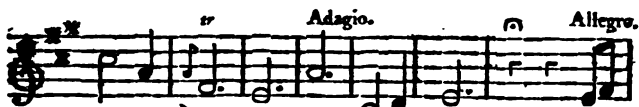


grave, That once I had the world my slave:

Then



Then shall I die in peace, and have This



con-fo-la-tion in the grave, That



once I had the world my slave; That



once I had the world my slave;



my fla—

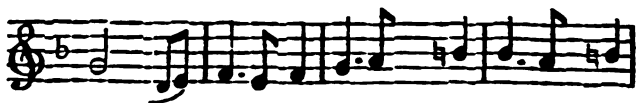


—ve; That once I had the world my slave.

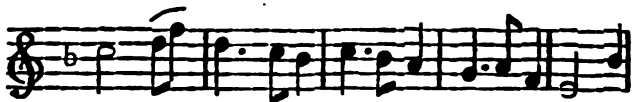
Sono XVI. Let us drink and be merry.



Let us drink and be merry, Dance joke and re-



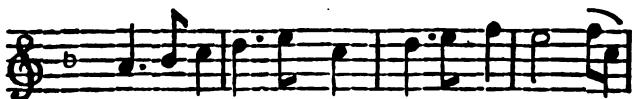
joice, With claret and sherry, The—or—bo and



voice. The changeable world To our joy is unjust. All



treasure's uncertain, Then down with your dust; In



frolics dispose Your pounds, shillings and pence; For



we shall be nothing A hundred years hence..

Song XVII. Jolly mortals fill your glasses.



Jolly mortals fill your glasses, Noble deeds are

done



done by wine; Scorn the nymph and all her graces,



Who'd for love or beauty pine. Fa la la la



la la la la la la fa la la la fa la la la la



fa la la la la la la la la la fa la la la



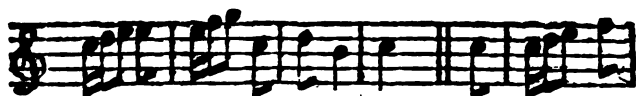
la la la,

SONG XVIII. As swift as time put round the glass,

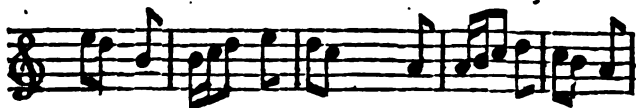
Set by dr. Pepusch.



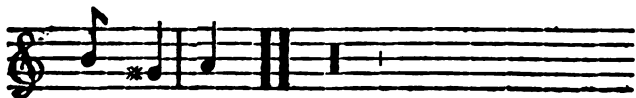
As swift as time put round the glass, And
husband



husband well lives little space; Per-haps your



fun, which shines so bright, May set in e-ver-



last-ing night.

SONG XIX. Busy curious thirsty fly.

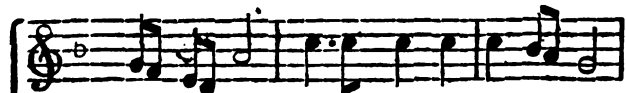
Set by dr. Green.



Busy, curious, thirsty fly, Drink with me, and



Busy, curious, thirsty fly, Drink with me, and



drink as I; Freely welcome to my cup,



drink as I; Freely welcome to my cup,

could it



could'st thou sip, and sip it up: Make the most of



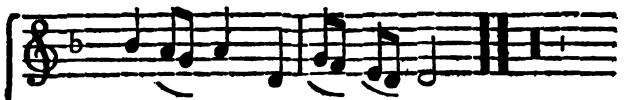
could'st thou sip, and sip it up: Make the most of



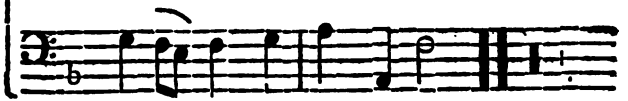
life you may, Life is short and wears a—way;



life you may, Life is short and wears a—way;



Life is short and wears a—way.

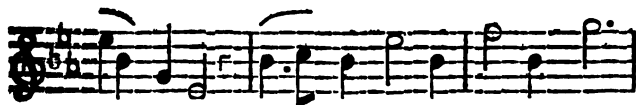


Life is short and wears a—way.

Song XX. When I drain the rosy bowl. Fawkes.



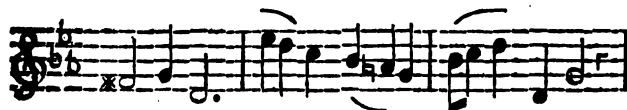
When I drain the rosy bowl, Joy ex-hi-la-



rates my soul; To the Nine I raise my song,



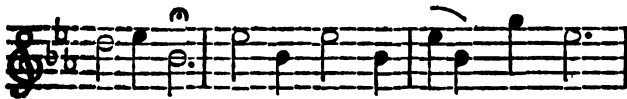
E—ver fair and ever young. When full cups my



cares dispell, So—ber counsels then farewell:



Let the winds, that murmur, sweep All my sorrows



to the deep. Let the winds, that mur—mur, sweep



All my sor—rows to the deep.

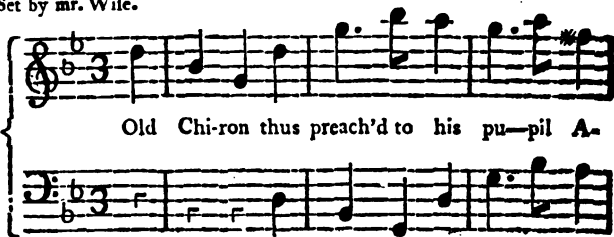
SONG XXI.

SONG XXI. Mortals, learn your lives to measure.

There is music to this song, but the editor was not able to procure it.

SONG XXII. Old Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles.

Set by Mr. WIFE.



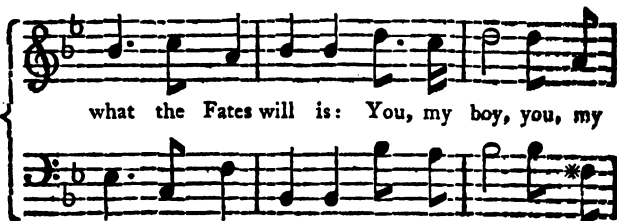
Old Chi-ron thus preach'd to his pu—pil A—

Old Chi-ron thus preach'd to his



chilles : I'll tell you, I'll tell you, young gentleman,

pu-pil A—chil-les : I'll tell you, young gentleman,



what the Fates will is : You, my boy, you, my

what the Fates will is : You, my boy, you, my

boy,

boy, Must go, must go (The gods will have it so) To the

siege of Troy, Thence ne-ver to re—turn, thence

siege of Troy, Thence never to re- never to re—turn, never to re—

turn, thence never to re—turn, never to re- turn to Greece a—gain, But be—fore those turn to Greece a—gain, But be— walls

walls to be slain, but be—fore those walls to be

fore those walls to be slain, but be—fore those

slain, be—fore those walls, those walls to be

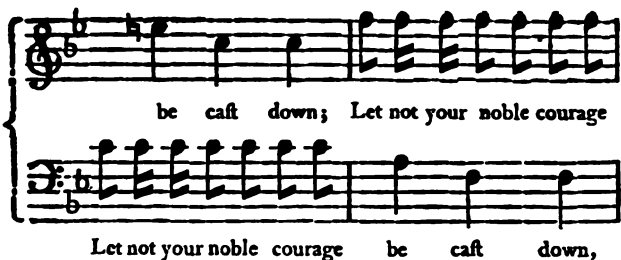
walls to be slain, be—fore those walls to be

slain. Let not your noble courage

slain. Let not your noble courage be cast down,

be cast down, Let not your noble courage

Let not your noble courage be cast down,



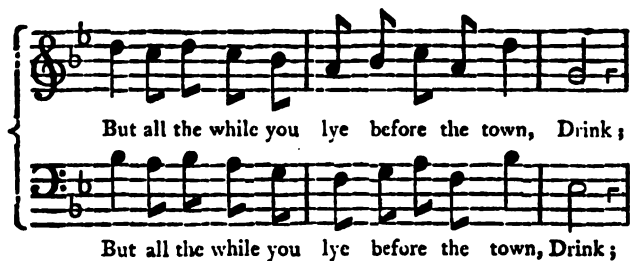
be cast down; Let not your noble courage

Let not your noble courage be cast down,



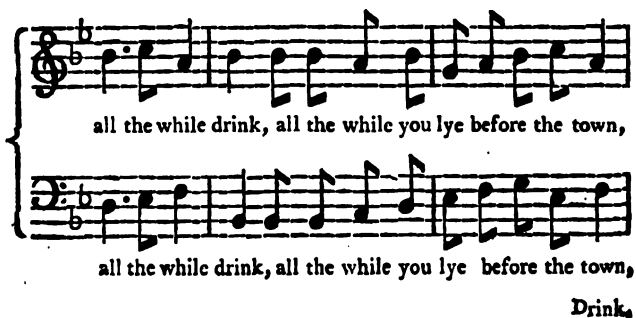
Let not your no-ble courage be cast down,

Let not your no--ble courage be cast down,



But all the while you lye before the town, Drink;

But all the while you lye before the town, Drink;



all the while drink, all the while you lye before the town,

all the while drink, all the while you lye before the town,

Drink,

3:

Drink, and drive care away, drink and be merry, You'll

Drink, and drive care a—way, drink and be merry,

ne'er go the sooner, You'll ne'er go the

3:

You'll ne'er go the soon—er, the

sooner, You'll ne'er go the soon—er to the

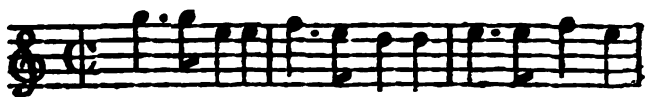
sooner, You'll ne'er go the soon—er to the

Sty—gian fer—ry.

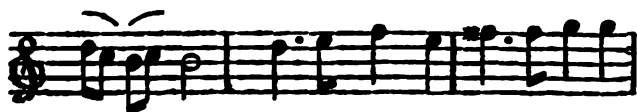
Vol. II. Sty—gian fer—ry. C

SONG XXIII.

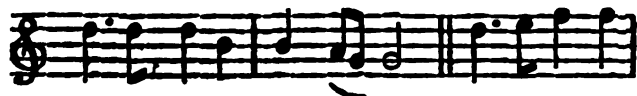
SONG XXIII. Lets be jovial, fill our glasses.



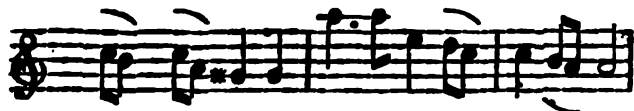
Lets be jovial, fill our glasses, Madnefs 'tis for



us to think, How the world is 'rul'd by asses,



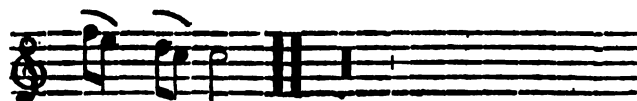
And the wife are sway'd by chink. Never let vain



cares oppress us, Riches are to them a snare;



We are all as rich as Cræsus, While our bottle



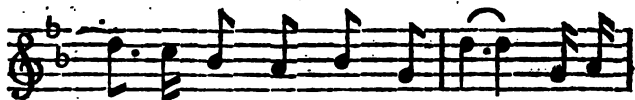
drowns our care.

SONG XXIV.

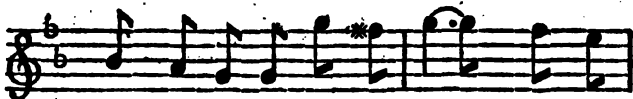
SONG XXIV. Every man take a glaſs in his hand:



Ev'ry man take a glaſs in his hand, And



drink a good health to the king; Many



years may he rule o'er this land, May his



laurels for ever freſh ſpring. Let wrangling and jangling



ſtraiway ceaſe, Let ev'ry man ſtrive for his



countrys peace; Neither tory nor whig, With their



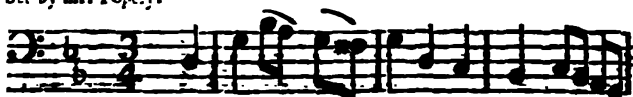
parties look big: Here's a health to all honeſt men.

SONG XXV. Wine, wine in a morning. Tom Brown.

There are notes to this song, for two voices, by Mr. George Hart, in Playford's *Treasury of Music*, Book IV. but, like most of the old music, they are so dull and heavy as not to be worth the copying.

SONG XXVI. Had Neptune, when first he took charge of
[the sea.

Set by Mr. Pope's.



Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the



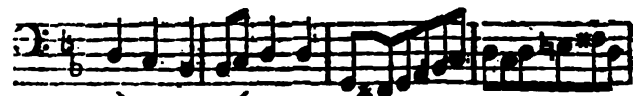
sea, Been as wise, or at least been as merry as



we; He'd have thought better on't, and, in-



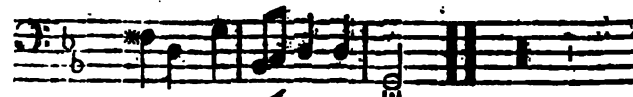
stead of his brine, Would have fill'd the vast



ocean with ge-nerous wi — — — — —



— — — — — ne; Would have fill'd the vast



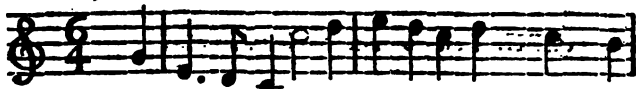
ocean with ge-nerous wine.

SONG XXVII.

SONG XXVII. The thirsty earth drinks up the rain. Cowley.

Was originally set by Mr. Roger Hill, and is to be found in Playfords second book of *Ayres and Dialogues* by Lawes "and other Excellent Masters." 1669. fol.

SONG XXVIII. Ye good fellows all. Dawson.



Ye good fellows all Who love to be told where there's



claret good store, At-tend to the call Of



one who's ne'er frighted, But greatly delighted With



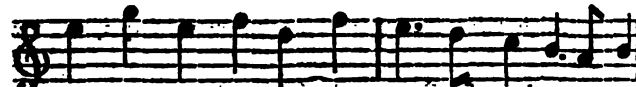
six bottles more. Be sure you don't pass The good



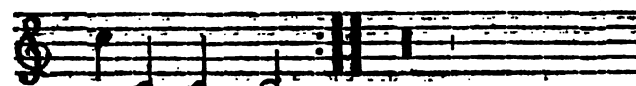
house Moneyglafs Which the jolly red god so pe-



culiar-ly owns; 'Twill well suit your humour, For



pray what would you more Than mirth, with good claret, and



bumpers, squire Jones?

SONG XXIX. Listen all, I pray. Beaumont.

SONG XXX. Come fill me a glass, fill it high.

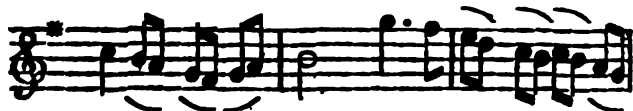
Air unknown.

SONG XXXI. Rail no more, ye learned asses.

Set by Dr. Boyce.



Rail no more, ye learned asses, 'Gainst the



joys the bowl sup—plies; Sound its depth, and fill your



glasses, Wisdom at the bottom lies. Fill them

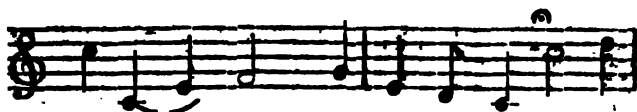


higher still, and higher, Shallow draughts perplex the



brain; Sip—ing quenches all our fire, Bumpers

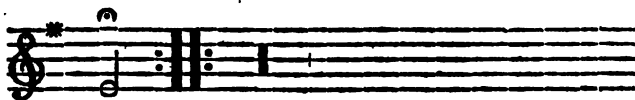
light



light it up a—gain — — — — — ; Sip—ing

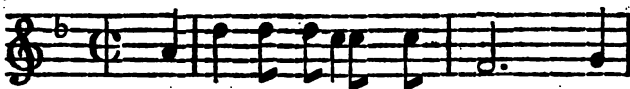


quenches all our fire, Bumpers light it up a—

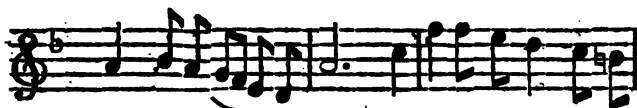


gain.

Song XXXII. Diogenes furly and proud.



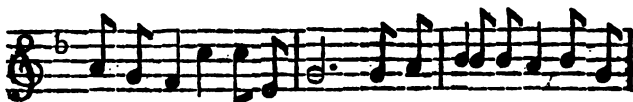
Dio—ge—nes furly and proud, Who



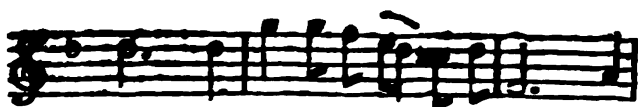
smarl'd at the Macedon youth, Delighted in wine that was



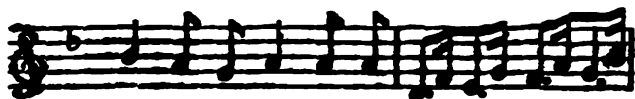
good ; Because in good wine there is truth: 'Till



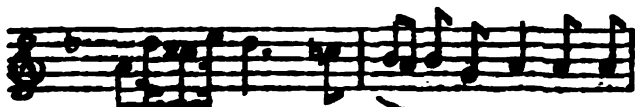
growing as poor as a Job, And un—able to purchase a
C 4 flask.



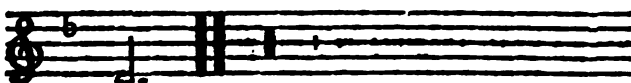
Soft. He chose for his mansion a tub, And



liv'd by the scent of the ca — — — —



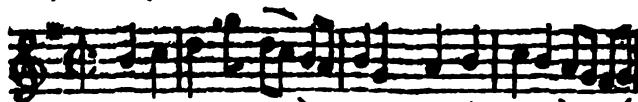
— — sk, And liv'd by the scent of the



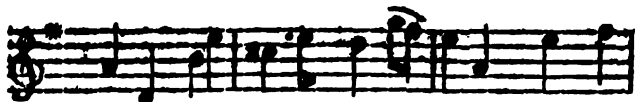
cant.

Song XXXIII. Zeno, Plato, Aristotle. Carey.

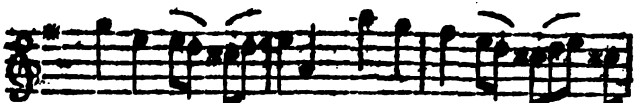
Set by Mr. Lampe.



Zeno, Pla-to, A-ris-totle, All were lovers of the



bottle; Poets, painters and mu-sicians, Churchmen,



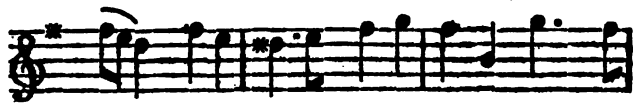
lawyers and phy-sicians, all admire a pret-ty
lass,



lafs, All re—quire a chearful glaſs, Zeno,



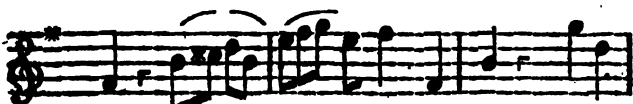
Plato, A—riſ—totle, All were lov—ers of the



bottle, Poets, painters, and mu—ſicians, Churchmen,



lowyers and phy—ſicians, All ad—mire a pretty



lafs, All re—quire a chearful glaſs; . Poets,



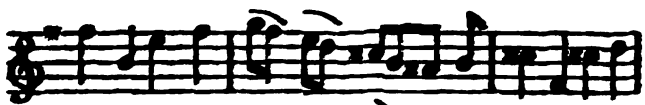
painters and mu—ſicians, Churchmen, lawyers, and phy—



ſicians, All ad—mire a pretty laſs, All re—
quire



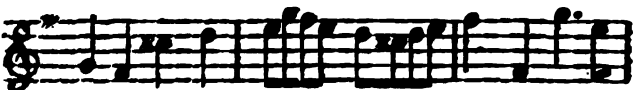
quite a cheerful glass. Ev'ry pleasure has its



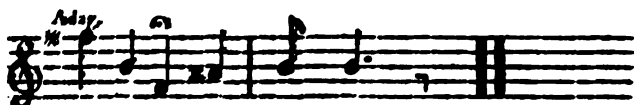
season, Love and drink-ing are no treason. Ev'ry



pleasure has its season, Love and drinking are no



treason. Love and drink — — — — — ing, Love and



drinking are no trea-son. D. C.

Song XXXIV. Now Phœbus sinketh in the West. Milton.

Set by Dr. Arne.



All.

Now Phœbus sinketh in the West, Welcome song and

welcome



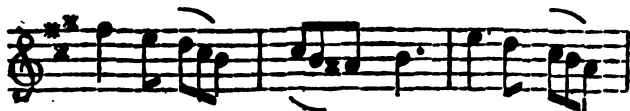
welcome jest ; Midnight shout and revelry,



Tipfy dance and jollity, Midnight shout and



revel—ry, Tip-fy dance and jolli—ty. Now



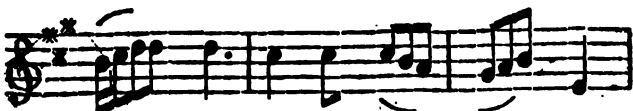
Phœbus sinketh in the West, Welcome song and



welcome jest ; Midnight shout and revelry,



Tip-fy dance and jol—li—ty. Braid your locks with



rose-y twine, Drop-ing odours drop-ing wine.

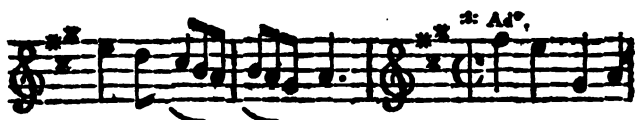
Braid



Braid your lo — — — — — cks with



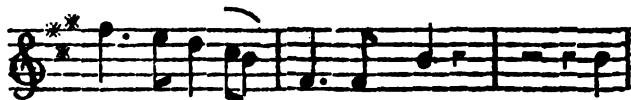
rosy twine, Drop-ing o-dours, drop-ing wine,



Drop-ing odours drop-ing wine, Drop-ing odours



drop-ing wine. Rigour now is gone to bed,

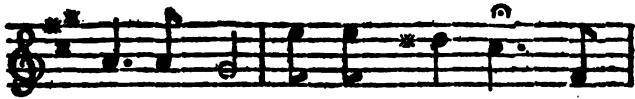


And advice with scrup'lous head; Strict

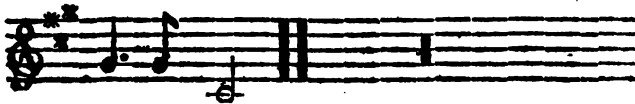


age and four se-ve-ri-ty, With their grave faws in

flumber



Slumber lie With their grave faws in

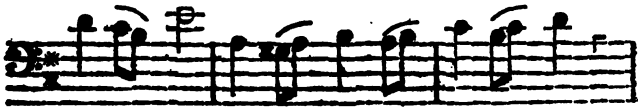


Slumber lie. D.C.

SONG XXXV. By the gayly circling glaſs. Dalton.



By the gay-ly cir-cling glaſs, We can ſee how



minutes paſs: By the hol-low caſk are told,



How the waning night grows old. How the waning



night grows old. Soon too ſoon the bu-ſy day

Drives



Drives us from our sports a-way; What have we with



day to do, Sons of care 'twas made for you.



Sons of care 'twas made for you.

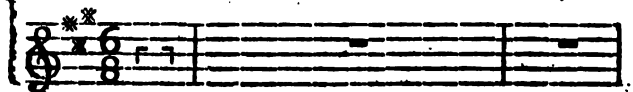
SONG XXXVI. This bottle's the fun of our table. Sheridan.

Set by Mr. Linley.



Solo

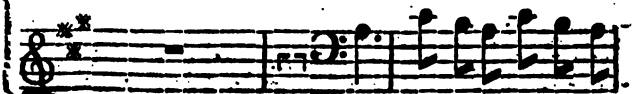
This bot-tle's the fun of our table, His.



CHORUS.



beams are rose-y wine. This bottle's the fun of our



This bottle's the fun of our

table,

Solo.

ta-ble, His beams are rosy wine; rosy

ta-ble, His beams are rosy wine:

wine — — — — —

Tutti.

Cho.

This bottle's the fun of our ta-ble, His

This bottle's the fun of our ta-ble, His

Solo.

beams are rosy wine; We planets that are not

beams are rosy wine.

able,

Cho.

a-ble, With-out his help to shine. We

We

planets that are not a-ble Without his help to

planets that are not a-ble Without his help to

shine. Put it round, - - -

shine. Put it round, Put it

- - Let mirth and glee a-bound. This

round. This

bottle's

bottle's the fun of our table, Let mirth and glee a-

bottle's the fun of our ta-ble, Let mirth and glee a-

bound; Let mirth and glee a-bound; Let

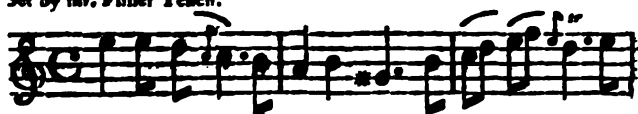
bound; Let mirth and glee a-bound; Let

mirth and glee a-bound,

mirth and glee a-bound.

SONG XXXVII. Vulcan contrive me such a cup, Rochester.

Set by Mr. Fisher Tench.



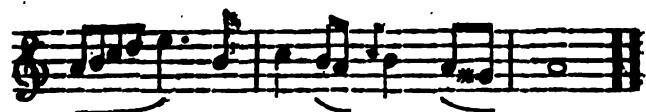
Vulcan contrive me such a cup, As Nes-tor us'd of



old; Try all thy skill to trim it up,



Try all thy skill to trim it up, Damask it round with



gold; Da-mask it round with gold.

SONG XXXVIII. Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl.

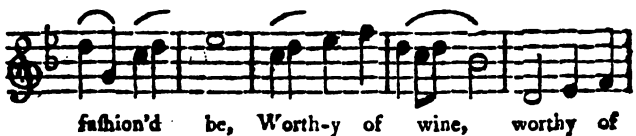
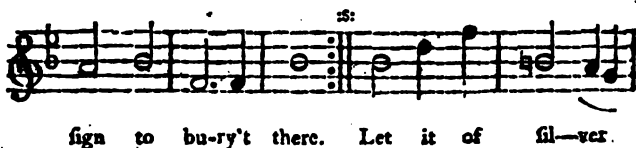
Was originally set by Dr. Blow, whose composition is much inferior to, and less noticed than the following air by Mr. Corfe,

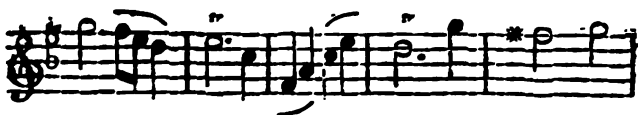
Spiritoso.



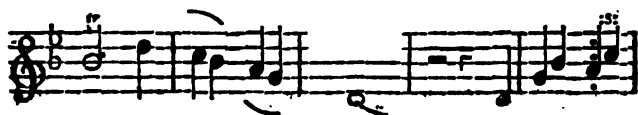
Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,

Large





Worth-y to a-dorn the s;heres, As that bright



cup, as that bright cup a-mongst the stars.

SONG XXXIX. You know that our ancient philosophers hold.

Air unknown.

SONG XL. Let soldiers fight for pay and praise. Johnson:



Let soldiers fight for pay and praise, And

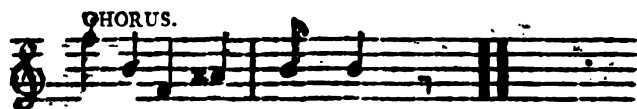


money be the mi-seis with; Poor scholars stu-dy

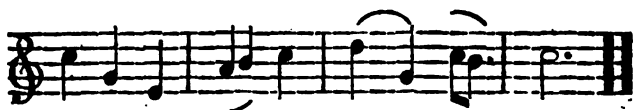


all their days, And gluttons glory in their dish.

'Tis



'Tis wine, pure wine re—vives sad souls,



Therefore give me the cheer—ing bowls.

SONG XLI. Bacchus must now his power resign. Carey.



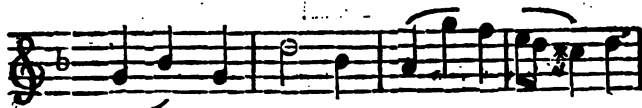
Bacchus must now his power re—sign,



I am the on—ly God of wine, I am the

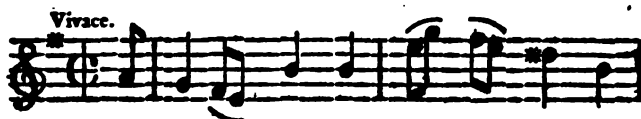


on—ly God of wine: It is not fit the



wretch should be, In com—pe—ti—tion

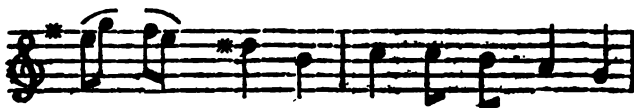
Song XLII. I am the king and prince of drinkers.



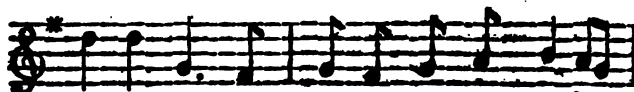
I am the king and prince of drinkers,



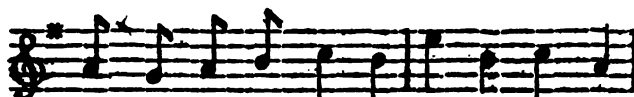
Ranting, roaring, rattling boys; We de—spise your



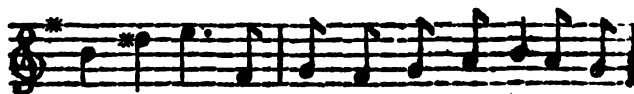
ful—len thinkers, And fill the ta—vern



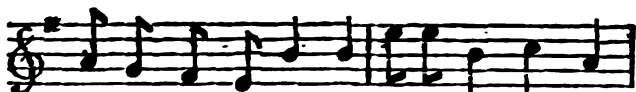
with our noise. We sing and we roar, And we



drink and call for more, And make more noise than



twenty can; 'Tis therefor all we swear that the



man who knows no care, He on-ly deserves the



name of a man.

SONG XLIII. The man that is drunk is void of all care.

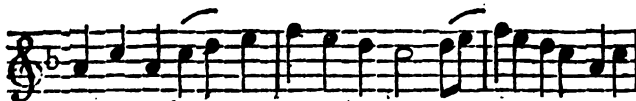
Tune, A shepherd kept sheep on a hill's side.



The man that is drunk is void of all care;
He needs neither Parthi-an qui-ver nor spear;



Fa la la la la la la la la la: The
Fa la la, &c.

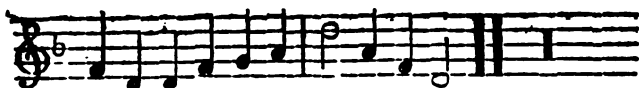


Moors poison'd dart he scorns for to wield; His bottle alone is his



sword and his shield; Fa la la la la la la la la la,

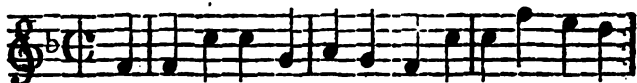
Fa



Fa la la fa la fa fa la la la.

SONG XLIV. Gay Bacchus, liking Eftcourts wine Parnell.

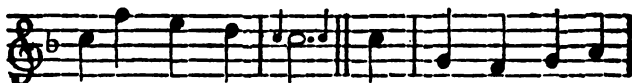
Set by mr. Galliard.



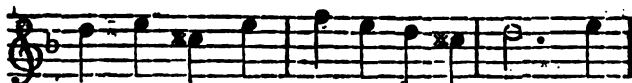
Gay Bacchus liking Eftcourts wine, A no-ble meal be-



spoke us; And for the guefts that were to dine, Brought



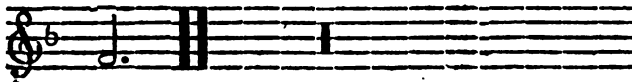
Comus, Love and Jocus. The God near Cu-pid



drew his chair; Near Comus Jo-cus plac'd; For



wine makes love for-get its care, And mirth exalts a



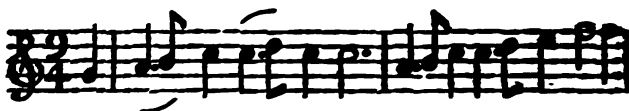
feast.

SONG XLV. God prosper long from being broke. D. of
[Wharton.]

Tune Cherry chafe. See the last air of Part III.

SONG XLVI. Come, come my hearts of gold.

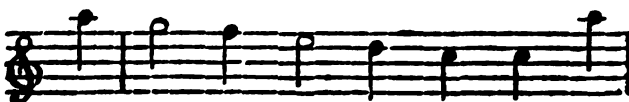
Tune, Old Sir Simon the King.



Come, come my hearts of gold, Let us be merry and wile; it



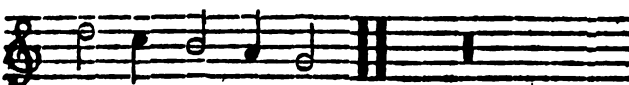
is a proverb of old, Suspicion hath double eyes:



Whate'er we say or do, Let's not



drink to disturb the brain; Let's laugh for an hour or two, And

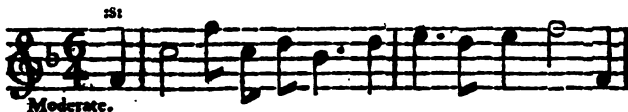


ne'er be drunk a--gain.

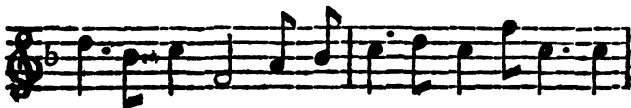
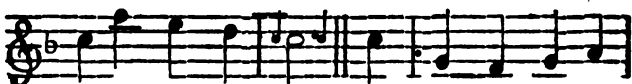
SONG XLVII.

Song XLVII. Ye true honest Britons who love your own land.
[Garrick.]

Set by dr. Arne.



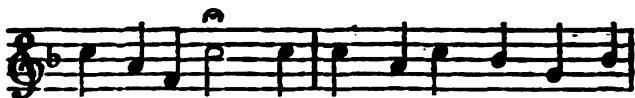
Ye true honest Britons who love your own land, Whose



England



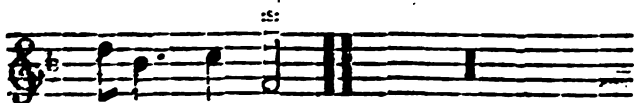
England's good chear, The profits and pleasures of



stout British beer; Your wine-tipling, dram--sip--ing



fel-lows retreat, But your beer-drinking Britons can



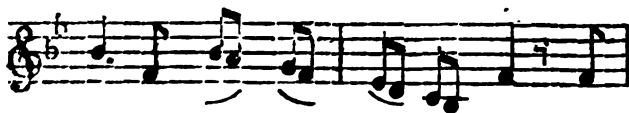
never be beat.

SONG XLVIII. When the chill Sirocco blows.

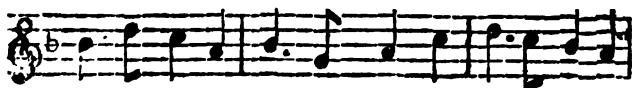
Moderato.



When the chill Si—roc—co blows, And

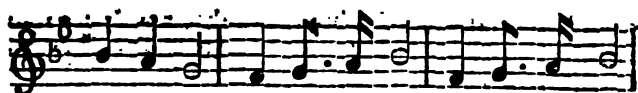


win—ter tells a hea—vy tale; When



peas and daws, and rooks and crows Sit curfing of the

frosts



frosts and snows, Then give me ale, Then give me ale,



then give me ale.

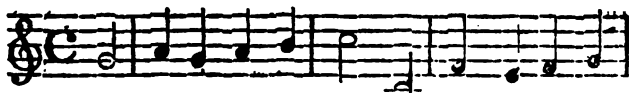
SONG XLIX. Not drunken, nor sober, but neighbour to both.

SONG L. Whilst some in epic strains delight.

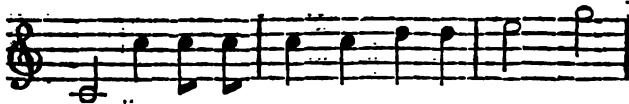
Airs unknown.

SONG LI. I cannot eate but lytle meate.

Set, four parts in one, by mr. Walker, before the year 1602.



I cannot eate *my* meate, My stomacke is not



good; But sure I think that I can drynke With

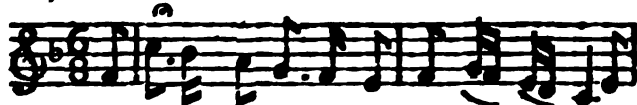


him that wears a hood.

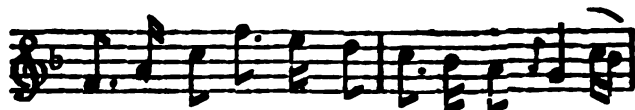
SONG LII.

**SONG LII. Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with
(mild ale. Fawkes.**

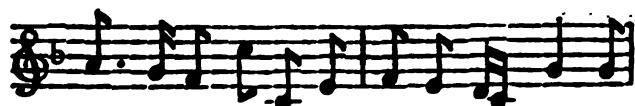
Set by Mr. Haddon.



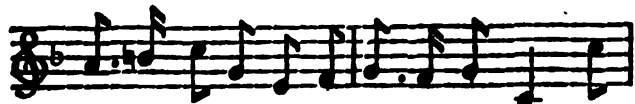
Dear Tom this brown jug that now foams with mild ale, (In



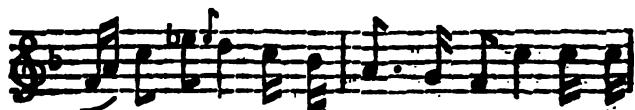
which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale) Was



once To-by Fill-pot, a thirsty old soul, As



e'er drank a bot-tle or fathom'd a bowl. In



bous-ing about 'twas his praise to excell, And a-

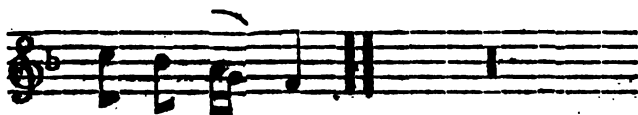


mong jol-ly tope-ers he bore off the bell —

— bell



— — — — — bell, He



bore off the bell.

SONG LIII. I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
[Brome-

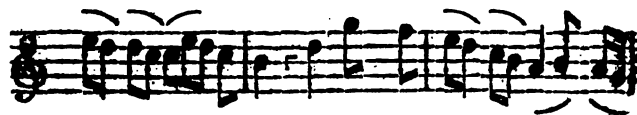
Air unknown.

SONG LIV. Upbraid me not, capricious fair.

Set by mr. Leveridge.



Up-braid me not, ca—pri-cious fair, With



drinking to ex—cess; I should not want to drown de-



spair, Were your in—diff'rence less: Love me my dear and

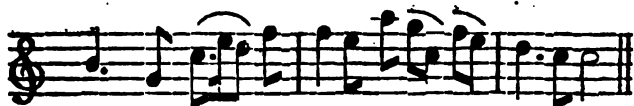
you



you shall find, When this excuse is gone, That all my



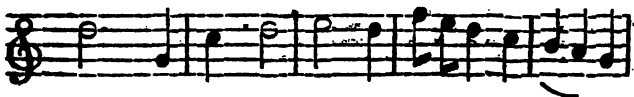
bliss, when Cloe's kind, All - - - my



bliss, when Cloe's kind, Is fix'd on her alone.



The god of wine the victory to beauty yields with



joy; The god of wine the victory to beau-ty



yields with joy; For Bacchus only drinks like me, when

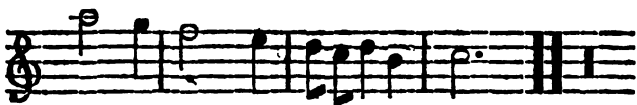
Ariadne's



A-ri--adne's coy — — — — —



Bacchus only drinks like me, Bacchus only drinks like



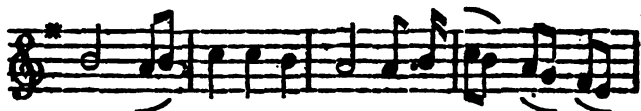
me, like me, When A-ri--adne's coy.

SONG LV. My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine.
[Woty.]

Allegro.



My temples with clus—ters of grapes I'll en-



twine, And barter all joys for a gob—let of

VOL. II.

E

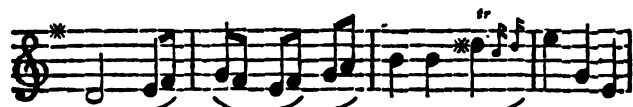
wine;



wine; And barter all joys for a gob-let of



wine: In search of a Venus no longer I'll



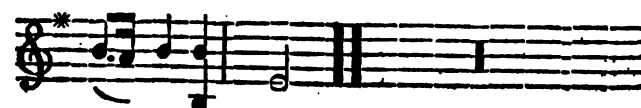
run, But stop and for-get her at Bacchuses



tun: No longer I'll run — — —



— — —, But stop and forget her at

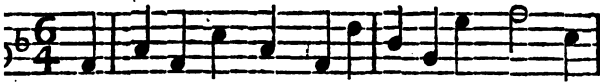


Bac-chuses tun.

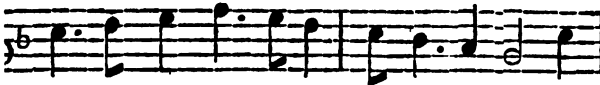
SONG LVI.

MC LVI. With women and wine I defy every care. Woty.

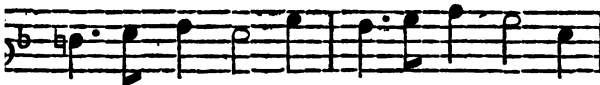
by mr. Baildon.



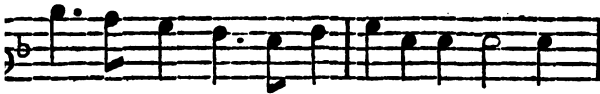
With women and wine I de-fy ev'ry care, For



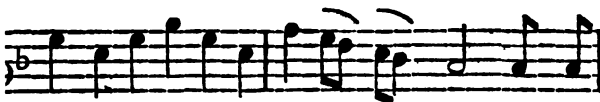
life with-out these is a bubble of air; For



life with-out these, For life without these, For



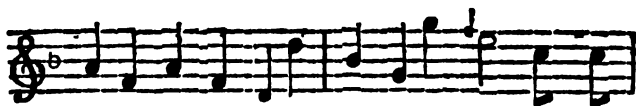
life without these is a bubble of air. Each



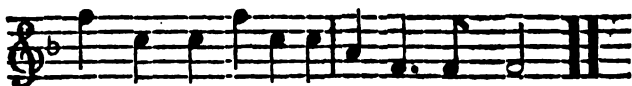
helping the other in plea-sure I roll, And a



new flow of spi-rits en—live—ns my soul. Each



helping the o-ther in pleasure I roll, And a



new flow of spirits en-live-n's my soul.

SONG LVII. Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join. Shenstone,

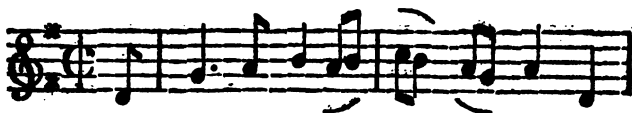
No air known.

A I R S.

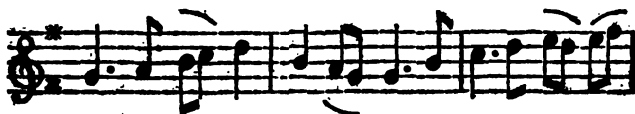
A I R S.

P A R T III.

SONG I. My mind to me a kingdom is.



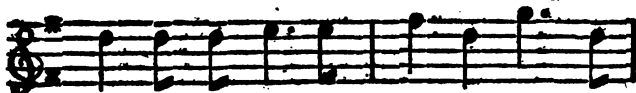
My mind to me a king-dom is; Such



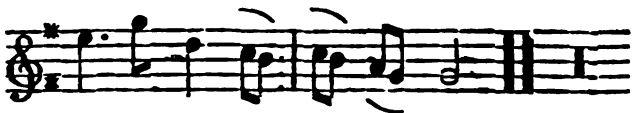
per-fect joy there—in I find, As far excells all



earth-ly blifs That God or Nature hath assign'd.



Though much I want that most would have, Yet



fill my mind for—bids to crave.

SONG II. Would we attain the happiest state. Countess of [Winchelsea.

No air known.

SONG III. To hug yourself in perfect ease. Bedingsfield.
Set by Mr. Dieupart.



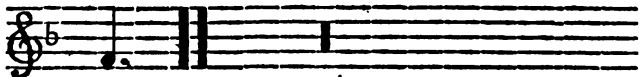
To hug yourself in per—fect ease, What would you



wish for more than these? A healthy clean pa-



ter—nal seat, Well shaded from the summers



heat.

SONG IV. I envynot the proud their wealth. Mrs. Pilkington.

SONG V. How happy is he born and taught. Wotton.

SONG VI. I envy not the mighty great. Jacob.

No airs known.

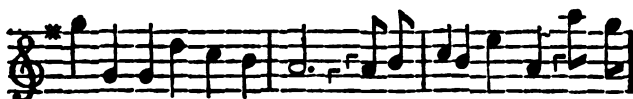
SONG VII.

SONG VII. What man, in his wits, had not rather be poor.
[Wesley.]

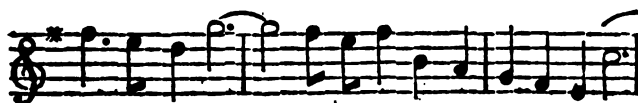
Set by mr. Leveridge.



What man, in his wits, had not rather be poor, Than for



lucre his freedom to give! Ever busy the means of his



life to se—cure, And so e—ver neglecting to live;



— And so e—ver neglecting to live.

SONG VIII. No glory I covet, no riches I want. Fitzgerald.

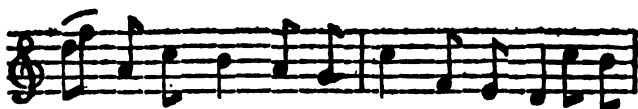
Set by mr. Abiel Whichello.



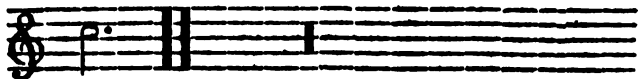
No glory I covet, no riches I want, Am-



bition is nothing to me; The one thing I beg of kind



Hea—ven to grant, Is a mind in—de—pendent and



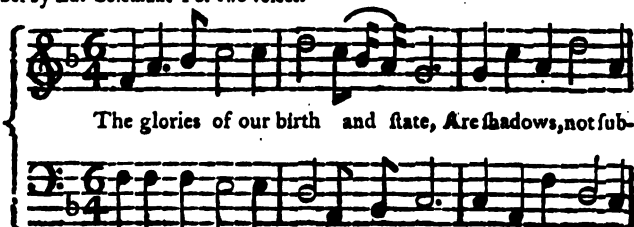
free.

SONG IX. Some hoist up fortune to the skies,

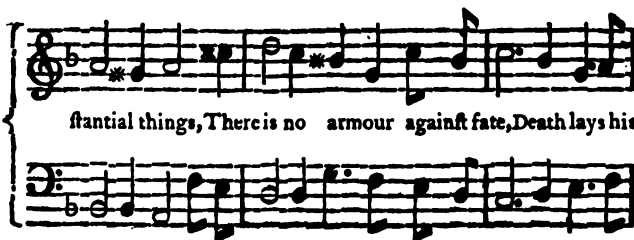
No air known.

SONG X. The glories of our birth and state. Shirley.

Set by Ed. Coleman. For two voices.



The glories of our birth and state, Are shadows, not sub-



stantial things, There is no armour against fate, Death lays his

icy

icy hands on Kings: Scepter and crown Must tumble

This system consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a melodic line with a repeat sign and a trill ornament. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

down, And in the dust be e—qual

This system continues the melody from the first system. The top staff features a melodic line with a slur over a group of notes. The bottom staff continues the harmonic accompaniment.

made, With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

This system concludes the piece. The top staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The bottom staff also concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

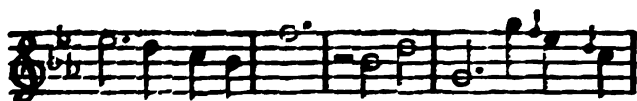
SONG XI. Nor on beds of fading flowers. Dalton.

Set by dr. Arne.

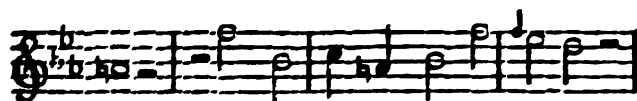
Nor on beds of fade—ing flow'rs, Shed—ing

This system is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/2 time signature. It begins with a melodic line featuring a slur and a fermata over a long note.

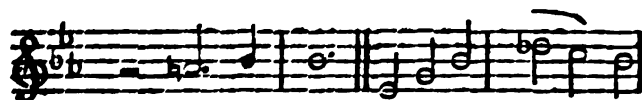
soon



from their gawdy pride; Nor with swains in Sy—ren



bow'rs, Will true plea—sure, Will true pleasure



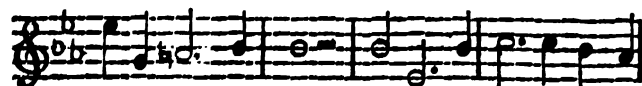
long re—side. On awful Vir—tues



hill sublime, Enthroned sits th' immortal fair,



Who wins her height must patient climb, The steps are

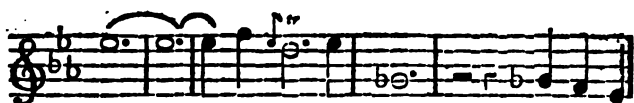


peril, toil and care. So from the first did Jove or—



dain E—ter-nal bliss for transient pain; E—ter-nal

bliss



bliss for transient pain; E-ter-nal



bliss for tran-sient pain.

SONG XII. What frenzy must his soul possess. Hoole.

SONG XIII. To tinkling brooks, to twilight shades. Warton.

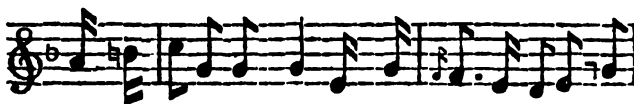
No airs known.

SONG XIV. Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks
[we must shear. Garrick.

Set by mr. Michael Arne.



Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear,



In your ho-li-day suits with your lads-es appear; The



happiest of folk are the guile-less and free, And

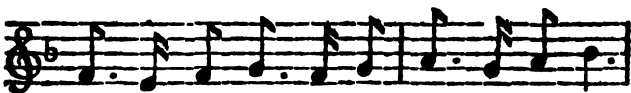
who



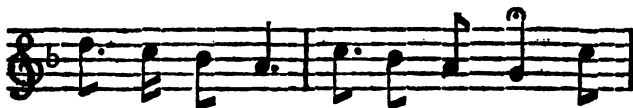
who are so guileless so hap-py as we?



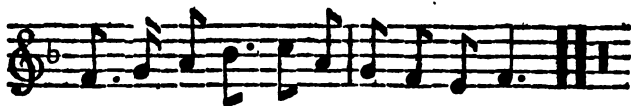
Who are so guileless, so hap-py as we. The



hap-piest of folk are the guile-less and free,



guile-less and free, guileless and free, And



who are so guileless so hap-py as we?

SONG XV. How sacred and how innocent. Mrs. Philips.

SONG XVI. Through groves sequester'd, dark and still,
[Hawkeſworth.]

No airs knows.

SONG XVII.

SONG XVII. Goddess of ease leave Lethes brink. Smart.

Set by dr. Boyce.

Andante.

God--ess of ease, leave Le---thes brink Ob-

se—quious to the muse and me; For

once en—dure the pain to think, O—

— sweet In— —fen— —fi— —bi—li— —ty.

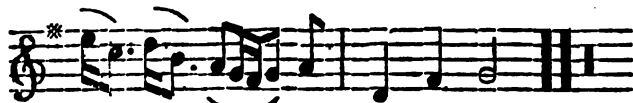
Sister of Peace and Indolence, Bring, muse, bring numbers

soft and slow; E-la-borately, void of sense, And

sweet-



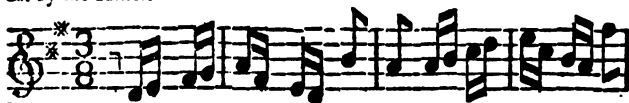
sweet—ly thought—less let them flow;



sweet—ly thoughtless let them flow.

SONG XVIII. From the court to the cottage convey me away.
[Carey.]

Set by the author.



Moderato.

From the court to the cottage con—vey me a-



way, For I'm wea-ry of grandeur and what they call



gay; From the court to the cottage con-vey me a-



way, For I'm wea-ry of grandeur and what they call

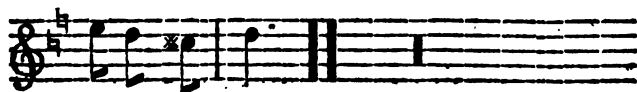
gay :



gay: Where pride with--out mea--sure and



pomp without pleasure, Make life in a cir--cle of



hur-ry de--cay.

SONG XIX. Princes that rule and empire sway. Otway.

SONG XX. What is th' existence of mans life. Bp. King.

SONG XXI. The sweet and blushing rose. Lillo.

SONG XXII. Man's a poor deluded bubble. Dodsley.

No airs known.

SONG XLIX. O say what is that thing call'd light. Cibber.

Set by Mr. Stanley.

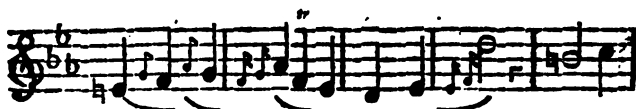


O say, what is that thing call'd light, Which



I can ne'er en--joy? What are the

blessings

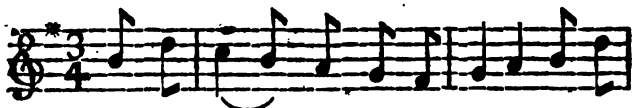


bles—ings of the fight? O tell, tell your



poor blind boy.

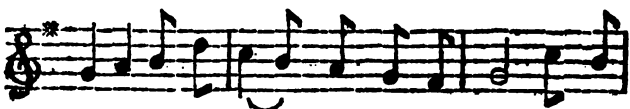
SONG XXIV. Welcome, welcome brother debtor. Coffey.



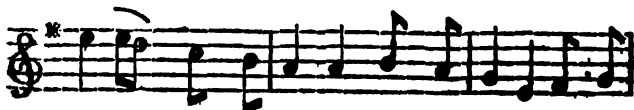
Welcome, wel—come, bro—ther debtor, To this



poor but merry place; Where no bai—lif, dun, or

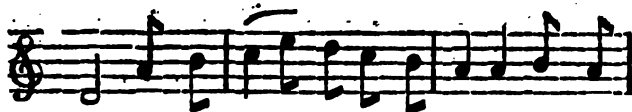


fetter Dare to show his frightful face. But, kind



sir, as you're a stranger, Down your garnish you must

lay;

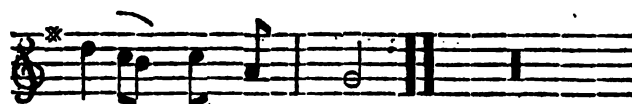


lay, Or your coat will be in danger, You must



ei—ther strip or pay.

You must

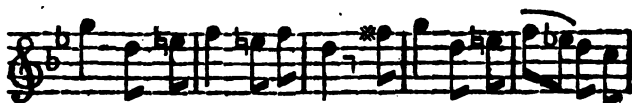


ei—ther strip or pay.

SONG XXV. How pleasant a sailors life passes.



How pleasant a sailors life passes, Who

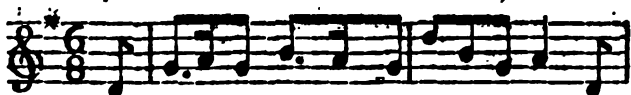


roams o'er the wa—tery main; No treasure he e—ver a—

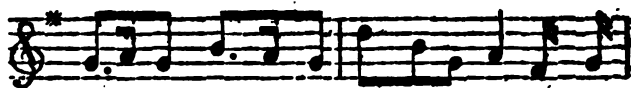


mases, But chearfully spends all his gain.

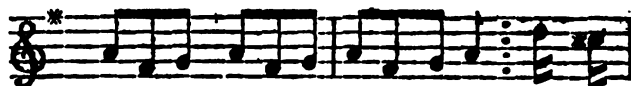
SONG XXVI. How happy a state does the miller possess,
[Highmore]



How happy a state does the miller possess, Who



would be no greater, nor fears to be less; On his



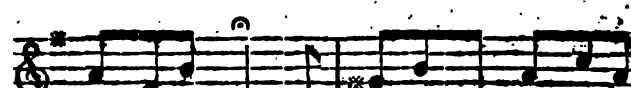
mill and himself he depends for support, Which is



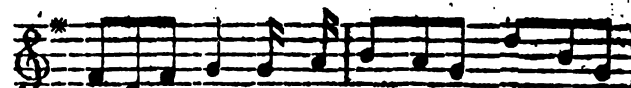
better than servilely cringing at court. What tho' he all dusty and



whiten'd does go, The more he's be-powder'd the



more like a beau: A clown in this dress may be



honest far Than a courtier who struts in his

garter



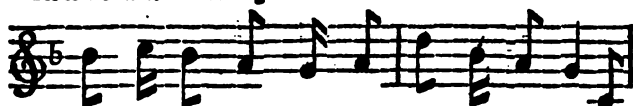
garter and star, Than a courtier who struts in his



gar-ter and star.

Song XXVII. The honest heart whose thoughts are clear.
[Bicket staff.]

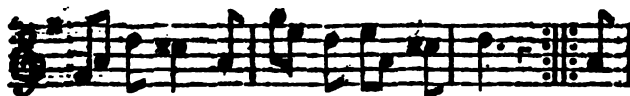
Set to a tune of Mr. Felling.



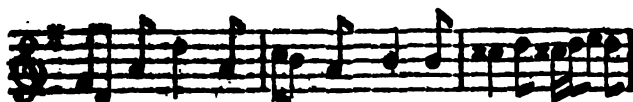
The ho-nest heart whose thoughts are clear From



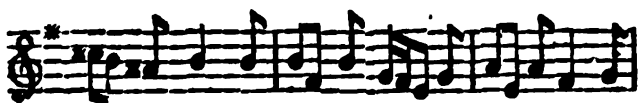
fraud disguise and guile, Need nei-ther Fortunes



frowning fear, Nor court the har-lots smiles: The



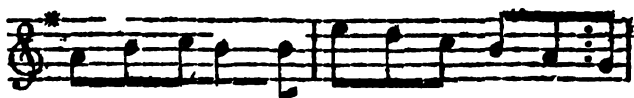
greatness that would make us grave Is but an emp-ty,



emp-ty thing ; What more than mirth would mortals have? What



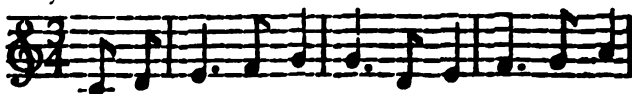
more than mirth would mor-tals have? The chearful, chearful



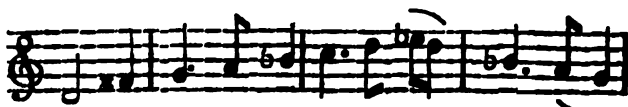
man's a king, The chearful man's a king.

SONG XXVIII. If I live to grow old, as I find I go down. Pope,

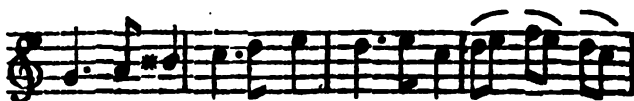
Set by dr. Blow.



If I live to grow old, as I find I go

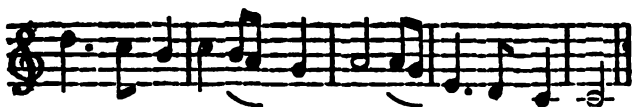


down, Let this be my fate in a coun-try



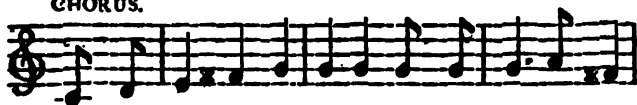
town; May I have a warm house with a stone at my

gate,

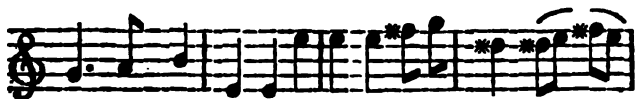


gate, And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate;

CHORUS.



May I go-vern my passion with an ab-so-lute



sway, And grow wiser and better as my strength wears a,



way, Without gout or stone, Without gout or stone by a



gentle de-cay, by a gen— — — — —



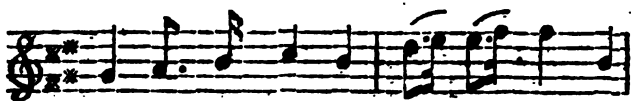
— —tle de-cay.

SONG XXIX. The solitary bird of night. Miss Carter.

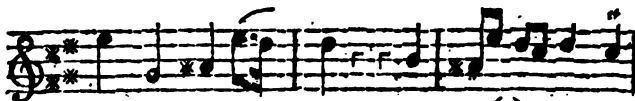
Set by Miss *CLARISSA HARLOWE*.



The so—li—ta—ry bird of night



Through the thick shades now wings his flight, And



quits his time-shook tow'r; And quits his time-shook



tow'r; Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day, In



phi--lo-sophic gloom he lay, Be-neath his i--vy



bow'r; Beneath his i--vy bow'r.

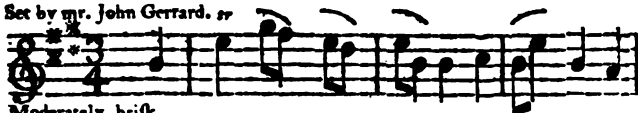
SONG XXX.

SONG XXX. Friendship peculiar gift of heaven. Mrs. Williams.

No air known.

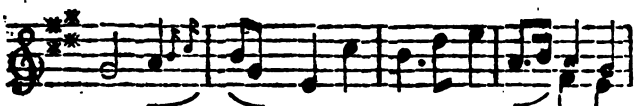
SONG XXXI. The world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit.

Set by Mr. John Gerrard. sr

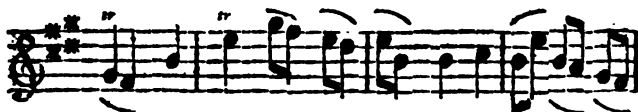


Moderately brisk.

The world my dear My-ra is full of de-



ceit, And friendship's a jew-el we seldom can



meet; How strange does it seem, that, in searching a-



round, This source of content is so rare to be



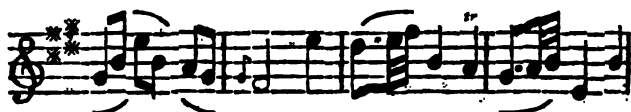
found. O friendship, thou balm, and rich



sweet'ner of life, Kind parent of ease and com-



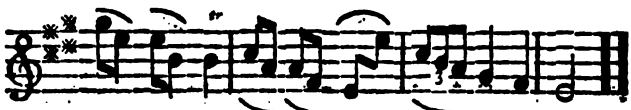
pos-er of strife, With-out thee, a-las! what are



riches and pow'r? But emp-ty de-lu-sion, the



joys of an hour — — —; But



emp-ty de-lu-sion, the joys of an hour.

SONG XXXII. Blow, blow, thou winter wind. Shakspeare.

Set by dr. Arne.



Gently.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou art not so un-

kind



kind, Thou art not so un-kind, as mans in-



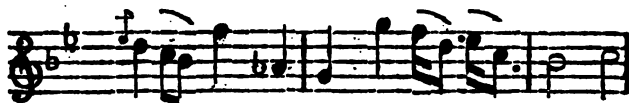
gra-ti-tude. Thy tooth is not so keen, Be-



cause thou art not seen; Thy tooth is not so



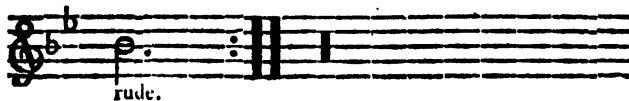
keen, Be-cause thou art not seen, Al-



though thy breath be rude, Although thy breath be



rude - -, Al-though thy breath be



rude.

SONG XXXIII. Go foul, the bodys guest. Davison.

Air unknown.

SONG XXXIV. When this old cap was new.

"To the tune of, Ile nere be drunk againe."

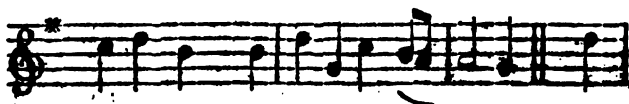
SONG XXXV. In good king Charleses golden days.



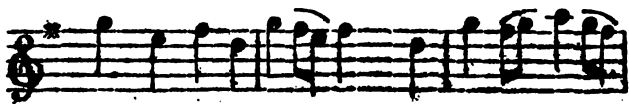
In good king Charleses golden days, When



loyalty no harm meant, A zealous high-church



man I was, And so I got pre-ferment. To



teach my flock I ne-ver mist Kings were by God ap-



pointed! And damn'd are those that do resist, Or

touch

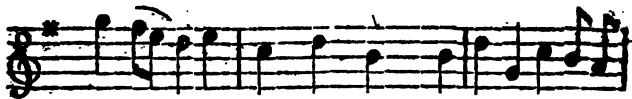
CHORUS.



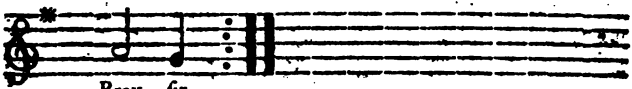
touch The Lords A—nointed: And this is law I



will maintain, Un—till my dy—ing day, fir, That



whatso—ever king shall reign, I'll be the Vicar of

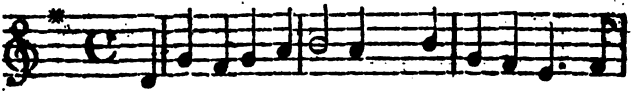


Bray, fir.

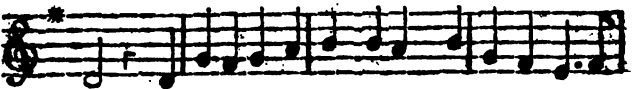
SONG XXXVI. Cease rude Boreas, blust'ring railer! Stevens.

See the Music to Song LXIV. in this part.

SONG XXXVII. You gentlemen of England.

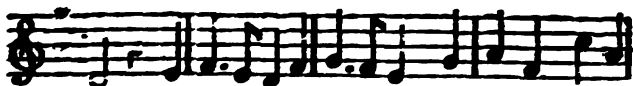


You gentlemen of England, Who live at home at

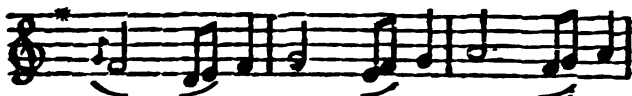


ease, How little do you think upon The dangers of the

seas

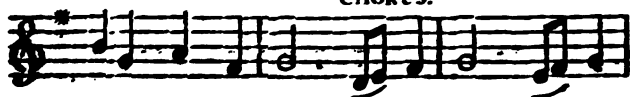


fears : Give ear unto the ma-ri-ners, And they will plainly

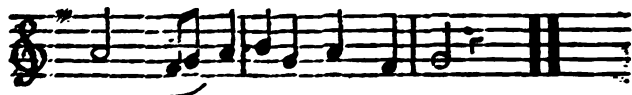


show, All the cares, and the fears, When the

CHORUS.



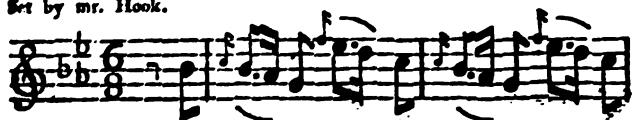
stormy winds do blow : All the cares, and the



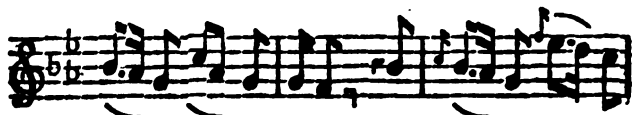
fears, When the stormy winds do blow.

SONG XXXVIII. The wretch condemn'd with life to part.
[Goldsmith.]

Set by Mr. Hook.



The wretch condemn'd with life to part, Yet,



yet on hope re—lies : And ev'ry pang that

rends



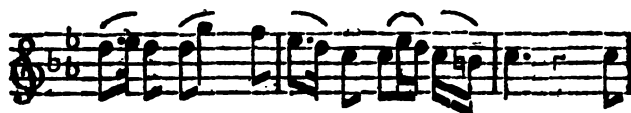
rends the heart Bids ex—pec—ta—tion



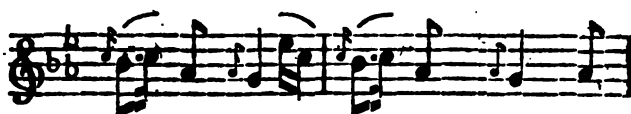
rife : And ev'—ry pang that rends the heart Bids



ex—pec—ta—tion rife. Hope, like the gleamy



ta—pers light, Adorns and clears our way, And

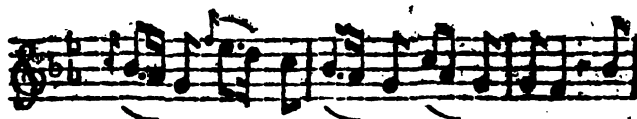


still, as darker grows the night, E—

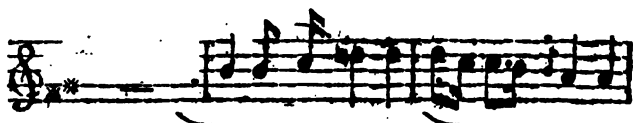


mits a brighter ray. Hope like the gleam—y

tapers



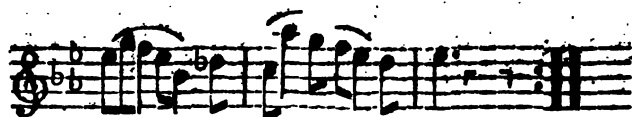
ta—pers light, A—dorns and cheers our way; And



still, as dark—er grows the night, E—



mits a brighter ray; E—mits a bright—er



ray; E—mits a brighter ray.

SONG XXXIX.—O memory! thou fond deceiver. Goldsmith.

Air unknown.

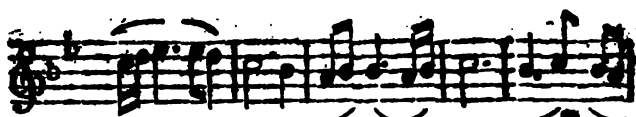
SONG XL. Gently stir and blow the fire.

Signor Geminiani's minuet.

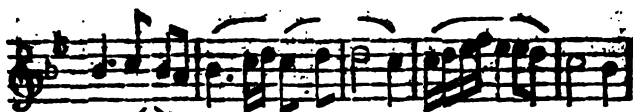


Gen—tly stir and blow the fire,

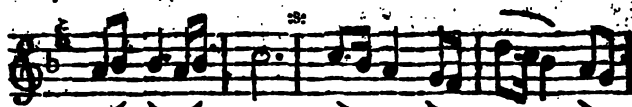
the



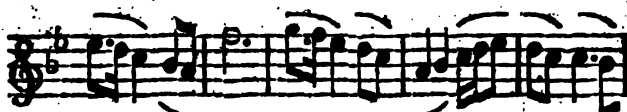
Lay the mutton down to roast; Dress it



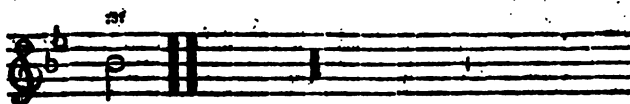
quick-ly I de-fire, In the dripping



put a toast, That I hun-ger



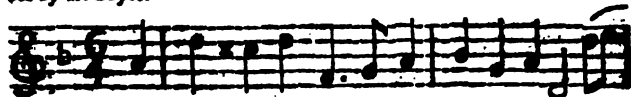
may re-move, Mut-ton is the meat I



love.

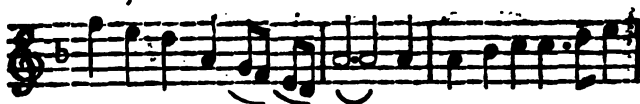
Song XII. When Orpheus went down to the regions below.
[Life.]

Set by dr. Boyce.



When Orpheus went down to the regions below, Which

men



men are for-bid-den to see; He tun'd up his lyre as old



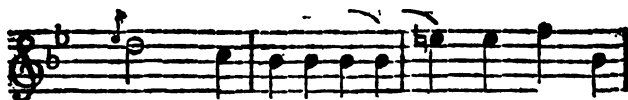
histories show, To set his Eury-dice free, To



set his Eu-ry-dice free. All hell was astonish'd a



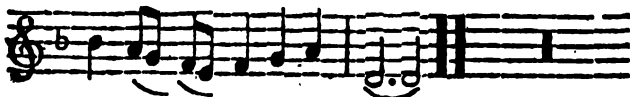
per-son so wise should rashly endanger his life, And



venture so far, but how vast their surprise! When they



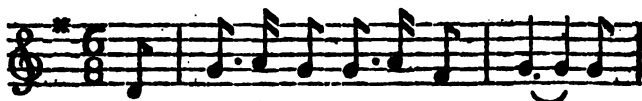
heard that he came for his wife; How vast their surprise! when they



heard that he came for his wife.

SONG XLII.

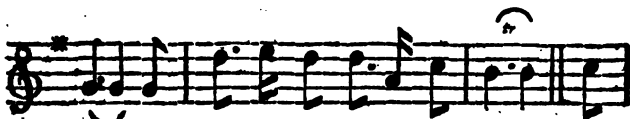
SONG XLII. Two goffips they merryly met.



Two goffips they merry—ly met, At



nine in the morning full soon; And they were resolv'd for a



whet, To keep their sweet voices in tune: A-



way to the tavern they went; Here, Joan, I do vow and pro-



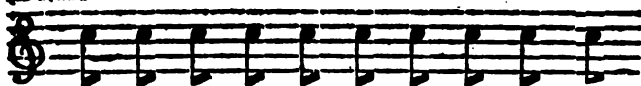
test, That I have a crown yet un-spent; Come,



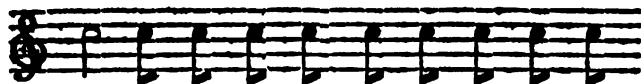
let's have a cup of the best.

SONO XLIII. With an old song, made by an old ancient pate.

Ad libitum.



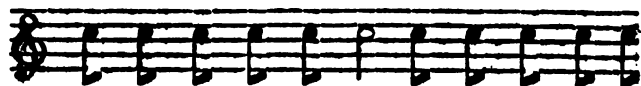
With an old song, made by an old ancient



pate, Of an old wor—ship—full gen—tle—man,



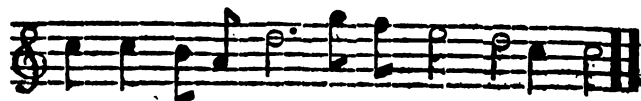
who had a great estate, Who kept an old house



at a boun—ty—full rate, And an old porter



to re—lieve the poor at his gate: Like an old

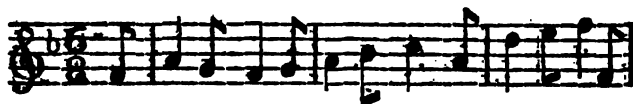


courtier of the queens, And the queens old courtier.

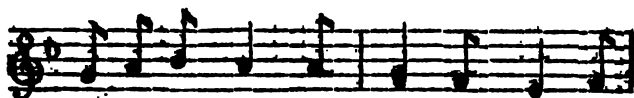
SONO XLIV.

Song XLIV. When daffodils begins to peer. Shakspeare.

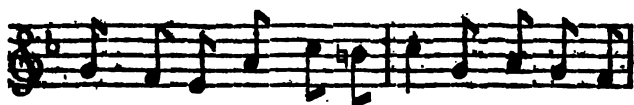
This tune is not known to have been ever printed before, and was not obtained without some difficulty. The two last verses were transposed in the copy, but are here placed in their proper order.



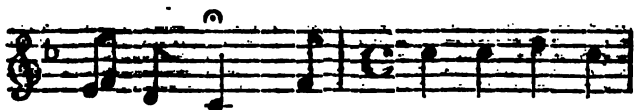
When daf—fodils be—gin to peer, With, hey! the doxy



o—ver the dale! Why then comes in the



sweet o' the year, For the red blood reigns in the



winters pale. The white sheet bleaching



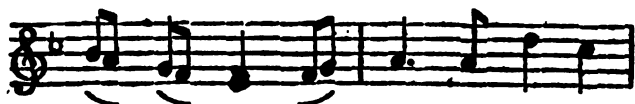
on the hedge, With, hey! the sweet birds, how they sing! Doth



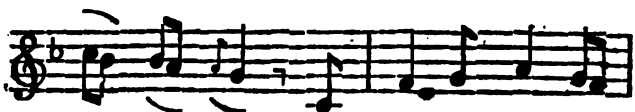
set my pug-ing tooth on edge, For a quart of ale is a



dish for a king: The white sheet bleach-ing



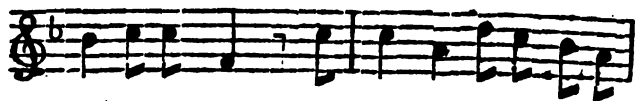
on the hedge, With, hey! the sweet birds,



how they sing! Doth set my pug-ing



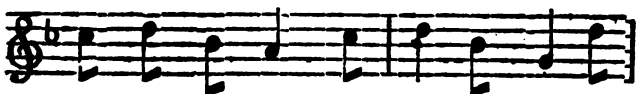
tooth on edge, For a quart of ale is a



dish for a king. The lark, that tir-ra lir-ra,



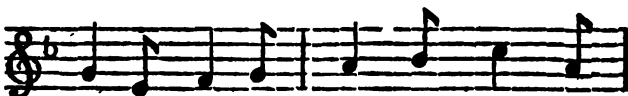
sir-ra lir-ra chaunts, With, hey! with, hey! the



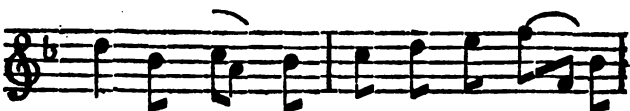
thrush and the jay! Are summer songs for



me and my aunts, As we lye tumbling



in the hay; As we lye tum-bling



tumbling, tumbling, As we lye tum-bling



in the hay.

SONG XLV. When daysies pick'd, and violets blue, Shakspeare,

Set by dr. Arne.

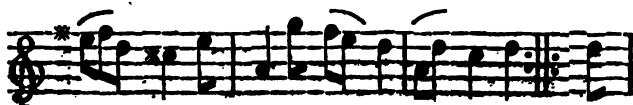


Allegro non troppo.

When **daysies** **pied,** **and** **violets** **blue,** **And**



lady-smocks all silver white, And cuckow-buds of



yellow hue, Do paint the meadows with delight, The



cuckow, then, on ev'ry tree, Mocks marry'd men.



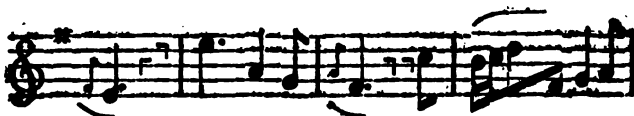
mocks marry'd men, mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he:



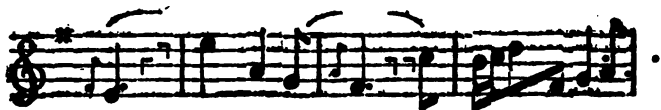
**Cuckow, cuckow, cuckow, cuckow,
cuckow,**



cuckow, cuckow; — o word of



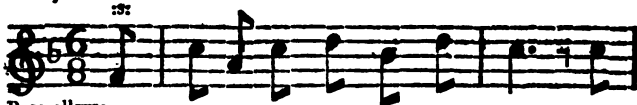
fear! o word of fear! Un-pleasing to a



marry'd ear, Un-pleasing to a marry'd ear.

SONG XLVI. When icicles hang on the wall, Shakspeare.

Set by dr. Arne.

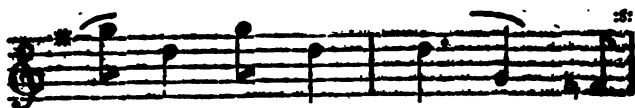


Poco allegro.

When iei--cles hang by the wall, And



Dick the shepherd blows his nail, And Tom bears logs in-



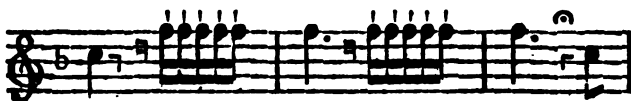
to. the hall, And milk comes frozen home in pail;



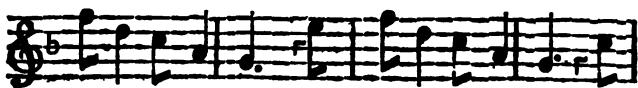
When blood is nip'd and ways be foul, Then nightly fings the



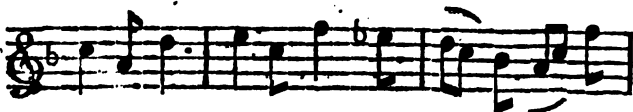
staring owl; Then nightly fings the staring owl; Tu-



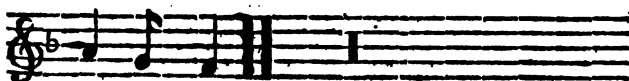
whit, tu-whoo; — tu-whoo; — a



merry, merry note; a merry, merry note; While



greasy Joan, greasy Joan, While greasy Joan doth

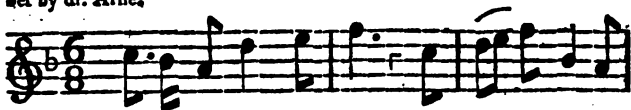


keel the pot.

SONG XLVII.

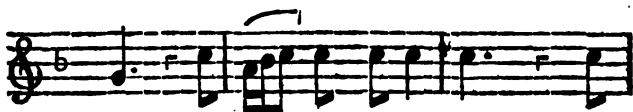
SONG XLVII. Under the green-wood tree. Shakspeare.

Set by dr. Arne.



Non troppo allegro.

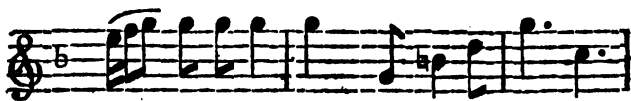
Under the green-wood tree, Who loves to lye with



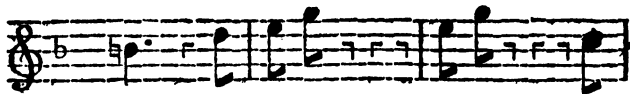
me, And tune his merry note, his



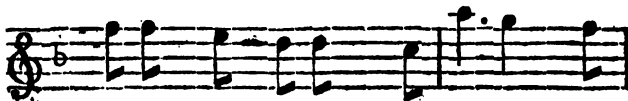
merry, merry note, Unto the sweet birds throat; And



tune his merry note, Un—to the sweet Birds

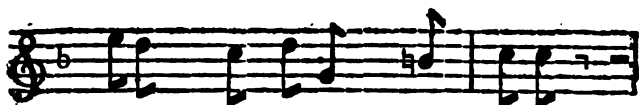


throat; Come hither, hither, come

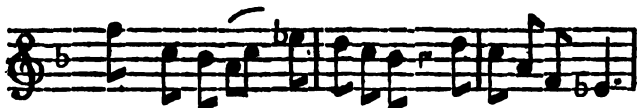


hither, come hither, come hither, come

hither,



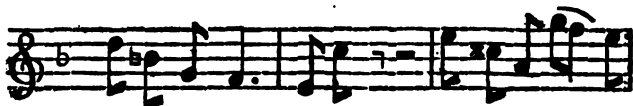
hither, come hither, come hither ;



Here shall he see No enemy, But winter and rough



weather; Here shall he see No enemy, But



winter and rough weather; Here shall he see No

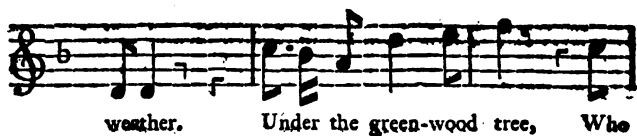


enemy, But winter, but winter and rough



weather, rough weather, But winter and rough

weather.



SONG XLVIII. Forth from my dark and dismal cell.

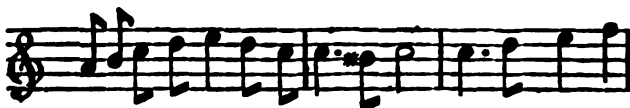
Set by MR. PARODI.



Forth from my dark and dismal cell, Or from the deep a-



byss of hell, Mad Tom is come to view the world again, To



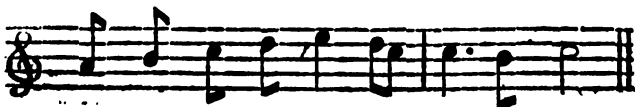
see if he can cure his distemper'd brain. Fears and cares op-



press my soul, Hark! how the an-gry Furies howl:

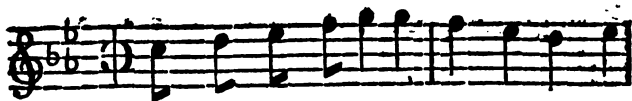


Pluto laughs, and Pro-ser-pine is glad, To



see poor an-gry Tom of Bed-lam mad.

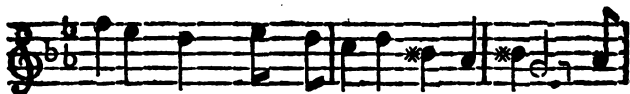
Through



Through the world I wander, night and day, To



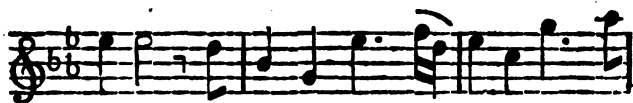
find my straggling senses; In an angry mood I



met old Time, With his pentateuch of senses, When



me he spies, A—way he flies, For Time will stay for



no man; In vain, with cries, I rend the skies, For

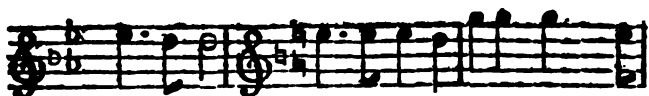


pi—ty is not common. Cold and comfort—

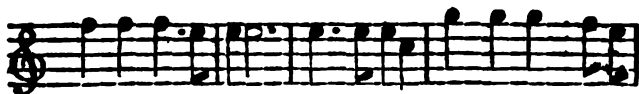


less I fly, Help, help, oh help! or

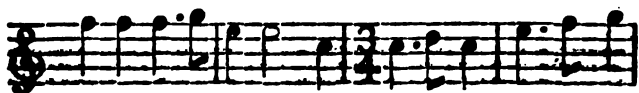
else



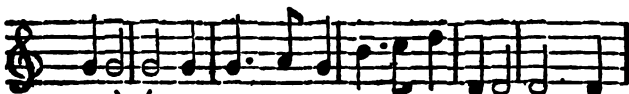
else I dye. Hark! I hear A-pollos team, The



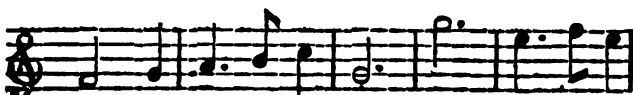
carman'gins to whistle; Chaste Diana bends her bow, And the



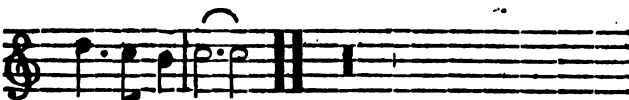
boar begins to bristle. Come, Vulcan, with tools and with



tackles, To knock off my troublesome shackles; Bid



Charles make ready his wain, To bring me my



sens-es a-gain.

SONG XLIX. Come, shepherds, let's follow the hearfe,
[Cunningham.]

No air of merit has been met with. But *quære* if it were not set by
dr. Alcock of Litchfield?

SONO L. Sleep, sleep, poor youth, sleep, sleep in peace.
D'Urfey.

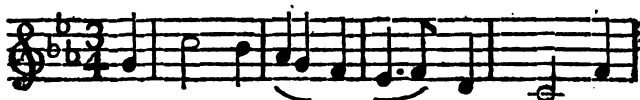
This air has not been found.

SONO LI. How sleep the brave, who sink to rest. Collins.
Has only been set as a glee.

SONG LII.

SONG LII. To fair Fideles grafsy tomb. Collins.

Set by dr. Arne.



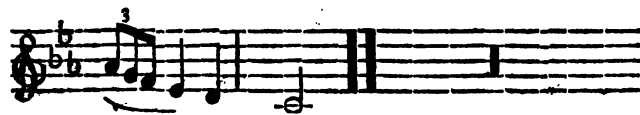
To fair Fi—de—les grafs—y tomb, Soft



maids and village hinds shall bring Each op'ning



sweet of earlyest bloom, And ri—se all the



breath—ing spring.

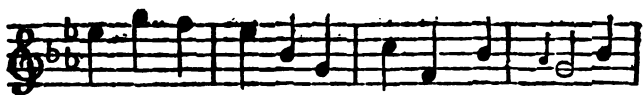
SONG LIII. Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream.
[Garrick.]

Set by dr. Arne.

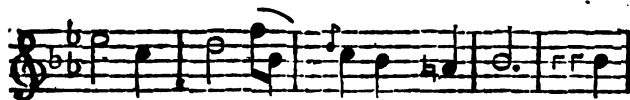


Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream, Of

things



things more than mortal thy Shakspeare would dream, would



dream, would dream, thy Shakspeare would dream: The



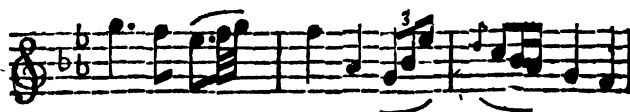
Fairies, by moonlight, dance round the green bed, For



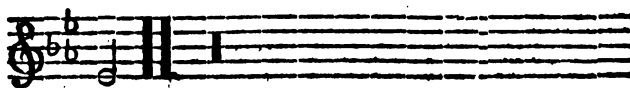
hallow'd the turf is which pil-low'd his head: The



Fairies, by moonlight, dance round the green bed, For



hallow'd the turf is which pil-low'd his



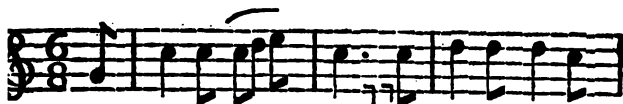
head.

SONG LIV.

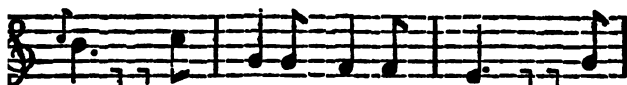
SONG LIV. Oft i've implor'd the gods in vain, Mrs. Greville,

Has been set as a Cantata.

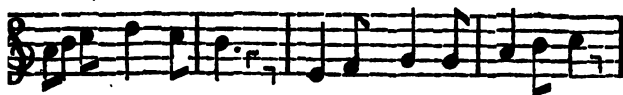
SONG LV. Come, follow, follow me.



Come, follow, follow me, Ye Fairy Elves that



be Light trip-ing o'er the green; Come



follow Mab your queen: Hand in hand we'll dance around;



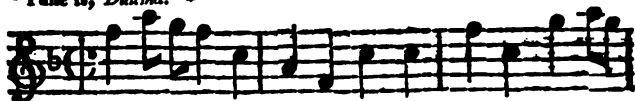
For this place is Fairy ground.

Song LVI. Lo! here, beneath this hallow'd shade.

No air known.

Song LVII. From Oberon, in Fairy-land.

"Tune is, *Dulcina*." *



From Oberon, in Fairy land, The king of ghosts and



shadows there, Mad Robin I, at his command, Am



sent to view the night sports here; What revel rout is



kept about, In every corner where I go, I will o'ersee, and



merry be, And make good sport, with ho! ho! ho!

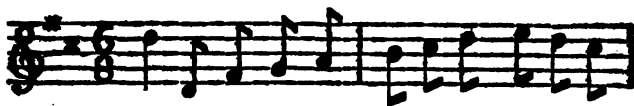
SONG LVIII.

* This Song, which is very old, may be seen in Percys collection.

SONG LVIII. Happy insect, what can be. Cowley.

No air known, worth imitating.

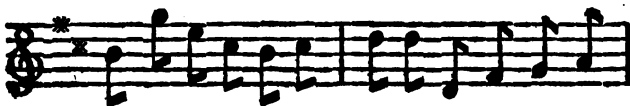
SONG LIX. Songs of shepherds, in rustical roundelays.



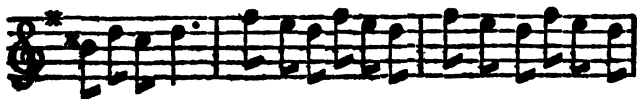
Songs of shepherds, in rustical roundelays,



Form'd in fancy, and whistled on reeds, Sung to solace young



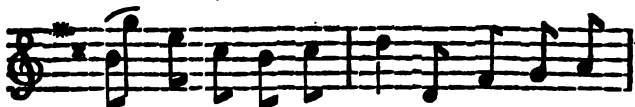
nymphs upon holydays, Are too un—worth-y for



wonderfull deeds. Sot-ish Silenus To Phœbus the genius Was



sent by dame Venus, a song to prepare, In phrase nicely coin'd,



And verse quite refin'd, How the states divine

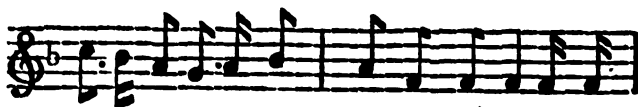


hunted the hare.

SONG LX. Hark! hark! jolly sportsmen, a while to my tale.



Hark! hark! jol-ly sportsmen, a while to my tale, To



pay your attention I'm sure it can't fail: 'Tis of

lads,



lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire, O'er



stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog and briar: A



pack of such hounds, and a set of such men, 'Tis a



shrewd chance if ever you meet with again; Had

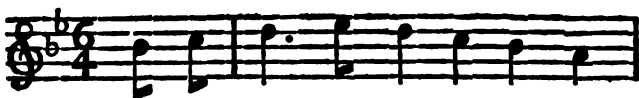


Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there, 'Fore

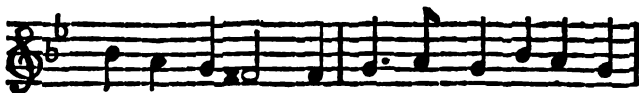


gad he had shook like an aspen, for fear.

SONG LXI. Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the
[Grève. Prior.



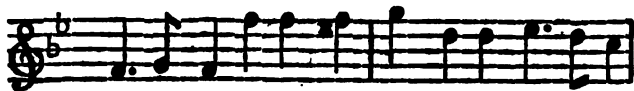
Who has e'er been at Pa-ris must



needs know the Grève, The fa-tal re-treat of th'un-



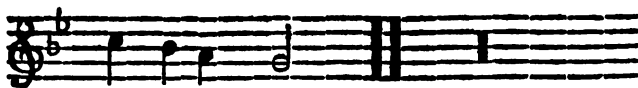
for-tu-nate brave; Where ho-nour and justice most



odd-ly con-tribute To ease heroes pains by a



hal-ter and gib-bet. Der-ry down, down,



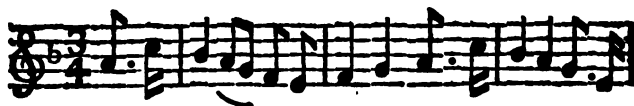
hey derry down.

SONG LXII.

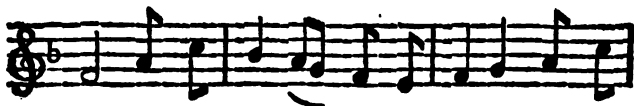
Boxe LXII. In Tyburn-road a man there liv'd,

May be sung to the *Children in the wood*, (See the music, Part I. Class II)
Song XL.)

SONG LXIII. As near Porto Bello lying. Glover.



As near Por-to Bello ly—ing On the gently fwelling



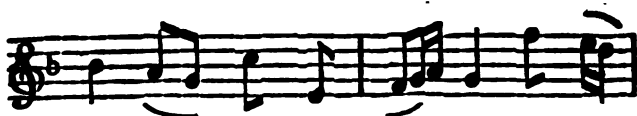
Good, At mid—night, with streamers flying, Our tri-



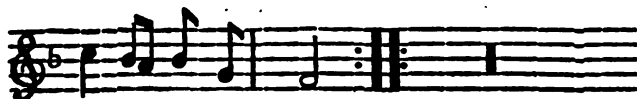
umphant navy rode; There, while Ver-non fate all-



glorious From the Spaniards late de—feat, And his



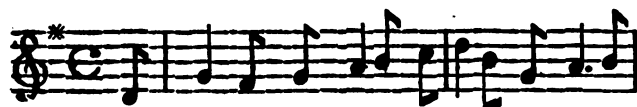
crews, with shouts vic—to-ri-ous, Drank suc-



cess to Englands fleet.

SONG LXIV. The muse and the hero together are fir'd.

Set by mr. Oswald.



The muse and the hero together are fir'd, The



same noble views have their bo-soms in-spir'd; As



free-dom they love, and for glory con-tend, The

muse



muse o'er the he-ro still mourns as a friend; And



here let the muse her poor tri—bute bequeath To



one Brit—ish he-ro, 'tis brave cap-tain Death; 'Tis



brave cap-tain Death, 'tis brave captain Death; To



one British he-ro, 'tis brave captain Death.

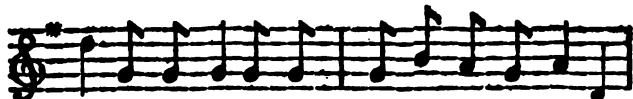
SONG LXV.

SONG LXXV. Thursday in the morn, the ides of May.

Set by mr. Ackeroyle.



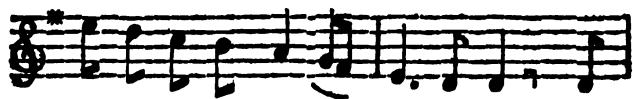
Thursday in the morn, the ides of May, Re-



corded for e-ver the fa-mous ninety two, Brave



Ruf-fel did dis-cern, by dawn of day, The



lofty sails of France ad-vancing now: All



hands a-loft, a-loft, let English valour shine, Let

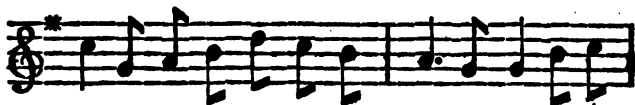


fly a cul-ve-in, the signal of the line; Let

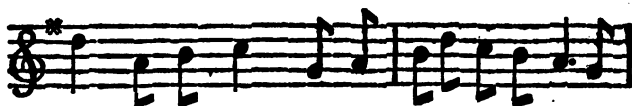
every



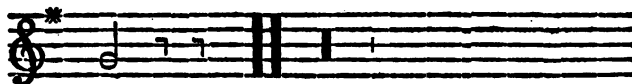
every hand supply his gun; Follow me, And you'll



see That the bat-tle will be soon be-gun: Fol-low



me, And you'll see That the battle will be soon be-



gun.

A I R S.

A I R S.

P A R T IV.

BALLAD I. Lord Thomas he was a bold forester.

“To a pleasant tune called, *Lord Thomas*, &c.”

BALLAD II. As it fell out upon a day.

The notes of the tune or tunes to these two ballads have not been discovered.

BALLAD III. You dainty dames so finely fram'd.

“To the tune of, *The Lady's Fall*.” See below.

BALLAD IV. When Troy town, for ten years wars.

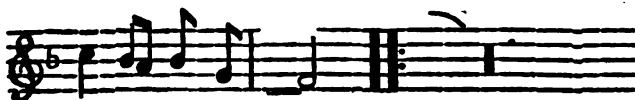


When Troy town, for ten years wars, With-



stood the Greeks in man—ful wife,

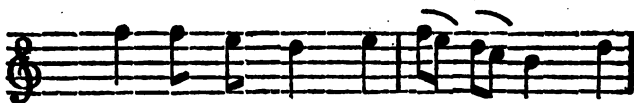
Then



Then did their foes en—crease so fast, That



to re—fist none could suf—fice :



Waste lie those walls that were so good, And



corn now grows where Troy town stood.

BALLAD V. Will you hear a Spanish lady.

"To a pleasant new tune." Not known.

BALLAD VI. Mark well my heavy doleful tale.

"To the tune of, *In Pescod time, &c.*" This is presumed to be the same air with that of the *Children in the Wood*.

BALLAD VII.

BALLAD VII. As it fell out on a high holiday.

“To an excellent new tune.” The same perhaps, with that of one
one or both of the two first Ballads.

BALLAD VIII. When as king Henry rul’d this land.

The tune is, most probably either that of *The Lady’s Fall*, or that
of *Chevy Chase*.

BALLAD IX. If Rosamond, that was so fair.

“To the tune of, *Live with me, &c.*” See the first air to Song LI.
Class V. Part I. The barthen would only be a repetition of
the latter part of the tune.

BALLAD X. There was a youth, and a well beloved youth.

Air not known.

BALLAD XI. In the days of old.

“To the tune of, *Crimson Velvet.*”

BALLAD XII. You beauteous ladies great and small.

“To the tune of *Flora’s Farewell* : or, *Summertime* : or, *Loves Tide.*”

BALLAD XIII. Now ponder well, you parents dear.

“To the tune of *Rogero, &c.*” See the Music, Part I. Class III.
Song XLI.

BALLAD XIV.

BALLAD XIV. All youths of fair England,

"To the tune of, *The Morriam,*"

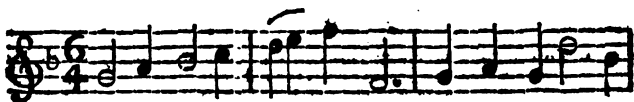
BALLAD XV. Henry our royal king would ride a hunting.

"To the tune of *The French Lute*, &c."

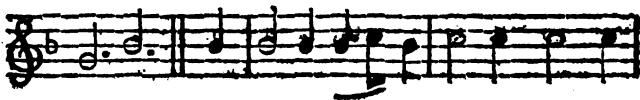
BALLAD XVI. I'll tell you a story, a story, anon,

"To the tune of, *The King and Lord Alton,*" See this tune, though in a more modern and scholastic style, before. (Song LXXI. Part III.)

BALLAD XVII. Cold and raw the North did blow.

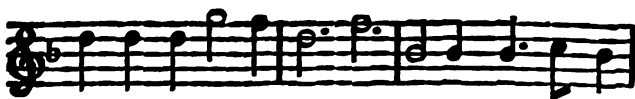


Cold and raw the North did blow, Bleak in the morning
All the hills were cover'd with snow, Cover'd with winter

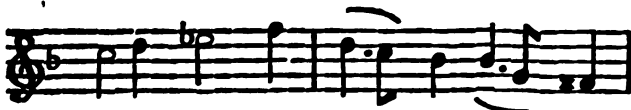


ear-ly; As I was rid-ing o'er the slough I
year-ly:

met



met with a farmers daughter; Red-y cheeks and a



bonny brow; Good faith, my mouth did



wa-ter.

BALLAD XVIII. When Arthur first in court began.

"To the tune of *Flying Fame*." The same with *Cbevy Chase*, and a most favourite melody with the old ballad makers. See the last air of this part.

BALLAD XIX. Was ever knight for ladys sake.

"Tune, *Was ever man*, &c."

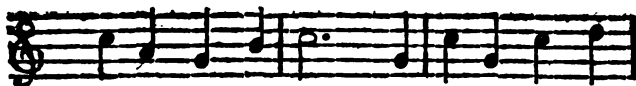
BALLAD XX. Of a worthy London prentice.

"To the tune of, *All you that love good fellows*, &c."

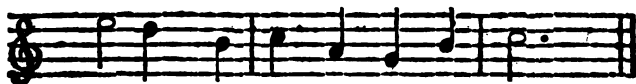


Of a worthy Lon-don pren-tice My

purpose



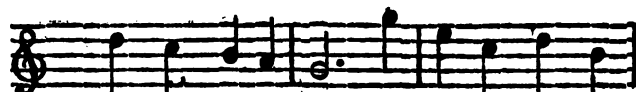
purpose is to speak, And of his brave ad-



ventures Done for his coun—trys sake:



Seek all the world a—bout, And

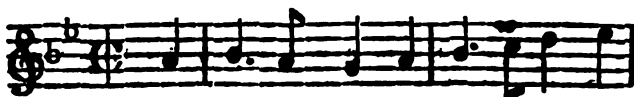


you shall hardly find A man in va—lour

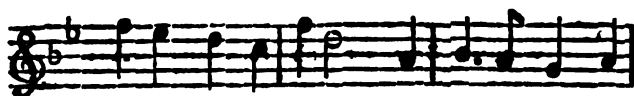


to exceed A pretence' gallant mind.

BALLAD XXI. Old stories tell how Hercules.



Old sto-ries tell, how Her-cules A



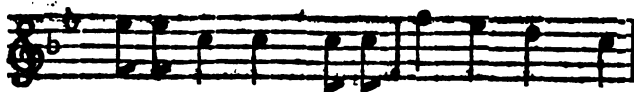
dragon flew at Lerna, With se-ven heads and



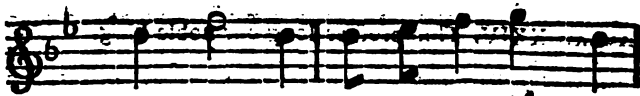
four-teen eyes, To see and well dis-



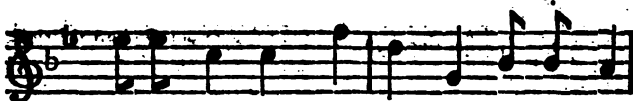
cern-a; But he had a club This



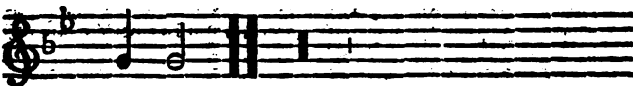
dragon to drub, Or he had ne'er done't, I



warr'nt ye; But More of Morr-hall, With



nothing at all, He flew the dragon of



Want-ley.

BALDAD XXII. When Flora 'with her fragrant flowers.

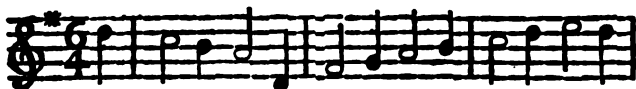
"To the tune of, *Come follow my Love.*"

BALLAD XXIII. Is there never a man in all Scotland.

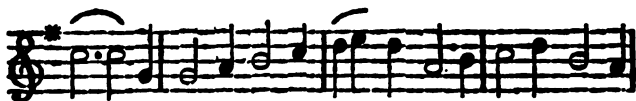
"To a pretty new Northern tune."

BALLAD XXIV. God prosper long our noble king.

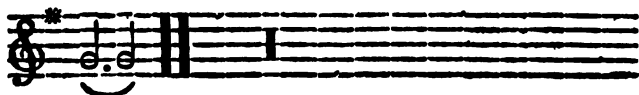
"TUNE, Flying Fame."



God prosper long our noble king, Our lives and safeties



all, A woefull hunting once there did In Chevy-chase be-



fall.

A I R S.

A I R S,

TO THE

SONGS OMITTED

IN PART II.

Cupid no more shall give me grief. Carey.

Set by the author.

Allegromonte.



Cupid no more shall give me grief,



Cupid no more shall give me grief,



Or anxious cares oppress my soul;



Or anxious cares oppress my soul;

While gen'rous Bac—chus brings re—lief,

While gen'rous Bac—chus brings re—lief,

And drowns 'em in a, flow—ing

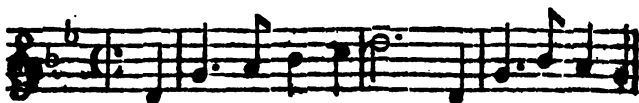
And drowns 'em in a flow—ing

bowl.

bowl.

How

How stands the glaſs around.



How ſtands the glaſs around? For ſhame, ye take no



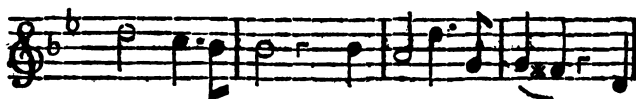
care, my boys: How ſtands the glaſs a-round? Let



mirth and wine a—bound. The trumpets



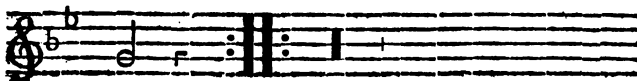
ſound: The colours flying are, my boys, To



fight, kill or wound: May we ſtill be found Con-



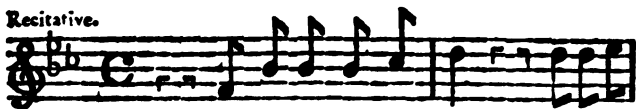
ſent with our hard fare, my boys, On the cold



ground.

The festive board was met, the social band.

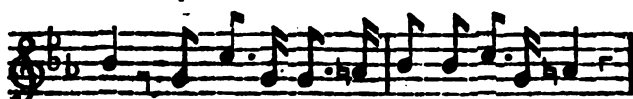
Recitative.



The festive board was met, the social



band, Round fam'd A-na-screon took their si-lent



stand: My sons, (began the sage) be this the rule:



No brow austere must dare ap-proach my school;



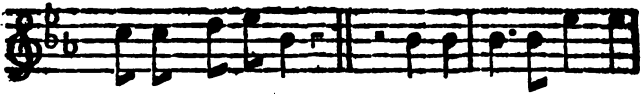
Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign with—



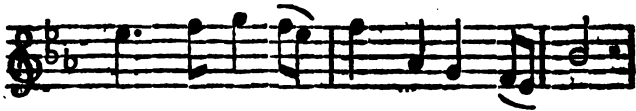
in, Old Care, be gone! Old Care, be gone! here

sadness

Air.



sadness were a sin Tell not me the joys that



wait On him that's learn'd, or him that's great ;



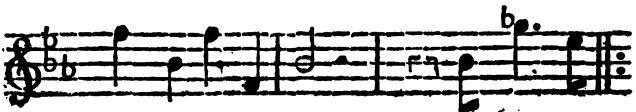
Wealth and wisdom I de-spise, Cares fur—



round the rich and wise; Cares fur—round — —

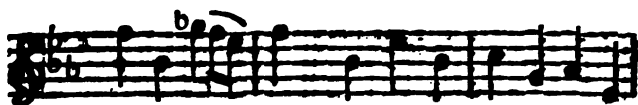


— — — — — ; Cares fur—

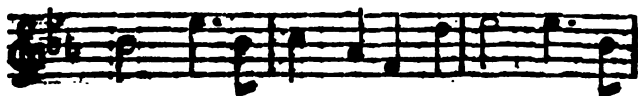


round the rich and wise. The queen that

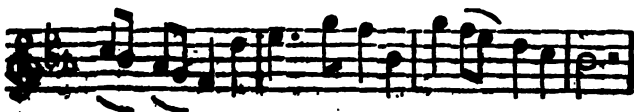
gives



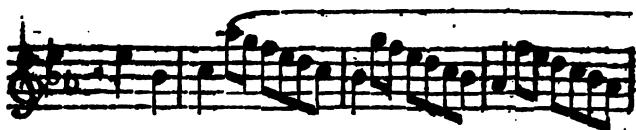
gives soft wishes birth, And Bacchus, god of wine and



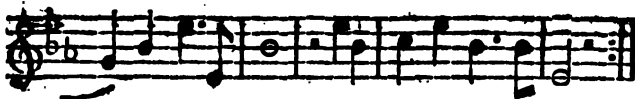
mirth, Me their friend and fav'rite own, Me their



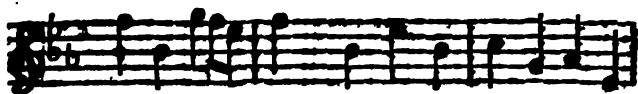
friend and fav'rite own, And I was born for them a—lone :



I was born — — — — —

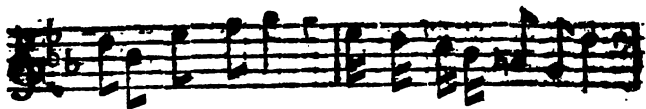


— for them a—lone. I was born for them a—lone.

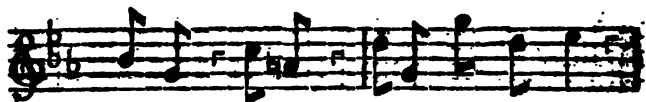


Bus'ness, title, title, pomp and state,

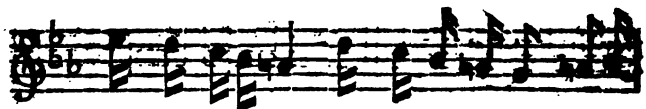
Title



Title, pomp and state, Give them to the fools I hate;



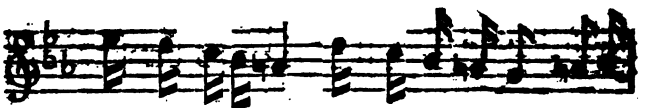
Bus'ness, title, title, pomp and state,



Give them to the fools, Give them to the fools, to the



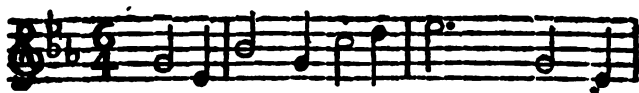
fools, to the fools I hate;



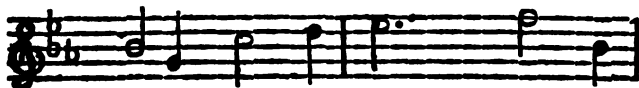
Give them to the fools, Give them to the fools, to the



fools, to the fools I hate :



But let love, let life be mine, Bring me



women, bring me wine. Speed the



dancing hours away, And mind not what the grave ones



say: Speed the da — — — —



— — — — —

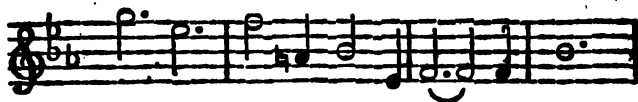


— — — — —

ncing



— — — — — ncing hours a—way,



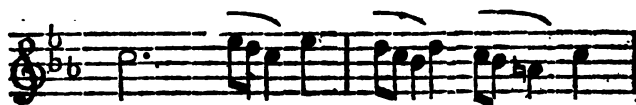
Mind not, mind not what the grave ones say.



Gayly let the minutes fly, In love, and



freedom, wit, and joy, In love and freedom, wit, and



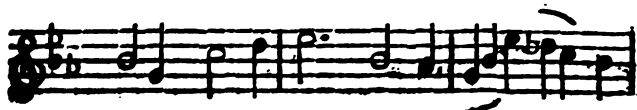
joy; Gay—ly let the mi—nutes



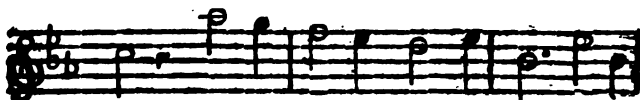
fly, In love and free—dom, wit and joy.



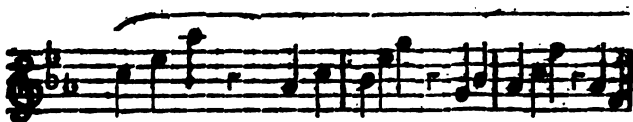
So shall love and life be mine; Bring me



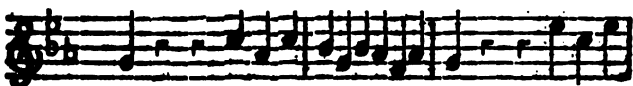
women, bring me wine. Speed the dancing hours a—



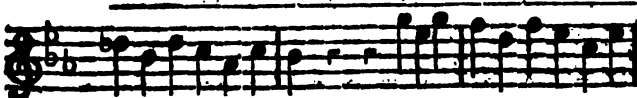
way, Mind not what the grave ones say: Speed the



da — — — — —



— — — — —

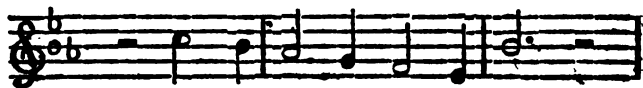


— — — — —

acing



— ncing, Speed the dancing hours a—way;



Mind not what the grave ones say;



Mind not, mind not what the grave ones



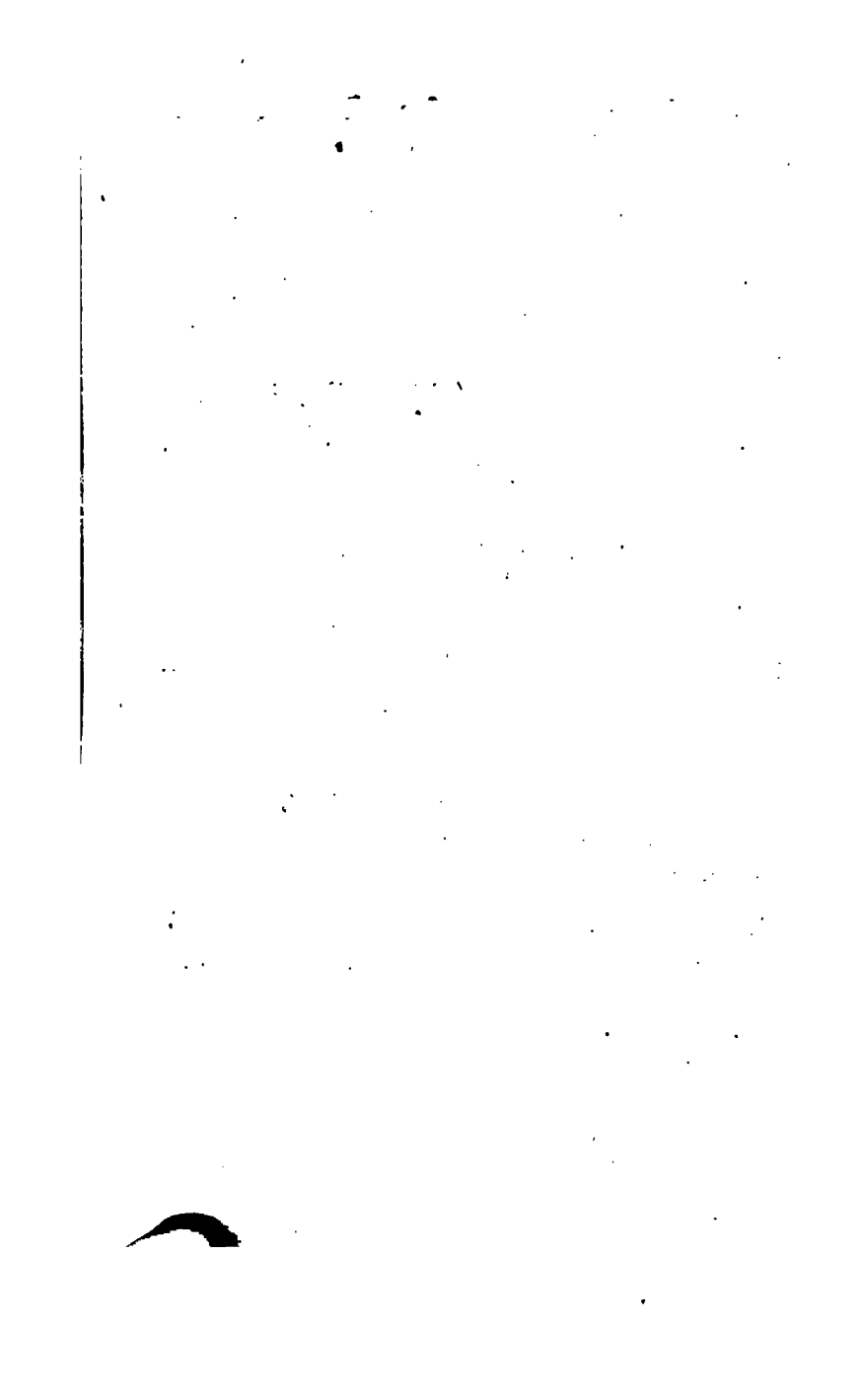
say.

When Bacchus, jolly god invites. Whitehead.

Has been set: But the only composition met with was a very indifferent cantata.

Hence with cares, complaints and frowning. Bickerstaff.

Was set to the air of Song XXXI. Part II. See the Music.



DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

V O L. I.

The Historical Essay, notwithstanding it is marked Vol. II. is to follow the Preface.

Page 264 concludes the Volume.

V O L. II.

, Page 342 concludes the Volume.

V O L. III.

Consists of the Music, in Two Parts, at the End of *Vol. 2* ~~which~~ are to be placed the Indexes Sheets *K *L.

When the Work is directed to be bound in Two Volumes, the Music must be placed at the End of the Volume to which it respectively belongs; and Sheets *K *L after the Music in the Second Volume.

The Binder is desired to be particularly careful in folding and placing the Leaves that contain Plates, and to put Paper before each Plate.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

I N D E X.

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N. B. The songs and ballads marked in these indexes with an asterisk are those of which the different volumes contain the musical airs.

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I N D E X.

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N A M E S O F A U T H O R S,

IN BOTH VOLUMES;

WITH REFERENCES.

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PAGE 6. *add* BY MATHEW PRIOR ESQ.

P. 11. Song XIV. *add* BY MR. SOUTHERN, *with this note*, In The Disappointment, or Mother in fashion.

P. 27. Song XXXII. *add* BY THE REV. MR. SEWARD.

P. 29. Song XXXV. *This song has been ascribed to dr. Johnson, but, it is believed, without foundation.*

P. 32. Song XL. l. 15. *for* soul *r.* pulse.

P. 40. Song XLVIII. *add* BY WILLIAM WALSH ESQ.

P. 46. Song LIII. *Has appeared under the name of mr. Gay; and quote if his?*

P. 49. Song LV. The lady the subject of this ballad, was the eldest daughter of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, and a university beauty at the time when the author was at college; she was married to Dr. Richard Cumberland, late bishop of Kilmore, and died a few years ago. HAWKINS (*Illyst. Mus.* V. 98. *Where see other music to it by dr. Croft.*)

P. 67. Song LXI. THE LUNATIC LOVER.

P. 76. Song LXXVII. *This ballad does not appear to have been known before its communication to lord Oxford by mr. Prior, who tells his lordship he found it in a cottage in Lancashire. It may, therefore, not improbably, be the composition of that excellent poet, of whose pen it is by no means unworthy.*

P. 97. l. 4. *for* love *r.* live. *This line is certainly faulty, though all the copies agree in giving it as here printed. Instead of thou dost, the Author probably wrote dost not.*

P. 101. Song XIII. *add* BY MR. THEOBALD.

P. 105. Song XIX. *The air of this cantata is likewise an imitation of a poem ascribed to Chaucer.*

P. 114. Song VIII. l. ult. *for* patience *r.* conscience.

P. 121. l. 3. *for*ster.] *A very old contraction of forester, much used by Spenser, and other ancient writers.*

P. 121,

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

P. 121. Song XVI. *John Bulleel appears to have been secretary to the earl of Clarendon, and to have died in 1669. See Bio. Drama. i. 51.*

P. 132. l. 20. *for been r. bin. Many of the old poets, in imitation of Spenser, adopted a strange and libidinous method of altering both the orthography and pronunciation of words to suit their versification. Some of these faults are incorrigible, and this seems to be one. See also errant in Davisons Song, ii. 17. and than and emperers in Cowleys Chronicle, i. 140.*

P. 144. Song XXXVI. *Is an imitation of the Sixth Idyllium of Moschus. See Fawkeses Translation, p. 284.*

P. 146. Humphrey Gubbin *is a clownish character in Steels Tender Husband, in which this song may have been originally sung. One of the thoughts, however, is from the Old Bachelor of Congreve.*

P. 151. l. 4. *add an O.*

P. 157. Song I. *Mr. Nichols, in his collection of poems, gives this "From the French of Madame de la Suze," by Sir Car Scroope.*

P. 183. (*correct the first figure*) Song XI. *add THE PERFECTION, with this note, Originally addressed To the [first] Dukes of Grafton.*

P. 184. l. 1. (*of the song*) *for mispend r. mispend.*

P. 186. note. *Instead of At the end of - r. In - Mr. Twises tour in Spain. The song itself is at the end.*

P. 191. *Honest Harry introduced this song with a slight alteration, as a duet, in his little Interlude of Nancy or the Parting Lovers. It appears however (from his poems) to have been written long before.*

P. 193. Song XXIV. *The real object of the poets admiration was said to be Mrs. Woffington, the actress.*

P. 203. Song XXXII. *The Author, according to Bysse, was [CHARLES] BURNABY.*

P. 206. Song XXXIV. *This is printed as Mrs. Barbers in her poems (London, 1734. 4to.), and appears in Doddleys collection under the name of J. Faile. As to Mrs. Barber, she could not write so well, and Mr. Earle seems to be a fictitious personage. It was restored to Mrs. Pilkington, on the authority of Mr. Deane Swift. See Nicholsons Supplement to Swift, iii. 247. It is almost needless to say that the song has been designed to pay a compliment to Mrs. Johnson.*

P. 214. l. 1. *for pounds r. pound.*

P. 216. Song XLII. *Sir Richard is said to have written all the Spectators under the signature T; and, if so, should be author of this song*

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song and the other at p. 223. But the elegance of the former, at least, seems, it must be confessed, more characteristic of the peculiarly happy manner of Mr. Addison.

P. 228. note. *Marlow had for rival an ill-looking fellow, whom, in a paroxysm of jealousy and revenge, he attempted to stab; but the fellow, seizing his hand, forced him to strike his dagger into his own head.*

P. 237. Song VIII. *It has been said that this song was written for the once well known lady Vane.*

P. 253. Song LXXII. *This agreeable little piece is inserted in a Collection of Miscellanies published under the name of Anna Williams, a blind lady; containing some poems written by herself, and many more by Dr. Johnson, and by Mrs. Thrale, Percy, Goldsmith, and others, whom the doctor, from motives of charity, invited to contribute to it. The generosity of one of these gentlemen is rather remarkable: he very modestly suffered Mrs. Williams to take the credit of several things which he had published a dozen times before under his own name.*

P. 257. Think not, my love, &c.] *The tender sweetness of these beautiful stanzas, which are among the Six Ballads composed and published by Mr. Linley, will sufficiently indicate the elegant pen of the author of The School for Scandal.*

Ibid. Send back, &c.] A very judicious alteration, and real improvement, of The Message by Dr. Donne.

V O L U M E II.

P. 5. Song V. *Honest Tom's title to this song is rather questionable. In one of his plays he has a song beginning,*

*When I visit proud Celia just come from the glass,
which is so near the present as to make one thing certain while it leaves it doubtful, i. e. either that the present copy was borrowed from Tom, or that Tom borrowed from it.*

P. 9. Song X. *Quære if not BY SIR JOHN HILL?*

P. 12. Song XIV. *add BY HARRY CAREY, which familiar appellation the reader is desired to prefer in every place to the more stately one of MR.*

HENRY.



CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

HENRY. *Cato's real advice (whoever he was) is comprised in the following distich, prefixed by honest Harry, in his Musical Century, as a motto to the song :*

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis,

Ut possis animo quemvis sufferre laborem. *Distich. lib. 3.*

Which sage and social precept is thus excellently translated by master John Hoole, of indefatigable memory :

Mirth with thy labour sometimes put in ure,

That better thou thy labour may'st endure.

P. 15. l. 7. *for bnt r. but.*

P. 19. l. 4. *add this note.* Mr. Fawkeses translation contains the following additional lines, necessarily omitted when it was converted into a song :

When the foaming bowl I drain,

Real blessings are my gain ;

Blessings which my own I call :

Death is common to us all.

Ibid. Song XXI. l. 10. *for Looking r. Lofing.*

P. 22. Song XXV. THE WHEAT. *It is printed in Toms works ; but that, indeed, is no conclusive proof of his property in it.*

P. 28. Song XXIX. *This song is inserted in Beaumonts poems, and his name is here prefixed to it on the authority of an old manuscript copy in the Harleian library.*

P. 28. l. 6. *for desertum r. disertum.*

P. 31. l. 6. *for tantum r. tantum.*

P. 33. Song XXX. BY MR. PHILIPS. *Mr. Nichols, from many circumstances, has little doubt but this convivial song was by the author of The Splendid Shilling. See his Select Collection of Poems, iv. 281. But it seems to have appeared at a too early period to be safely ascribed to that writer. It is more probably the production of that Philips who was nephew to Milton, and author of the Theatrum Poetarum and several poetical performances.*

Ibid. l. 8. *for merry r. merrily.*

P. 39. *for XXXVI. r. XXXVI.*

Ibid. Song XXXVII. *add FROM ANACREON.*

P. 40. Song XXXVIII. *add BY MR. OLDHAM. It is part of a long poem.*

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

P. 42. Song XL. *This is not found in Jonsons works, and D'Urfey, who furnished the name, might possibly mean Ben Johnson the player, his own contemporary. But, whoever was the author, the song was certainly written before the Restoration.*

P. 46. for XLII. r. XLIII. *This song should have been mentioned as a parody of the twenty-second ode of the second book of Horace.*

P. 57. Song XLVIII. l. 1. Sirocco.] *So the modern copies. All the old ones read Charokkoe. The Sirocco (Ital. Scirocco) is the south east wind, and would perhaps be more properly written and pronounced Shi-rocco.*

P. 58. l. 9. for laughter r. laughter.

Ibid. Song XLIX. *Is to be found in Beaumonts poems, and may, on that authority, be assigned to him as its author. It appears, however, from the following extract, to have been once filiated upon a much higher personage.*

The veriest straws (like that of father Garnet) are shewn to the world as admirable reliques, if the least strokes of the image of a celebrated author does but seem to be upon them. The press hath been injurious in this kind to the memory of Bishop Andrews, to whom it owed a deep and solemn reverence. It hath sent forth a pamphlet upon an idle subject, under the venerable name of that great man ; who (like the grass in hot countries, of which they are wont to say that it groweth hay) was born grave and sober : and, still farther to aggravate the injury, it hath given to that idle subject the idler title of THE EX-ALE-TATION OF ALE. *Lord Bacon's works, 1730. Vol. I. (Account of the Edition, p. 180.)*

P. 63. l. 5. for beer r. peer.

P. 67. l. 9. for whether r. whither.

P. 68. for LI. r. L. and correct the following numbers accordingly.

Ibid. Some editions] i. e. *The spurious ones published by Mr. Bell, bookseller in the Strand.*

Ibid. l. 2. invite] *So the copies ; quæ. indite ?*

P. 76. l. 3. (of the song) r. Each.

P. 84. after l. 6. r. V. O.

P. 88. Song VII. add BY THE REV. MR. SAMUEL WESLEY.

P. 89. Song VIII. add BY THE REV. MR. THOMAS FITZGERALD.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

P. 94. Song XIV. l. 3 and 4, guileless] *So the best copies. It is usually sung guileless, even at Drury-lane theatre. The alteration was probably made by the Composer.*

P. 95. Song XV. for CELEBRATED r. MATCHLESS.

P. 100. Song XVIII. BY HARRY CAREY, who intitles it Mrs. Stuarts Retirement.

P. 101. Song XIX. add BY MR. OTWAY, with this note, In the tragedy of Alcibiades.

P. 105. Song XXIV. BY MR. COFFEY.

P. 108. Song XXVI. *This song was written - not by MR. DODSLEY, but - by a MR. CHARLES HIGHMORE, at his request.*

P. 115. Song XXX. BY MRS. A. WILLIAMS?

P. 117. Song XXXIII. *This song is here printed from the second edition of Davisons poems (1611, 12mo.). Dr. Percy appears to have made use of a later, and, as it should seem, more accurate edition, in 1624, and by his copy (which, could his fidelity be relied on, would have been entirely followed) some palpable mistakes have been rectified. The passages corrected are left distinguished by 'commas.'*

P. 130. Song XXXVII. *This is altered from an older ballad, written by Martin Parker, an early printed copy of which, in black letter, under the title of Saylor's for my money To the tune of the Iouiall Cobler, is in the Pepysian library.*

P. 150. note. for Eales r. Eccles.

P. 157. Song LV. l. 3. for oe'r r. o'er.

P. 160. Song LVII. *Dr. Percy has, among his old ballads, given this excellent song, with his usual correctness, from an ancient black letter copy in the British Museum." After it was printed off, as he acquaints us in a note, he saw an ancient black letter copy containing some variations, and intitled, "The merry pranks of Robin-Good-fellow. To the tune of Dulcina, &c." To this copy, says he, were prefixed two wooden cuts of ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW, which seem to represent the dresses in which this whimsical character was formerly exhibited on the stage. To gratify the curious he has caused these figures to be very neatly engraved. And his numerous readers seem to have given implicit credit to every thing he has been pleased to tell them. For THEIR better information, however, it may not be impertinent to let them into a few secrets.*

1. The

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

1. *The ancient black letter copy of this ballad in the Museum, whence the learned and ingenious editor expressly declares he printed it, has the identical figures and title which he pretends to have afterwards discovered.*

2. *Neither of the said figures has the slightest connection either with the whimsical character personated in the song, or with stage representation: both of them having been originally designed for, and the identical blocks made use of in Bulwers Artificial Changeling (p. 460 & 472): the first being intended for one of the black and white gallants of Sealebury, adorned with the moon, stars, &c. the other for a hairy savage.*

P. 163. l. 13. fet] i. e. *fetch*.

Whom strange adventure did from Britaine *FET*.

Færie Queene, III. i. 8.

The leacher that had staide —

Impacient of his flame

And beastly heat, to *FET* the wench

Himselfe in person came.

Turberwiles Tragical Tales. 1587. Hist. 8.

And I wyll go *FET* hyther a cōpany

That ye shall here the syng as sweetly

As they were 'angelles' clere.

O. Play of The iiii. elements. Sig. E. iii.

That did the freers from us *FET*.

Ballad of Luther, &c. Reliques, ii. 117.

It is more generally used for fetched.

P. 163. l. 22. heyday guise] i. e. *Heydegues, country dances. As in Drydens Poly-Olbion, Song 25.*

Dance many a merry round, and many a *HYDEGY*.

P. 189. note. *See a very elegant and particular account of this famous sea fight, in sir John Dalrymple Memoirs, Vol. I. p. 503. and mr. Macphersons History, Vol. II. p. 11.*

P. 215. Ballad VII. *Is here printed from a copy preserved in Drydens Collection of Miscellaneous Poems: The identical authority, without doubt, which the learned and ingenious editor, or rather author, of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry has there followed; though, from the affected parade of the antiquary, ever studious to conceal the real, if modern, sources of information, it is pretended to be given (with the assistance of his folio MS.) from an old printed copy in the British Museum.*

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

In the Pepys collection, *says he*, is an imitation of this old song, in a different measure, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse. *Would any person suspect that the copies in the Museum (for there are two) were no more than much later impressions of this very imitation? But it is even so. The criticism is notwithstanding just. And had the reverend gentleman actually consulted his authority, it is scarcely probable he would have referred to it. The several old pieces preserved in the above Miscellany appear to have been printed with fidelity, at least; and it may be remembered that few black letter copies now extant are more ancient than Mr. Drydens own memory.*

P. 233. l. 22. Shoreditch.] In this particular, at least, either Mrs. Shore, or the writer who furnished her with the information, is under a small mistake, Shoreditch having existed, by that very name, for some hundreds of years before she was born; being part of, or near to, the great common shore (sewer) or drain of the city.

P. 234. Ballad X. Islington] Islington in Norfolk is probably the place here meant. PERCY.

P. 237. Ballad XI. The story of this ballad seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald, king of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulph, king of England; but before the marriage was consummated, Ethelwulph died, and she returned to France; whence she was carried off by Baldwyn, Forester of Flanders; who after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the kings consent to their marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders. This happened about A. D. 863.---See Rapin, Henault, and the French Historians. PERCY.

P. 282. Ballad XVI. *The reader must necessarily excuse the miserably corrupt state in which the editor is obliged to present this ballad. It has doubtless originally possessed some merit, which, if an older copy than those already consulted should happen to cast up, may hereafter be restored. In the mean time, it may be perused in the utmost perfection in the Reliques of ancient English Poetry. The original composition so judiciously interwoven into this and almost every other old poem in the above elegant collection evinces so much ingenuity, niceness, genius, and critical taste, that the reverend author certainly merits the bays as a poet, as much as he deserves the lash as an editor.*

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

P. 313. Ballad XXII. *The story of this ballad is to be found in most of the English chronicles under the year 1511.*

P. 322. Ballad XXIII. *The best account of Armstrong, his conduct, capture, and execution,--for, alas! instead of ending his life so gallantly as he is made to do in the song, he was ignobly hanged upon a gallows,--is given by Lindsay of Puscottie, in his History of Scotland. (Edin. 1727. folio). He is likewise noticed by Buchanan.*

P. 326. Ballad XXIV. *This ballad appears to have been modernized about the time of James or Charles I. from an ancient piece upon the same subject, preserved by Hearne, (Guliel. Neubri. l. lxxxii.) and, thence, (not very faithfully or correctly) printed by Percy, beginning,*

The Perfe ow't Northombarlande and a vowe to God mayd he.

An admirable Latin version, written at the command of dr. Compton, bishop of London, by mr. Henry Bold, is inserted among that gentleman's Latin Songs, and in Dryden's Collection of Miscellaneous Poems.

P. 334. l. 15. And when they rung the evening bell
 The battle scarce was done.

That is, says Percy, the Curfew bell, usually rung at eight o'clock. But this ingenious conjecture happens, unfortunately, to be an egregious mistake. The evening bell is the bell for vespers, or six o'clock prayers, as the learned commentator might have observed in transcribing or printing the original ballad, which expressly tells us, that

when EVEN SONG BELL was rang the battell was nat half done.

That it was formerly looked upon as an uncommon, and, perhaps, irreligious circumstance, for a Christian army to continue engaged after the ringing of this bell, appears from a similar passage in the ancient Spanish romance of TIRANT LO BLANCH (Barcelona, 1497. folio); where it is said, " E continuant toste'ps la batailla era ja quasi hora de vespres, &c." (Capitol civil.) " L'heure de Vêpres approchoit, & le combat duroit " encore." (Traduc. Fran. l. 293.)



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